



• THE FRONT PAGE •

JUDGE HAND, of the United States Federal Court, in pronouncing sentence upon an American millionaire who had been found guilty of smuggling jewelry and clothing into the United States to the amount of \$17,000, for which offence he was fined the sum of \$5,000, stated that hereafter there would be no fines. Judge Hand wished all and sundry to know that the Federal Court was sick and tired of fining rich men and women for avoiding or attempting to avoid the customs by false statements and otherwise deceiving the officers of the United States Government, and that hereafter those found guilty of such offences would be sent to prison for a term. In the case in question Judge Hand pointed out that the accused was not only the millionaire president of a large manufacturing concern, but was a man of high standing in religious and commercial circles. However, this did not prevent him making false statements and swearing to them.

Judge Hand's declaration is on a par with that of General Weyer during the recent Barcelona riots. The doughty General announced that there would be no prisoners, but that the hospitals and the undertakers were going to have a busy time of it.

THE unhorsing of the Republican party in the United States the other day on the clear-cut issue of high and low tariffs is already having its effect on market conditions in that country. For many months meats in the United States have done nothing but rise in price. Each succeeding fortnight has seen the prices of all meats just a shade higher than the previous fortnight. Or at best the prices have stood still for that period of time.

Now, however, a change has come over the spirit of the meat packer's dream. He sees ahead of him a possibility of the United States law makers cutting off his protection. He imagines the time when perhaps Canadian, Australian and South American mutton, beef, and pork will enter his country duty free in place of being burdened with two cents per pound which these meats now carry. With all these things in mind the order comes out of the West to reduce prices. The meat packers will, if possible, forestall Congress by pointing out to the people that there is really no reason why this protective tariff should be torn from the schedules.

However, the protestations of these genial gentlemen, who have been mainly responsible for the political turnover in the United States, will, if I mistake not, receive little or no consideration at the hands of the incoming Democrats. That is if the Democrats know their business and have an ambition to remain for some little time in office.

THE problem before Hon. A. B. Aylesworth in connection with the case of the Russian fugitive Fedorenko, now detained at Winnipeg, is perhaps the most difficult that he has had to face since he became Minister of Justice. He is asked to sit in judgment on the Government of Russia, and by the friends of Fedorenko is expected to declare that country to be without the pale of civilization, a nation whose officials are unworthy of belief and whose demands for the extradition of fugitives it charges with crime cannot be entertained. The charge against Fedorenko is that four years ago he, in company with a companion, murdered the town watchman or constable of a small village in the interior of Russia. The circumstances were these: Fedorenko and a companion were strangers in the village and had found lodging in the house of a peasant. The chief magistrate suspected them of being engaged in the distribution of seditious literature and sent the constable to them, stating that he wished to examine them. They left the house with the constable, but before reaching the magistrate's abode shot and killed the constable and fled. Fedorenko made his way to Canada, where he has been for some time and is given a good character for industry by the people who know him in Manitoba. Last spring his presence in this country became known to the Russian authorities. A demand for his extradition was made and his arrest followed. He resisted extradition on two grounds: (1) That he was not the man wanted; (2) that even if he were, the crime was a political one not extraditable under British laws. Chief Justice Mathers, of Manitoba, decided that he was undoubtedly the man wanted and that a prima facie case of ordinary murder had been made out by the Russian Government. He, therefore, decided that Fedorenko should go back to Russia. Before this decision can go into effect, however, it must be signed by the Minister of Justice, and to him the appeal on behalf of Fedorenko is made. He is asked to declare that the crime was political and that the representations of the Russian authorities, who allege that it was an ordinary crime committed by a man not even under arrest, are unworthy of belief. Those who interested themselves in Fedorenko argue that if he were merely an ordinary thug of the type who kills constables occasionally in this country, the Russian authorities would not go to the immense trouble and expense involved in bringing him back; especially in the case of a crime four years' old. It is also pointed out that the Stolypin Government, though nominally constitutional, is even more oppressive than its predecessors and has been particularly relentless in the pursuit of political offenders. Some light on the situation at the present day in Russia is shown by the fact that Stolypin recently seized and suppressed the latest work of Tolstoi, "Three Days in a Village," which merely exposed without comment the terrible state of oppression and poverty under which the Russian peasant lives. The Government has been "liquidating the revolution" with a vengeance, and has punished thousands who took part in those years of violence, 1905 and 1906. At the same time it is a heavy undertaking for the Government of Canada to declare that the Russian Government by its internal policy has forfeited the right to have its representations considered under its treaty of extradition with Great Britain. The friends of Fedorenko seem to assume that Hon. Mr.

Armand Lavergne is coming to Toronto this week, and no doubt he will endeavor to use similar words of persuasion. In truth, the Nationalists are so anxious for an alliance with the Conservative party now that their hopes of carrying the province of Quebec seem to be well grounded, that they hope the people of the other provinces will "forget some things." The Quebec Chronicle, in pointing out the sudden curve taken by Mr. Lavergne, who has suddenly become profuse in his protestations of regard for Great Britain, says: "There were too many representatives of the English press, both Liberal and Conservative, who saw and heard all that passed (in the Arthabaska election) to allow these fakes to be imposed upon the public." Does Mr. Lavergne think his articles for third rate United States publications, which might have been written by the type of French journalist who shrieks "Perfidious Albion" or by the Irish tail-twister who edits The Gaelic American of New York, have escaped attention in Ontario? Some of his speeches in the recent election contained chunks from these articles revamped. The sudden twist of the Nationalists has not escaped the attention of the French-Canadian press. For instance, Le Canada, the organ of the Laurier adminis-

tration, has handed down his finding in the High Court. The judgment is against the allegations set up by Catherine McCormack, and is in favor of Michael Fraser. Relatives of the old man had endeavored to have his recent marriage set aside on the ground that undue influence had been used to bring about the performance of the ceremony, and they appealed to the court to have set aside a transfer of property made to Mrs. Fraser, the bride, on the ground that Michael was afflicted with senile dementia at the time of his marriage and when he turned over his property.

Mr. Justice Britton decides that Michael Fraser is at eighty-one years of age quite competent to manage his own comfortable estate, to transfer it if he sees fit, to marry and to do anything else he may in reason be disposed to do. This finding gives another black eye to a popular and old-established fallacy that has become increasingly prevalent throughout Ontario. This delusion most commonly affects persons who find themselves either cut off, owing to the fact that a relative before he died changed the direction of the bequests in his last will and testament, or who, as in the Fraser case, find that one, whose heirs they expected to become, forms late in life new ties and interests, and leaves his wealth away from people "of his own blood."

The records of Ontario courts contain hundreds of instances of actions instituted either to have set aside a will, or to have the court cancel the transfer of property, on the ground that the testator or the transferor was at the time of the "overt" act either of unsound mind, or was acting under undue influence. The average man who cares to go over the list of these cases, would find one point that might astonish him. He would be impressed, first with the number of these actions that reach the courts, and in the second place he would be amazed to find that not one per cent. of such actions ever do the disgruntled relatives any good. It may be said that in almost every instance the will or the transaction attacked, stands. For what reason?

The common law of the land says that a will or a transaction executed or made while the testator was under duress, that is to say, was under the "undue influence" of other party or parties, may be set aside. But there is where the ordinary person goes wrong. He does not go deep enough to ascertain what constitutes actual "undue influence." He allows himself to believe, or he is led to believe, that any friendship or intimacy formed which results in a new disposition of property, may be called "undue influence," whereas, legally it is nothing of the sort. In other words, undue influence of the kind that will pass current with a High Court judge must be of a most positive nature.

As a matter of fact, nearly a quarter of a century has passed by since the plea of either undue influence or senile dementia has been successful in court in upsetting a will in Ontario. I am under the impression that the somewhat celebrated case of McCaffrey v. McCaffrey is the last one reported.

A GENTLEMAN residing at Lanark, Ont., writing SATURDAY NIGHT concerning Philip Harold Patriarche, whom we believe is still a fugitive from justice, and whom we are informed remains a resident of Buffalo, N.Y., while promoting a business venture in the Western Provinces of these Dominions, says: " . . . in the meantime Patriarche refuses to answer any correspondence, evidently thinking that this is the easiest way for him to make a settlement. I for one would be quite agreeable to put in my share to have him brought back if the rest of the creditors would see it in the same light. It is certainly a contrast to see the endeavors being made by Montreal to bring Sheldon to justice while this second Sheldon is allowed to sit in Buffalo and defy the law."

The above is but one of many communications pertaining to Patriarche that TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT has received. No doubt the Crown Attorney has received similar letters, while it is well within the bounds of possibility that the Attorney General's Department has also heard from some of these anxious creditors.

What has the Hon. Mr. Foy's department done in the matter? Nothing.

What has the Crown Attorney done? Nothing. The Crown Attorney cannot act without the authority of the Attorney-General's Department.

What have the police done? Nothing.

There are some three or more unsatisfied warrants lying about police headquarters, but these are not served because the Attorney-General's Department has so far refused to bestir itself.

We are afraid that the Lanark gentleman, together



DRIVING THE GOLDEN SPIKE.—THE C.P.R. CELEBRATING ITS SILVER WEDDING.

Twenty-five years ago, on the seventh day of November, the Hon. Donald A. Smith (Lord Strathcona) drove the spike which told of the completion of the Canadian Pacific's transcontinental system. On Lord Strathcona's right stands Sir William Van Horne, and immediately back of the two, with the tall hat and the white beard, is Sir Sanford Fleming. On Lord Strathcona's left, with dark beard and derby hat, stands J. A. MacTavish, Land Commissioner of the C.P.R. at that time.

Aylesworth is exempted from the duty of taking the cold and rigid legal view held by the Chief Justice of Manitoba. Politicians have a special interest in the matter because the Western and Eastern cities like Toronto and Montreal have a heavy voting population of emigrants from European countries who are to a man in sympathy with Fedorenko. It would undoubtedly be good politics to set him free. Most of us have a suspicion that if he were taken back to Russia he would not receive a fair trial, according to our British ideas, but on the other hand can we afford to let the idea get abroad in Russia that Canadian soil is sanctuary for the criminals with which she is undoubtedly infested? Great Britain claims the right to pursue offenders to the ends of the earth without having her motives questioned. How far are we justified in denying to Russia the same right? As one has said the problem is probably the most difficult that Mr. Aylesworth has had to deal with since he became a public man—the more so since it admits of no middle course.

IT must be clear to everyone who has observed the incidents of the storm which has followed the Arthabaska election, that Mr. Bourassa doth protest too much. The election being won by hysterical cries that the French-Canadian people had been "betrayed" and that the British were going to oppress them and tear their sons from the family hearth, he commenced making speeches for the benefit of the English-speaking provinces containing assurances that the Nationalist party is not anti-British in feeling. In fact, he would have us believe that the whole

tration, and an ably edited journal, says:

When Mr. Bourassa contests an election in Quebec, he and his friends become overheated; and prejudiced, terrifying scenes, sentimental moments, all are of service to help along the cause. Once the election is gained, he appears before the press of the country, with a snip of a soothing resolution, where the kindest concessions are made to everyone. He pays court already to those whose hatred he preached about in Drummond-Arthabaska.

It would appear that Mr. Bourassa and his associates are up to the same old game played by ambitious French-Canadian politicians for many years—that of playing one tune in Quebec and another in Ontario—what the Scotchman describes as "blowing both sides of the finger." Untinted with political corruption, as Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Lavergne are, it does not follow that their motives are more unselfish than those of the average politician. Had Sir Wilfrid Laurier taken Mr. Bourassa into his cabinet ten years ago, when Hon. Mr. Bernier, now of the Dominion Railway Commission, received the honor, and had he given Mr. Lavergne a portfolio at the time he passed him over for Mr. Lemieux, there would be no Nationalist party to-day. These men are intransigents in pursuit of power. To obtain power they are looking for all the alliances clerical and political that they can negotiate. Hence their belated overtures to the Canadians of other provinces.

AS the outcome of a long and thorough legal inquiry, which included a visit by the presiding judge to the home of aged Michael Fraser with a view to determining whether the octogenarian was of sound mind, Mr. Justice

with the other creditors, will eventually be obliged to pool issues, pay the bill and bring "Pat" back themselves—provided, of course, that the Attorney General sees fit to grant their requests.

If Pat had gone out with a piece of lead pipe and assaulted a citizen in place of assaulting the pocket book of the citizen through the medium of a bucket shop and a blind pool, the police would have had him back here in a jiffy.

Here, in Ontario, we are very careful of our erstwhile financiers. Most of them don't get to jail and those that do get out again in a surprisingly short time.

We are so busy trying to find out if anyone has bought a plate of ice cream or a cigar on the Sabbath day that we quite overlook the budding geniuses of the Patriarche stamp.

THIS week there have been two discussions on the condition of the farmer by well known citizens of Toronto. One was a discourse before the Canadian Club by Mr. Gordon Waldron, M.A., and the other an address delivered at Washington, D.C., by Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, before the International Association of Farmers' Institute Workers. Mr. Waldron is a barrister who takes an interest in trade questions, and he still harps on the old theory that the depopulation of the farm lands of Ontario is due to the fact that the farmer is denied access to the American markets. He says that while the cities have grown, it is the farmer that bears the burdens of the country and keeps the flag flying. As a matter of fact, depopulation in Ontario's rural districts is due to the same causes that created the abandoned farm problem in New England—the draining of young men to the West by the prospect of free homesteads on virgin soil. The fact that the New England farmer had at his doors a market provided by one of the greatest industrial districts in the world—that of the seaboard cities of the United States—did not keep him on farms which had degenerated through wasteful and ignorant tillage. The growth of Canadian cities has given the Canadian farmer a magnificent home market, the value of which is shown in the enormous prices we pay for provisions to day. Yet the wheatfields of the West draw him away, and he will have to be replaced by a new generation of scientific farmers or by intensive agriculturists from European countries of the class that have succeeded so well in Western Ontario. Mr. James, as a practical man, sees a solution in scientific agriculture. While he is not so inmolite as to say so, he evidently thinks that the average farmer, in addition to being indifferent, is ignorant and wasteful. His solution is embodied in five simple courses: (1) Drain the soil; (2) sow only the best seed; (3) carefully protect and store the products of your fields or orchards; (4) feed these products only to profitable stock; (5) put the finished product on the market in the best form.

These courses will, he says, double the agricultural productivity of Ontario. The two addresses differ in value because one is that of an academic fiscal theorist, and the other that of a practical man with his eyes open. The farmer who stays at home would do well to follow the practical advice of Mr. James, and give up brooding over the supposed grievances voiced by Mr. Waldron.

IT may be taken for granted that in any part of the world where a man goes out nosing for vice he will find it. Rev. Dr. Shearer has just returned from a trip to the Canadian and American West, which appears to have been a hunt for immorality organized on a grand scale. A few years ago a Canadian railroad organized a wolf hunt in northern Ontario at which many Nimrods were assembled to rid the land of these beasts of prey. The result was not satisfactory, for the wily animals were not to be found. The hunt for vice in the West, organized in a similar manner by the International Purity Association was more successful. The participants found what they were after. Even as the wolf hunter and the deer hunter employ guides, this precious band of uplifters sought similar assistance. "We took two detectives with us," says Rev. Dr. Shearer. At Winnipeg their efforts were fruitful. The mighty hunters ran to earth no less than five poor drabs and had four of them deported, two to Scandinavia, and two to the United States. As Dr. Shearer eloquently puts it these women had been "marketed" in Winnipeg during the past summer. Deportation of undesirable characters is one of the functions of the police, but it does not exactly coincide with the teachings of the Man of Galilee, and to the impartial observer it seems a poor business for the clergyman to engage in. The bulk of Dr. Shearer's interview is a denunciation of the city of Winnipeg which, he says, is in a rotten condition morally. Now, one does not believe for a second that there is a whit more vice to the square inch in Winnipeg than in Montreal and Toronto. The vast majority of its people are decent, clean living folk. The Mayor of Winnipeg, Mr. Sanford Evans, is as clean a public man as can be found in the length and breadth of Canada. For Dr. Shearer to denounce Winnipeg as socially and morally rotten because its authorities practice segregation is nonsense. Dr. Shearer's theory apparently is that to conceal vice is to suppress it. Every one with his eyes open knows that such a theory is fantastic. Apart from the matter of segregation, which is a controversial question, it does not appeal to one as a dignified spectacle to see a party of moral reformers touring



TOLSTOI AND HIS WIFE.

A recent photograph of the great Russian writer, who is said to be dying after his sensational departure from his home. The Countess is also said to be in a serious condition owing to grief over her husband's action.



For months representatives of both the great political parties have been sitting in conference in an endeavor to reach a solution on the question of the House of Lords' veto. The conference was held by request of King George, who was anxious to avoid a general election prior to his coronation. It failed because Mr. Balfour's followers notified him that they would accept no compromise.

ing the West with detectives as guides on a hunt for the indications and the actualities of vice.

A NEW YORK despatch informs us that the American Metropolis is consuming on an average of one thousand cases of rotten eggs per day. In consequence of the revelations the city's food inspectors are being discharged and there is general indignation all along the line.

In trade jargon these decomposed eggs are known as "rots and spots," and are utilized largely by bakers in the production of certain kinds of pastry. Authorities state that better sponge cake can be made with rotten eggs than with fresh ones, while bakers of a certain class are known to smear their bread over with a composition, the chief ingredient of which is decayed eggs. This gives to the bread the necessary "shine."

That unscrupulous dealers should wish to get rid of their decayed eggs at the best possible price is not a source of wonder, but that there should be rotten eggs on the market in these days of rapid transportation is a problem worthy of the consideration of some of our professors on economics.

If fresh eggs are worth thirty cents per dozen, the same product decomposed cannot be worth in the open market more than a fourth of this sum. Why, then, should the owners of these eggs await the time when this staple food has passed through the various stages of goodness and badness until they are actually putrid before marketing the filthy mess?

The farmer does not keep his eggs knowingly until they reach that state, and neither does the man who makes a profession of poultry raising and egg hatching. The depreciation in value between the fresh and the stale article precludes the possibility. The network of steam railways and the augmented services of electric lines through farming communities now brings the farmer into close touch with the markets of the country. Where then does the fault lie?

As a matter of fact the entire blame rests upon the shoulders of the individuals and the corporation operating cold storage plants. By all natural laws a rotten egg should not exist, but here we are told of a thousand cases a day being consumed in one city alone. This additional thousand cases of eggs would have been consumed in New York city had they been placed on the market when fresh, provided that the price had been down to its normal level; in other words, had the prices been regulated by the laws of supply and demand without any interference of the cold storage man.

In his endeavors to keep up prices, in other words to sell the people the fewest eggs at the highest prices, the cold storage hogs who act as middle men between the egg producer and the consumer, has gobbled up the product, and aiming to keep up prices beyond their normal level, has withheld the eggs from consumption.

A jail is the natural abiding place of men who corner food products of this nature, and the sooner laws are formulated which will take care of them as they deserve the sooner the prices of living will decline and the sooner we will have more palatable foods.

Here in Canada some years ago there was a seeming shortage of our delicious native oyster, the Malpeque. They were quoted in the markets at \$12 per barrel, with the consequence that many people who dearly loved these bivalves were obliged to do without. During the entire winter the prices remained the same, but when early spring came there was a break in price, and then it was discovered that some of Canada's largest cold storage warehouses was filled to the roof with Malpeque oysters. Hundreds of barrels were taken from these warehouses and dumped into the St. Lawrence river, and hundreds of barrels more were sold for a song; sold too late in the season to be of great use to the purchasers, for the weather was already getting warm and the oyster season was at an end. Had these oysters been put on the market at a reasonable figure during the winter not a barrel would have been wasted, but this is not the way with the cold storage man.

From an economic standpoint the cold storage plant should be a great blessing to civilization, but as it works out it is proving a menace which sooner or later the governments will be obliged to take seriously in hand.

WHILE the report of Hon. Charles Murphy on his investigation of the Dominion Printing Bureau does credit to his honesty of purpose and his intention that the Secretary of State's department shall hereafter be a clean and efficient department, it does not go far enough. What

the people of Canada want to know is who corrupted Gouldthrite. This it should be the business of a committee of the House of Commons to find out as speedily as possible. It appears that Gouldthrite made vast unauthorized purchases and that his personal profits from such dishonest transactions amounted to nearly one hundred thousand dollars. For Gouldthrite the wages of sin were a suicide's death in the waters of the Detroit. But what of the others who profited by his crimes? Are they to stand forth stainless? Mr. Murphy speaks of a mysterious "Mr. Andrews," for whom a warrant has been issued, but who cannot be identified or located. One is of the opinion that a little energy on the part of the Dominion Police would have uncovered the mysterious Mr. Andrews. Last summer, when Gouldthrite killed himself, a name was whispered in political circles which had previously been identified with political scandals and it was said that he was intimately connected with all the wrongdoing in the Printing Bureau. One wonders whether any attempt was made to ascertain whether the name "Andrews" was merely an alias of this man. It is pleasant to know that no Canadian firm is involved in the scandal, but it is not probable that the American firms, in obtaining such vast orders, acted without an intermediary who was a Canadian and one close enough, politically, to the party in power to know how to go about the work of corrupting the Bureau officials. An examination of Gouldthrite's private papers would probably establish the identity of his intermediary. And, at any rate, the names of the American firms involved should be published. The Canadian people want to know the identity of the foreign business concerns who have been engaged in robbing them.

The Colonel

Father Vaughan and Bishop Sellow.

The Editor Saturday Night, Toronto.
Sir.—After his tactless and offensive remarks in Montreal, Father Vaughan made matters worse in New York, by saying that one Sellow, "a Protestant Bishop," had recently said worse things about the decay of Protestantism than he himself had ventured to say.

In the Literary Digest of Oct. 29th, appears the following statement by the editor:—"We are asked to print the following from Bishop Walter A. Sellow, of the Free Methodist Church:—'I have been quoted in the secular press recently as having said Protestantism is dying out and will soon be a thing of the past. I did not say this, neither do I think so. I was quoting what was said by a Roman Catholic speaker in Montreal, and some newspaper, controlled and edited by Roman Catholics, garbled my address and made me say what I quoted from him.'"

So here we have another fine example of Roman methods in controversy.
Yours truly,
F. T. DIBB.

The Vicarage, Napanee, Ont.



A HARD COMBINATION TO "BUCK UP AGAINST."
"If the English-speaking race were once united under one flag, standing together for the peace of the world, I am not fearing much who tries to break it."—From Mr. Carnegie's speech at Bolton, England.—Montreal Witness.

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A Jibe at the Honorable Adam.

AT a student's gathering held recently in London, Ontario, the Hon. Adam Beck and Mr. J. M. McEvoy, K.C., a strong opponent of his, were both present. In a recent election Mr. McEvoy suffered defeat at the hands of Mr. Beck, but at the banquet in question the result was different.

The Hon. Adam had spoken seriously and at some length. The theme was power; the remarks were full of power.

Then Mr. McEvoy was called, and as he arose and bowed to the young men, he said:

"The eloquent address we have just heard reminds me of the western bull which was one day placed in a field crossed by a railway track. The bull saw an approaching locomotive, and getting on the track stood snorting while the bystanders watched breathlessly.

"After the train had passed, one old farmer expectorated and remarked: 'I admire his courage and his optimism, but damn his judgment.'"



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! DOUBTS ABOUT PEOPLE !

The Greeting of Sarah.

IT is to be hoped that when Mme. Sarah Bernhardt arrives in Toronto, the enthusiasm will not have as many eccentric developments as it did when the great French-woman got to Chicago. Of course, it was only in keeping with the temperament of the divine Sarah that she should kiss her former stage carpenter and call him "Mon Cher Nick," but the excessive demonstrativeness of the first night audience was rather surprising. It was after one o'clock when the final curtain descended on "L'Aiglon," and one can only imagine the fun which Torontonians would have getting home on the scattered night cars.

Another amusing side of the welcome has been the flood of newspaper verse inspired by Mme. Bernhardt, prominent in which are the attempts to "claw into English" Kostand's lines to his famous country-woman. In French, the poem is probably very happy and full of expressive melody, but it does not lend itself readily to English form. Here is one horrible example:

"In these dull days, Oh thou alone, most fair,
Pale queen of gesture, with thy many moods,
Can lock thy sword belt, or a lily wear,
Or walk down stairs with striking attitudes."

If any publication really feels that a translation of the sonnet should be published in honor of Bernhardt, let it use the version prepared by Mr. R. T. Howse for the Theatre Magazine, for it retains some of the beauty of the original, and it is interesting to compare the first four lines with those of the Chicago poet:

"In these dull decades, you alone, O fair,
Pale Princess, Queen of attitude, have skill
To wear a lily, wield a sword, and still
The heart a moment, treading a broad stair."

"You rave a stifle in our heavy air—
You poetize and die of love, and kill,
And dream and suffer, working your hot will
On helpless hearers, bound with your bright hair."

"Avid of suffering, you wound us all;
Your plaints are echoed through a troubled hall,
And down your cheeks 'tis our salt tears that steal.
And sometimes, Sarah, when your fervent lips
Spell magic, furtively you feel
The kiss of Shakespeare on your finger-tips."

Canada's Greatest Coach.

NOBODY will dispute the statement that the greatest athletic coach in Canada is Mr. Harry Griffith, of the "Varsity Rugby team," and he is also a rather remarkable personality. Mr. Griffith differs almost completely from the traditional idea of a coach. As he wanders along the side-lines enveloped in his overcoat, he strikes the average onlooker as being slightly undersized, and his manner is so unassertive that one wonders how it ever becomes commanding. As a matter of fact, he does not get results

by shouting at his men, but goes about his work with quiet earnestness, studying the team scientifically and adopting the same means of strengthening its weak points. It speaks volumes for his bearing that, even after a whole season on the playing field as one of the boys, he is still "Mr. Griffith" to all of them. The figure of Mr. Griffith will linger in the memories of those who have seen him on the side-lines long after more conspicuous and noisy coaches are forgotten. He invariably carries a cane, and his pipe is his constant companion. It has been said that Mr. Griffith has only one way of showing excitement—anybody watching him notices that he is pulling hard and fast at his little smoker.

His success as a coach has been almost abnormal. When he taught at Ridley College, the St. Catharines preparatory school had the greatest team of its history, and when he came to Toronto he began immediately to manufacture winning teams at the University. He has won the Intercollegiate and Dominion championships, and this year annexed the Yates Cup, accomplishing the feat for the first time in the history of the Intercollegiate League. This record is a triumph for brain and personality.

During one of the games at Rosedale this season, a representative of an Eastern college was speaking of the wonderful showing of the "Varsity team." "You seem to have struck a regular mine of Rugby material," he said, "and judging from your new players, it is not yet showing any signs of running out."

"Oh, it is not so much the material," said a Toronto enthusiast, pointing to where Mr. Griffith was puffing his pipe on the side-lines, "the important thing is to have that little man put his stamp on it."

A Fine Soldier Wasted.

FREDERICK VILLIERS, the famous war correspondent, who has been visiting this city, paid a high tribute recently to the soldiery of Colonel George Denison.

"You have in Toronto," he said to a member of SATURDAY NIGHT's staff, "one of the finest soldiers on the continent, and there are very few people here who seem to appreciate the fact. All he needed was opportunity to have become a famous general. Even as it is, his name is familiar to all serious students of the art of war the world over. I needn't tell you that I refer to Colonel Denison."

The man from SATURDAY NIGHT intimated that he had seen the name coming a long way off, and said that although Colonel Denison might not be rated at his full value as a soldier in Toronto by the general public—a considerable portion of whom might have been prejudiced against him by figuring before him in other capacities—he was still held in the very highest esteem by all who had devoted any attention to military matters.

"He deserves no less," said Mr. Villiers, somewhat mollified, "for he is a man with a positive genius for war. No better evidence of that need be given than the manner in which he won the prize offered by the Russian Government for the best book on the handling of cavalry. Military experts the world over competed for that prize, men who had been studying nothing else all their lives, and who had the very best opportunities to be completely versed in both the theory and practice of the matter. But along came a man from Toronto, Canada, who might be expected to know as much as a Fiji Islander about cavalry in modern warfare, and he writes a book on the subject so far ahead of anything else submitted that there was nothing to do but turn over the prize to him. That's what I call genius. And to think of a man like that being wasted on the Bench!"

Mr. Villiers' regret was a vivid and painful thing. The man from SATURDAY NIGHT tip-toed softly away. And the next time he ate too much mince-pie he had a vision of the Colonel in red and gold charging at the head of a regiment of dragoons—"Flora at Toronto!"

Two Modest Athletes.

THE British amateur oarsmen appear to be unique figures in the athletic world. They are among the few men who have been prominent on the sporting pages of the world without contracting the advertising habit, and when the Hon. Rupert Guinness visited Toronto a few weeks ago he was not preceded by announcements nor did he try to get into the public eye. When interviewed, it was as a politician that he expressed himself, and talked of colonial preference and tariff reform instead of speaking the last word regarding the sporting event of the moment. In fact, it seems hard for Canadians to believe that a man who had twice won the Diamond Sculls could be so modest. The Hon. Rupert Guinness is one of England's gentleman athletes, and his stalwart figure and quick movements indicate the benefits of the life he has led. It may be added that he has not confined his career to taking part in and talking about athletics, for he is now a Unionist member of Parliament, and has also served as a soldier.

His quiet coming and departure recall the visit of Mr. Vivian Nickalls, another famous English oarsman who was present at the Canadian Henley in 1908. He came with a crew which he had been coaching in the United States, and had been at the course for a day before it became known that one of the finest oarsmen of the day was present. Mr. Nickalls did not make himself conspic-



Photograph, 1910, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

SOME FOREIGN JUMPERS AT THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

The picture shows Lieut. Mallarme, from France (at the left) and Lieut. A. Van Gellicum, 3rd Holland Cavalry, riding horses entered by their countries in the horse show which opened recently at Madison Square Garden, New York. They are here seen in Central Park.

ous, neither did he talk of the superiority of the English style or the English scullers.

There is a story told concerning him which indicates that he had no thought of adopting that attitude. A week before the races at St. Catharines, a Canadian sculler had fallen out of his boat while taking part in the Olympic races in England. A sporting man was making fun of the showing which Toronto oarsmen had made in England on various occasions, and remarked to Mr. Nickalls: "I suppose you Englishmen think we are very foolish to take such long trips to learn to row?"

"Perhaps we are especially justified in thinking that when you carry off some of our pet trophies," replied the British oarsmen ironically.

Sanity Not Expected.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Hammond Bullock, of Montreal, possesses a name which sounds even more militant than that of Mrs. Pankhurst, the lady who is so prominent in the woman's suffrage movement in Montreal does not belong to the English type of suffragette. Mrs. Bullock is above everything an educationalist, and after hearing her talk there can be no doubt what she will do with her vote when she gets it. She wants to secure better educational advantage for the working women. Mrs. Bullock recently paid Toronto a visit and showed herself to be a very fluent and well informed speaker, and should prove herself an able leader of the movement in Montreal.

Although there does not seem to be any danger of the Canadian women adopting the tactics of their English sisters, such as knocking off hats and other sportive "stunts," a friend of Mrs. Bullock was rallying her about the agitation, and asked if Montreal women intended to conduct a sane campaign.

"We married women would be living up to the men's assumption of our mental powers, if we did not," Mrs. Bullock is said to have retorted. "In Quebec we are placed on a par with the lunatics when we marry and cannot even handle our own property. As we are not supposed to recover our senses till we become widows, no one has a right to demand a sane campaign."

Toronto Girl's Task Well Done.

SOME months ago it was announced that the talented young painter, Miss Edith P. Stevenson, whose studio is at Richmond Hill, near Toronto, had been commissioned to paint twelve of the judges of the State of Ohio for instalment of the new Court House erected at Youngstown, the capital of that prosperous State. The Vindicator of Youngstown, which is the second iron centre of America with Pittsburg in the lead, on November 6th devoted a full page to the work of Miss Stevenson. In the course of the article it is stated: "Miss Stevenson has pleased all who have had the pleasure of inspecting the canvases by the artistic way in which she has handled difficult subjects of portraiture. Her wonderful talent is perhaps best seen in her marvelous reproductions of living likenesses of judges who have 'passed on' many years ago and of whom but the poorest daguerotypes or photos are in existence. From the standpoint of art alone many of her present portraits are masterpieces of this class of painting aside from their value as likenesses."

A Chip of the Old Block.

MEN who, after starting life without a cent, have accumulated a fortune, delight in lecturing the rising generation on the way it was done. Their advice may not be an accurate description of their own work, but it is always highly edifying. A short time ago a well-known Torontonian who has made a success both financially and as a philanthropist, was tendered a dinner by his employees. When the time came for speech-making, he told the young men how to succeed. He took himself as an example. How had he achieved the position which he now held? He always valued education. The first dollar he saved, he put into a book. That fact alone was the secret of his success in life.

When he sat down, leaving all those at the table duly edified, his son, who had enjoyed the privileges of the wealth, followed with a dashing address in which he referred to the first speaker. "I am a chip off the old block," he announced, "I know how the governor made good, and so at a very early age I decided to go and do likewise. Later on I carried out my resolve. The first dollar I got, I put into a book too, and I may add that the bookie has it still."

He Endorsed the Cheque.

CANADIANS who attended the recent Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Cincinnati brought back altered opinions regarding the breadth of the church activities in the United States. With the exception of Archdeacon Cody, officially representing Canada, and Bishop Wordsworth, the nephew of the poet, representing the mother church in the Old Land, the principle speakers of the congress were nearly all Americans. What chiefly

surprised visitors, however, was the number of men with international reputations found among the delegates, such as Gifford Pinchot, the storm centre in one of the biggest controversies at Washington; Judge Parker, a former candidate for the Presidency; and J. Pierpont Morgan, the famous financier.

The last named of these delegates, naturally, takes a great interest in the financial problems of the church, and would like to have things placed on a basis so that clergymen will not have to worry too much about their daily bread. Referring to the number of worthy parish priests who labor hard all their lives without knowing the pleasure of handling a substantial cheque, Mr. Morgan told an anecdote of a minister who received a handsome gift of money from a wealthy parishioner. He was not accustomed to banking transactions, so he presented the cheque to the paying teller, who handed it back and told him that he would have to endorse it. In a few moments the clergyman returned and cheerfully handed in the strip of paper, on the back of which he had written: "I most heartily endorse this cheque."

The Candidate of Enthusiasts.

IT is but seldom that an art publication is to be found coming out in open advocacy of a political candidate, yet such was the enthusiasm aroused by the appearance of Dr. Woodrow Wilson, as Democratic candidate for the



PROF. WOODROW WILSON.
Ex-President of Princeton University and Governor-elect of New Jersey.

State of New Jersey—whose chief cities are practically suburbs of New York—that the Craftsman devoted the first pages of the November issue to a eulogy of him by the editor. The writer realizes the necessity that all men interested in arts and crafts should rally around candidates of this type, and in summarizing Woodrow Wilson's character, he says:

"He is typical of the men who are now for the first time entering an active political career in order that they may apply and test carefully thought out principles regarding the best type of representative government, going at the task in much the same spirit as the men who framed the Constitution approached the greater task of building up a new nation. If these honest and earnest leaders of the reform movement realize the greatness of their opportunity and approach it as reverently as did the men of the past, their names will be worthy to stand as high. Next to the building up of a nation, the guiding of its crude and exuberant strength into the right channels for healthy growth is a work which demands the best blood and the best brains in the whole country. We have set ourselves up as an example to the world of the success of the republican form of government. We have come close to failing, not because the form of government was wrong, but because the dishonesty and selfishness of our application of its principles have dragged it down to a condition that is little better in some respects than the open tyranny of the privileged classes in feudal times."

Goes Far Afield.

Dalny, Manchuria, Oct. 16, 1910.
Proprietors, Toronto Saturday Night, Toronto, Canada:
Dear Sirs,—In my tour around the world, I chanced to find the enclosed copy of your paper of Oct. 30, 1909, on the bottom of my dressing case drawer, and forward it to you, believing it will be of interest, coming from this far-away country.
Yours truly,
J. R. BERRY.



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THE PROHIBITION LORD MAYOR.

Sir Vasey Strong, the first prohibitionist Lord Mayor of London, in his robes of office.



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Lady Vasey Strong, wife of London's Prohibition Lord Mayor.



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LONDON LETTER



LORD ALVERSTONE, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

He was born in December, 1842. Educated at King's College School, at Charterhouse, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was "called" in 1868. Ten years later he became a Q.C. From 1885 to 1886, from 1886 to 1892, and from 1892 to 1900, he was Attorney-General. In 1900 he became Master of the Rolls, and in the same year Lord Chief Justice. He was M.P. for Lancaster in 1885, and M.P. for the Isle of Wight from 1885 to 1900.

LONDON, NOV. 5TH.

GUY FAWKES DAY is being celebrated by a thick yellow fog—the first of the season. You wonder while your eyes smart and your nose reddens at the tip, in the unpleasant atmosphere, whether there was a fog when Guy Fawkes and the rest of them laid their plans which were so officiously interfered with by the Westminster magistrate and his body of attendants who discovered the wood and barrels of gunpowder. It is three hundred and five years since these things happened, but this morning troops of children are running after pedestrians asking for contributions for their "Guy," which is a shapeless body, with a mask, and sometimes a cigarette tucked into the corner of the mouth. As a rule the girl of the party wheels the guy in an old "pram," and the boys dance about the passers by demanding pennies. Tonight there will be a big bonfire on Hampstead Heath to commemorate the fact that Guido Fawkes and his fellow conspirators did not blow up the Houses of Parliament.

The fog is something so associated with November that one would have a right to feel aggrieved if it did not arrive according to schedule. In their secret hearts I believe Londoners are proud of the fog, and certainly it is typically London. This one is very yellow, very thick, and very smoky and unpleasant generally, but it has to be borne with the philosophy which we use for the things over which we have no control.

SIR HENRY PELLATT is the guest of honor to night of the Savage Club, to which a good many London-Canadians belong. It is the club of the artist, the writer of every description, the musical men, the dramatists and the scientists, and they entertain distinguished men at their house dinners, at which, by the way, no map must appear in evening dress. To night Lord Strathcona is to be present, and on a previous occasion our present King, when Prince of Wales, was the guest of the Savages, and having been made a member was able to say at the proper moment, "Brother Savages you may smoke!" He also presented to the club a silver cigar and cigarette box. Talking of clubs, Miss Agnes Deans Cameron kept a large number of members of the Lyceum Club enthralled yesterday, while she told them about Canada, and whisked them breathlessly across the country, and down the Mackenzie River to the Arctic circle. Miss Cameron has lately joined the Lyceum Club, which is the biggest women's club in the world, with a magnificent clubhouse in Piccadilly, having the Cavalry Club and the Bachelors for near neighbors. Most of the members are professional women, some of them very distinguished—the president is Lady Frances Balfour—and every time you go in you have the amusement of seeing the country cousin being shown the lions.

"That's So-and-So, who wrote something or other," whispers the member, and the country cousin goggles awe stricken at some unaffected woman drinking her tea or reading her magazine.

Sometimes celebrities are scarce, as they were on a day when one member remarked apologetically, but with twinkling eyes, to another:

"My little cousin was sure you were one of the great people, so I told her you were Mrs. Blank who wrote the book of the season. You don't mind, do you? And it made her so happy!"

The Overseas members are giving a big dinner on the 21st, at which celebrities will be as thick as blackberries. It is hoped that Lord Strathcona will be present, and the popular Australian High Commissioner, the High Commissioner for New Zealand, various West Indian officials, one from Fiji, a Maori chief, and some South Africans are to be entertained. The honorary secretary of the circle of Overseas members is a Canadian, and one very enthusiastic member is a lady who was in Canada for the meeting of the International Council of Women, and can't say enough about the kindness of Torontonians.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA arrives in London this evening after an absence of several months, and will be met by the King and Queen. Later the Court goes to Sandringham, and later again to Windsor. In January it is expected that the King and Queen and their family will take up their residence at Buckingham Palace, where necessary alterations are being made. The late King's birthday will be kept very quietly this year, and the birthdays a few weeks later of Queen Alexandra and Queen Maud of Norway will be sad anniversaries, instead of the happy family gatherings which they have been in the past.

The orders for the Coronation arrangements are out, and the peers and peeresses have learned what they are to wear and all the details concerning their appearance on this historic occasion. As the price of ermine has gone up some irreverent newspapers are discussing whether a

belted earl may wear rabbit skin without being disgraced for ever. Another odd point is that the tall, heavy horses required to draw the State coaches of the great ones are difficult to obtain nowadays, and those who intend to use their coaches are rather worried over the question of having them drawn properly to the Abbey.

A GOOD deal of notice is being given to the suggestion of a new Minister for the sole benefit of the self-governing dominions, leaving the Colonial Office to the Crown Colonies. The High Commissioners are cautious about saying what they think of the idea, but it is generally considered a good one, and likely to please the countries interested.

QUEEN MARY has been very busy with her needle-work Guild, which is run on a most businesslike system, by which thousands of poor people benefit in the cold weather. The Queen is the head of it, but every branch has a president, who chooses five vice-presidents. Each vice-president gets ten members, and all work on garments for the poor, known to hospital authorities, vicars of poor parishes, etc. Last year's total of garments sent in was 50,000, including caps, capes, skirts, shirts, vests, undergarments of all kinds, for men, women and children. The Queen spent two days this week at the Imperial Institute superintending the unpacking and sorting of the garments which mean comfort to so many poor sick people. Last year the Queen was represented by twelve thousand garments made by herself, her pretty young daughter, and her many friends. The late King was a contributor, and, of course, the present King is always represented in the list of donors.

Princess Mary is going to be the beauty of the Royal Family. She has lovely golden hair, a good complexion, and a well set-up figure. She has her mother's grave expression, and makes a very stiff little bow when she drives about the streets and has to acknowledge the salutations of the people.

THE Lord Mayor's show next Wednesday is to be a very special show indeed. Four scenes from Shakespeare have been selected, all associated with London. One is the return of Henry V. after the battle of Agincourt, the second shows Sir John Falstaff and his companions leaving the Boar's Head Tavern, the third will represent Richard Duke of Gloucester with the young princes going to the Tower, and the fourth will show Henry VIII. and Wolsey going to the Papal inquiry concerning poor Queen Katherine of Arragon—a subject fresh in the minds of Londoners who have been enjoying "Henry VIII." at His Majesty's.

M. E. MACL. M.

A Priceless Scriptural Treasure.

M. R. Isaac (standing at the right) a Samaritan priest from Shechem, Palestine, son of the High Priest (seated) of his people, is now in England on business relative to the proposed sale of this very ancient manuscript copy of the Pentateuch—the first five books of the Hebrew Scriptures embodied in our Old Testament. It is probable that he will bring the precious parchment rolled on its silver rods, to the United States before finally disposing of it.

The accompanying photograph was made six months ago on the premises of the Samaritan synagogue in Shechem, where about 200 descendants of the ancient people (partly of Jewish, partly of old Assyrian stock) still live, separated by their religion from all other people, Jewish or Christian. Their copy of the ancient Bible is believed by them to have been written down by



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The oldest existing scroll of the Books of Moses.

Abishua, a great grandson of Aaron, and to be about 3,500 years old; it certainly cannot be less than 2,000 years old, for the characters are of a style abandoned by Jewish copyists some twenty centuries ago.

The (seated) High Priest is a kindly, scholarly man, who has for many years lead the worship of the dwindling congregation and taught their children. The three younger men shown here are his own sons. In 1904 he and some other Samaritans attended an International Christian S. S. Convention at Jerusalem, and he made a short address in Hebrew, saying:—

"As representatives of one of the most ancient though, indeed, at present one of the smallest of the four monotheistic forms of religion, we, priest and laymen of the Samaritans, bid you a hearty welcome to the Land of Promise. We seize this opportunity to record our appreciation of the fact that the Founder of Christianity and all sincere disciples of His, have always evinced a deep sympathy with our people. May the God of Israel bless you in your coming in and your going out, from this time forth and forever."

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CANADA AT THE GRAVE OF WOLFE

An address by Mr. F. C. Wade, K.C., of Vancouver, before the
Empire Club of Canada, on November 10th, 1910. Mr. Castell
Hopkins in the chair.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE EMPIRE CLUB:

To realize the debt we owe to General Wolfe, it is only necessary to glance for a moment at some of the incidents of the Seven Years' War. Let us look first at the characters in the drama. On the side of Prussia, Frederick the Great, with the army which had been bequeathed by his father, "the best engine of war in Europe," and he himself the first warrior of his time, if not of all time. On the side of France Lowendal and Marshal Saxe, and on this continent, the Marquis de Montcalm, the Chevalier de Levis, the Chevalier de Bourlamaque, Baron Dieskau, Bougainville, and others. On the side of England, the Duke of Cumberland, the victor at Culloden, and in statesmanship, Fox, Carteret, the two Townshends, Mansfield, Halifax, but above and beyond all, the great commoner, William Pitt, dearly loved England, and himself described as "England incarnate," on this continent on the British side, Brigadier Lord Howe, Braddock, Major-General Amherst, and under him the three brigadiers, Whitmore, Lawrence and Wolfe, and in the Colonial forces, with Braddock at Monongahela, and as his aide-de-camp in the expedition against Fort Duquesne, Adjutant-General George Washington of the Virginia militia, Shirley, and Robert Rogers, with his famous Rangers.

With such combatants in the field, great results were to be expected. "This," said Earl Granville on his deathbed, "has been the most glorious war and the most triumphant peace that England ever knew." "The Peace of Paris," says Parkman, "marks an epoch than which none in modern history is fruitful of grander results." "It is no exaggeration to say," writes Green, "that three of the many victories of the Seven Years' War determined for ages to come the destinies of mankind. With that of Rossbach began the re-creation of Germany; with that of Plassey, the influence of Europe told for the first time since the days of Alexander on the nations of the East; with the triumph of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham began the history of the United States"—and he might have added, of British America.

To understand the position on this continent, it is necessary to remember that before the Seven Years' War the French, to use Parkman's words, "claimed all America from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, and from Mexico and Florida to the North Pole, except only the ill-defined possessions of the English on the borders of Hudson's Bay; and to these vast regions with adjacent islands, they gave the general name of New France. . . . Canada at the north and Louisiana to the south, were the keys of a boundless interior, rich with incalculable possibilities.

The English Colonies, ranged along the Atlantic Coast, had no royal road to the great inland, and were in a manner shut between the mountains and the sea. To break through these boundaries and spread over the vast hinterland of the continent was the object of the British Colonists, and for years the struggle raged between the Colonists and the French along the forts of the Ohio on the Great Lakes, at Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Fort William Henry, and along Lake Champlain, at Louisbourg, in Acadia, and finally at Quebec, where Wolfe's marvellous victory on the plains of Abraham made this a Anglo-Saxon continent, began the history of the United States, gave birth to Canada, and widened the boundaries of the British Empire to include this great Dominion. If Napoleon had succeeded at the Battle of Trafalgar, it has been said, "the fate of the world would have been changed. Toronto and Cape Town, Melbourne and Sydney, and Auckland might have been ruled by French prefects." Had not Wolfe succeeded at Quebec there would have been no North America for Nelson to save. What do we not owe to both? Is it too much after the lapse of so great a time, and close to the 150th anniversary of the battle of the Plains of Abraham, to ask the Canadian people to honour his memory by erecting a monument at the grave at Greenwich to show that Canada at any rate does honour to the hero whose victory and death were destined to give her birth? I say nothing of the duty of the United States. Had Wolfe not broken the French power, the British Colonists would have been overwhelmed in any attempt to break through the barriers that herded them between the mountains and the sea. Had not the French menace been removed, it would have been folly on their part to throw off their British allegiance, only to risk falling under French control. Wolfe's victory paved the way. But for that great event the Declaration of Independence might never have been written. It certainly would have been postponed.

A word with regard to the Marquis de Montcalm and the brave and chivalrous nation for whom he fought. Never was a war contested under greater difficulties than those which Montcalm had to face. Louis XV. and Pompadour furnished 100,000 men to fight the battles of Austria, and but twelve hundred to help new France. Had the proportions been reversed, or anything like it, what would have happened? Vandreuil as governor, representing Old France, did everything which malignant jealousy could suggest to undermine and checkmate Montcalm; had he loyally supported him, what might have been the result? Besides Vandreuil, there was the unspeakable Bigot, the rascally Cadet, and Pean, Breard and many more to struggle against in his own ranks. Was ever a brave leader more harassed than poor Montcalm? A noble spirit—and great and noble he certainly was—never struggled against greater neglect on the part of his masters and more persistent and insidious treachery amongst colleagues than did Montcalm.

"The France of Louis XV.," wrote the Abbé Casgrain, "hastened to forget the memory of Montcalm, which lay upon it as a burden of remorse. The France of America will always cherish it. It has forgotten his faults to remember only his virtues and his heroism. The name of Montcalm is inscribed on our monuments and public places. History and poetry have joined hands to celebrate the national heritage of his glory. The mausoleum raised over his tomb a century after his death is not less



THE STATUE OF GENERAL WOLFE.

On January 2nd next, the famous soldier's anniversary, this monument will be erected at Westerham, Kent, England, the place of his birth. The sculptor, Mr. Derwent Wood, is seen putting the finishing touches on the work.

honoured than that of Wolfe at Westminster." Can we point to the same devotion on the part of the England of America, a like reverence for the memory of the great Wolfe, by whose victory the American continent became the heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race? Do we make pilgrimages to the grave of our great hero? What columns, what mausoleum have we erected over his last resting place? I question very much if one in a thousand British Canadians could name the place where General Wolfe's remains were laid at rest on November 23rd, 1759.

General the Marquis de Montcalm was buried practically on the field of battle, in the very ground for which he fought, and surrounded by the sorrowing people for whom he died. "The confusion in Quebec was such," writes the Abbé Casgrain, "that it was impossible to find a workman to make a coffin for the deceased general. 'Seeing this difficulty,' says the annalist of the Ursulines, 'our foreman, an old Frenchman of Dauphine, known amongst us as Bonhomme Michel, hastily got together some planks, and, shedding copious tears, made a rough box, little in keeping with the precious corpse it was to hold.' The body of the brave soldier was laid within it, and at about nine p.m., the funeral procession started for the Ursulines' chapel, through the streets encumbered with debris and ruined walls. Behind the coffin marched in mournful silence the commander of the garrison with his officers, and many citizens, their number being added to as they advanced, by the townsfolk, women and children. No tolling bells or salvos of artillery announced the general's funeral, for the only guns that spoke hurled projectiles on the town. The crowd filled the church, wherein all was absolutely dark save for the wax tapers arranged round the trestle which bore the bier. To the right close to the convent chapel's railing a bombshell had torn up the flooring, and made an excavation in the soil. This cavity it was which, enlarged and deepened, formed a suitable soldier's grave. The Curé of Quebec, Abbé Resch, assisted by two of the cathedral canons, intoned the Libera, those present, and the choir of eight nuns, who remained to guard the convent, responding. Then the coffin was lowered into the ditch, 'whereupon,' says the convent's chronicler, 'the sobs and tears broke out afresh, for it seemed as though New France were descending into the grave with her general's remains.'

Had Wolfe been buried in Canadian soil, no doubt his grave would long ere this have been suitably honoured by Canada, the young but giant nation for which his victory paved the way on this continent. But after the battle of the Plains of Abraham, Wolfe's remains were sent to England. In one of the last days of October the cannon on the ramparts of Quebec answered the salute of the fleet which had set sail for England. On board the Royal William were the embalmed remains of General Wolfe. On Saturday, November 17, 1759, the following entry appears in "The Gentleman's Magazine," Vol. XXIX: "This day the remains of General Wolfe were landed at Portsmouth from on board the Royal William man-of-war; during the solemnity minute guns were fired from the ships at Spithead, and all the honours that could be paid to the memory of a gallant officer were paid on this occasion." (p. 548). On Tuesday, Nov. 20, this entry appears: "The corpse of General Wolfe was interred in a private manner in the family vault at Greenwich." The entries in the burial register of the parish church of St. Alfege at Greenwich for November, 1759, include many of the very poor, a foundling, a "found drowned, and the illustrious general who secured the

The potter's child, the poor, the foundling, the found greatest of continents for the Anglo-Saxon race, pass off the stage, their exits recorded without distinction. Gray's "Elegy" had been written but eight years before the fall of Quebec, and Wolfe loved its mellow music and sweet, but sad philosophy. How strikingly is the teaching of (Concluded on page 23.)

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MUSIC DRAMA

JUST as Bishop Burnett held, that doubtless God could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did, those who heard Josef Hofmann play on December 9th admit the possibility that there is a greater pianist than he living at the present day, but are disposed to doubt it. Hofmann has all the elements that go to the making of a great pianist of the larger school, who can compass stupendous things yet never do violence to his instruments. Orchestral in style, his playing has an emotional quality that warms the senses yet a steadiness and control that are amazing. The usual defect of the executant of vast powers,—that of mechanical coldness—is never observable in him. He has a magnetism that would win his way for him were his gifts less noble than they are, and it is remarkable to see him execute the greatest feats without, to speak colloquially,—"turning a hair." Of all the men of the present day his playing seems to most nearly approach that of Rubinstein as it was described by his contemporaries—as something large and imaginative which leaves an impression of reserve force in the artist as though he had plenty of energy back of it all to attain even more colossal dynamic effects did the music demand it. This feeling was no doubt increased by the fact that the chief number on the programme was one of the finest compositions of that master. Rubinstein's Concerto in D Minor is one of the most eloquent of the composer's works and was intended to give full scope to his own powers as an executant. There is no doubt that the noble balance between piano and orchestra is in some degree attributable to the fact the Rubinstein though a prolific composer in all forms, was first of all a pianist. There is a tendency with the purely orchestral composer to show little mercy for his soloist and in climaxes to drown him out unless he taxes his instrument to an abnormal degree. While the climaxes in this work have the quality of grandeur they are of a nature to give an equal voice to both piano and orchestra. What thrilled one in Hofmann's playing of this work in addition to the largeness of his style was his exquisite clarity in the tremendous forte passages. The melodic and rhythmic appeal of the work which is also unique was expressed with emotional grace by the interpreter. As an interpreter of what Mr. Huneker has named "the larger Chopin," Hofmann is also superb. He does not aim at the grace which de Pachmann brings forth in his interpretation of the lighter and more mystical Chopin but in deeply passionate compositions like the Ballade in F Minor and the Andante Spianato-Grande Polonaise his shaded dynamic effects are superb. He subtly expresses that surrurance of tone which so charms and intoxicates one in Chopin's music. The manner in which he suggests, with sweeping strokes of a great painter, the curve of the melody opens up poetic vistas to the listener. In such a work as the Valse in A flat major the subtle tenderness of his phrasing shows how much of poetry there is in this young pianist. The "Black Key Study," played as an encore at the end of his programme, seemed to lack something of brilliance for a man of his powers. It was hardly equal to the dazzling tour de force that Mark Hambourg makes of this ever popular show piece: but his total performance left an impress of perfection on the minds of his listeners.

From every side when the concert was over were heard phrases of Mr. Welsman's tact and ability as a programme builder. Though the audience heard a great deal of music, it left the hall after two hours and a half of it quite unjaded and enthusiastic. It was a most melodious programme throughout. The Hadyn "Surprise" symphony is well named—it is so full of the most pleasant and gracious surprises in its harmonic combinations. As one has often remarked before, there is an inimitable freshness, an intimate charm about the music of Haydn that gives his music an appeal of undying vitality. It is no mere academic interest as "the father of the symphony," and as one of the great progressive musicians of the eighteenth century that he arouses. He has the vital authentic claim of a composer with something to say to the present generation. Mr. Welsman conducts his music with peculiar felicity and in this work had inspired his orchestra with a similar enthusiasm. The strings were particularly vital and silvery. Though



Mr. James S. Metcalfe, the celebrated dramatic critic of New York Life, provides weekly advance information about the plays and players to be seen at the leading Toronto theatres. His "tips to playgoers" are written by a man without fear or favor.

AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE.

Neither Mme. Bernhardt nor Mr. Nat Goodwin have honored New York with their presence this season, so Toronto again has the advantage of us Metropolitans.

Mr. Goodwin's play is by Mr. George Broadhurst, which is a voucher that it at least contains some fun. Also "The Captain" has managed to keep its head above water in other cities for several weeks. And in addition Mr. Goodwin's own personality counts for much, so that it is fair to anticipate, anyway, a reasonable amount of amusement in this offering.

Mme. Bernhardt, I am told by experienced and competent judges, is more like the Bernhardt of old on this tour than she has been on any of her later visits. It may be that she takes some stock in the press agent story that she has a premonition that she will never return to France from this trip, and on that account is trying to leave the last impression of herself and her art a good one. In the trial scene in "Jeanne d'Arc" she is said to rise to heights she has never achieved in this country. It is not to be believed that she will ever again be seen on this side of the water with her powers entirely unimpaired.

THE MERRY "MERRY WIDOW."

I suppose it would be possible—not easy, but possible—to divest "The Merry Widow" of its charm of music and atmosphere if its presentation were entrusted to a sufficiently bad company. Mr. Henry W. Savage is usually careful, though, about the qualifications of the artists he engages for his companies, and as the rôles of "The Merry Widow" have become thoroughly standardized there is not much danger that the Toronto performances will fail to please.

Every one who has access to a pianola or other mechanical music maker is familiar with the famous waltz, but "The Merry Widow" is musical throughout and contains other airs not so hackneyed, yet equally pleasing. The story of the opera is not taken from a Sunday school book, but it is not violently shocking, although, of course, the whole product is meant to appeal more to the senses than to the intellect. The "unco guid" may object to being taken to Maxime's gay restaurant. They will be safe from actual contamination in witnessing the doings at that gay resort from the seats of a Toronto theatre.

James S. Metcalfe

it was not so apparent in this work as in those which came later certain performers in the wind section seemed at fault. Whether because of over rehearsal or other causes these sections of the orchestra gave a less effective account of itself than at any appearance this season. A very welcome member on the programme was the prelude to Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," replete with tender melodies that have the mystic ingenious qualities of the fairy tales with which this opera deals. In the overture to Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," a work beautifully suggestive of the surge, force and mystery of the sea, Mr. Welsman's rhythmic handling was admirable and the strings noble in quality and execution. It was in this work that certain solecisms in the wind section marred what would have otherwise been one of the best achievements of the evening.

THE charm of Mr. George Ade's humor lies in its human quality. His drollery has none of that strident character peculiar to the average American play-wright when he tries to be funny. No matter how flimsy the structure of his drama may be its characters are drawn in a way that appeals to the average man of observation. They invariably bear some relation to life. His outlook is merry and clear and there is not a little philosophy in even the most frivolous of his offerings. "Father and the Boys" has been his greatest popular success though it does not rank in humor and breadth and interest with the most important of his earlier successes "The County Chairman." It succeeds, however, by virtue of the qualities one has mentioned and is a breezy, enjoyable, though not very weighty entertainment. Not a little of its success is due to the humor and facility of Mr. W. H. Crane who four seasons ago, found in this piece what he had long been seeking—a role which fitted him like a glove. Mr. Crane since the days of "The Henrietta" has been regarded as the most acceptable and exact type for the portrayal of the American business. His talent is humorous and photographic rather than emotional. He is chipper and engaging. It is a peculiar illustration of the manner in which managers cast plays for the New York stage that when some years ago Mr. Frohman decided to produce Octave Mirbeau's "Business is Business," a play of tragic import and great intensity, he cast Mr. Crane for the leading role. He went on the ingenious assumption that because Mr. Crane had for twenty years been playing business men and the leading

character of this French play was a business man, therefore, Mr. Crane was the man for the part. The attempt to turn a comedian into a tragedian was disastrous and Mr. Crane returned to his muttons in "Father and the Boys." Though he has played the part of the rejuvenated wool merchant, Lemuel Morewood, upwards of six hundred times, his humor is as spontaneous and fresh as though the play were in its first month. He has the ease of a veteran in getting every ounce of fun out of his situations. The support is adequate to the demands made upon it. Mr. Dan Collyer is a real delight as the sporty little tout who is the old man's race track adviser. Miss Mabel Freneyer is pretty and filled with verve as the Western song and dance expert, and Miss Jessie Glendinning is an exquisite ingenue type. The representatives of "high society" hardly seemed the "pure quill."

"Up and Down Broadway" pleases the public which does not take its drama too seriously, because it is efficiently done. When managers send out flimsy extravaganzas like these with inferior companies as was the case with the recent presentation of "The Midnight Sons" they are merely proving themselves the innocent victims of the railroad companies. The only thing that makes such a show as that in which Mr. Eddie Foy figures this week palatable, is a certain amount of breeziness and talent in the performers. There are those who do not like the humor of Mr. Foy and those who do—obviously many who do. For my own part I choose the middle course—I like Mr. Foy when he is funny and he hap-



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pens to be so several times in this show. He is a man who has held his own in a day when the old-fashioned low comedian is under a cloud. Of the many men of this class who set up as stars about the time Mr. Foy entered the theatrical empyrean most have fallen by the wayside. His voice has disappeared but his keen sense of the ridiculous remains and his fun gives an effect of spontaneity. The idea of setting Mr. Foy to parody Mr. Forbes Robertson is so preposterous that one laughs in thinking about it. Again when Mr. Foy burlesques the faded virgin who is "Belasco's Lily" he is genuinely amusing. Miss Emma Carus is plump and magnetic and sings Irish songs as well as she sings "coon" songs badly. Mr. Berny Bernard plays the conventional type of comic Jew with rather more ease and naturalness than the average comedian. Miss Florence Rother is comely and sings well and wears her clothes beautifully. Miss Melissa Ten Eyke dances with airy grace and Mr. John Goldsworthy is easy and handsome in the role of the sportive Apollo. A Casino show would hardly seem a Casino show without Lee Harrison in it. The chorus is large, comely and capable and the costumer has adorned it profusely. Though the specialties of the performers supply most of "Up and Down Broadway," it is but fair to add that the librettist, Edgar Smith; the lyricist, William Jerome; and the composer, Jean Schwartz, also have something to do with it.

MUSIC

The enterprise of the Woman's Musical Club of this city in bringing the Flonzaley String Quartette to Association Hall on the evening of November 28th will probably be rewarded by a full and enthusiastic house. The name "Flonzaley" has been adopted from a charming Swiss villa where the artists were first brought together. Three of its members are pupils of Cesar Thomson and each is a true and highly gifted musician. The finish of their technique and the perfection of their ensemble are two qualities which have everywhere been commented upon. The taste for and understanding of quartette playing has largely increased in Toronto during the last few years by reason of sustained efforts on the part of many local musical organizations among which the Woman's Musical Club may be included.

Never having appeared in opera, Emilio de Gogorza's triumph and successes, which have been many and various, are the result solely of his beautiful voice, art and musicianship. During the season 1905-6, in joint recitals with Madame Emma Eames, Mr. de Gogorza made his first extended American tour, and his success established his fame as one of the finest artists in the recital field. "He sings," says W. J. Henderson, "with a wonderful range of color, with exquisitely arranged phrasing, with elegant diction, with dainty sentiment, with delicate humor, with depth of feeling, with passion and always with taste. The gamut of emotions contained within the limits of a song recital is entirely at his command." His local appearance is scheduled for Wednesday evening next, at Massey Hall.

On Saturday night of this week, at Massey Hall, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra will present the most attractive programme that has yet been performed at its popular series. Aubert's graceful overture to "Domino No. 1," "Largo," "Largo," intermezzo to "Nalla," a charming French ballet second and third movement from Mendelssohn's "Scottish Symphony," Weber's overture to "Oberon," waltz, "Artist's Life," Strauss, and "Coronation March" from Le Prophete, Meyerbeer, will be the orchestral numbers. Mrs. Fahy, soprano, and Mr. Frank E. Blachford, the well-known violinist, will be the soloists.

Toronto will have the opportunity of again hearing, at the Conservatory Music Hall, on Saturday, November 26th, Madame Kathryn Innes-Taylor, the talented young soprano whose original and artistic interpretations have achieved for her unprecedented success both in the United States and Europe. She will sing a group of old French, English and Irish songs, in addition to modern lyrics. Miss Grace Smith, the celebrated English pianist, will be the assisting artist.

The senior piano pupils of the Apollo School of Music gave a most successful recital in the theatre of the Margaret Eaton School last Friday evening. The programme was varied by vocal solos and quartettes, and closed with a short sketch.

One of the most interesting books for those interested in the history and professional side of music that has been published of late is "Franz Liszt" (Oliver Ditson Company, Boston). It is a reprint of the biographical sketch first published in 1886 by Raphael Lescaze de Beaufort, to which is added the reminiscence article, "Franz Liszt in Rome," by Nadine



MADAME BERNHARDT IDEALIZED.

The above portrait is the brilliant conception of a French artist and is a most suggestive treatment of the individuality of the great tragedienne who will appear at the Princess Theatre next Friday and Saturday.

Helbig, a Russian lady of noble family, which attracted wide attention when first published by the New York Sun last year. Eloquent and interesting as these narratives are, they are not more eloquent in their significance than the volumes of statistics dealing with the stupendous work of Liszt as a composer. The total number of original works and arrangements in all branches of composition published by Liszt in his lifetime was 1,096. Those he left in MSS. numbered 225, making a grand total of 1,321. Of more than sixty works, Liszt issued several versions and in that total these versions are not included. In the list of his pupils are included at least seventy-five of the foremost musicians of the nineteenth century and as his biography amply makes clear his exertions as a virtuoso were vast. Seldom has the world known a life of such fruitful industry.

"Natural Laws in Piano Technique," by Mary Wood Chase (Oliver Ditson Company, Boston), is a valuable addition to The Music Students' Library, published by that firm. It deals lucidly with all the difficulties that the ambitious young pianist must encounter and overcome. Occasionally Mrs. Chase invokes the aid of ethics and recommends public performance to "cultivate a kind and helpful spirit, with charity for all, and as the spirit of unkind criticism dies out of the soul, the fear of it, and the dread of public performance will also die a natural and peaceful death." In no carping spirit it may be pointed out that many virtuosos have won fame without practicing the virtues Mrs. Chase so properly extols.

A number of students are taking advantage of the evening violin classes at the Toronto College of Music, Pembroke street. These classes, under the direction of Miss Rachel's Copeland, meet every Tuesday evening at 6.30 o'clock.

The Orpheus Club, a new chorus of male voices recently formed in Montreal, are in rehearsal for their first concert, which will take place on December 8th. The choir numbers 100 voices, amongst which are the best in Montreal. The club will be assisted by the McGill Conservatory Orchestra of forty pieces. Dr. Perrin McGill is musical director, and Mr. F. H. Blair of St. Paul's Church is associated conductor. The committee consists of Charles Cassile, honorary president; Maurice Burke, secretary; Farquhar Robertson, W. A. Coates, K. R. McPherson, K.C., F. W. Evans.

A vocal and violin recital will be given by Miss Josephine P. Scruby and Mr. Leo Smith at the Toronto Conservatory of Music on Wednesday evening next. At the piano will be heard Mr. Weisman and Mr. Lautz. A sonata for violin and piano by Brahms will be an important feature, and the vocal numbers on the programme will be of a novel and interesting character.

A recital is to be given by piano, vocal, violin and elocution pupils of the Metropolitan School of Music (Mr. W. O. Forsyth, director) in the auditorium of the Normal School on Thursday evening, November 27. A strictly limited number of invitation cards can be obtained by application.

"The Art of Singing," by William Shakespeare (Oliver Ditson Company, Boston), is an elaborately gotten-up work entirely re-written by its author, who is a world-famous British singing teacher

A biographical note states that he was born at Crofton, England, in 1849, was first a choir boy and then an organist, developed a fine tenor voice and studied under Sterndale Bennett, Carl Reinecke and Lamperti. In his preface he declares that "the human voice will never cease to be the most beautiful of musical instruments when properly used; it will never cease to strike the chords of the heart with a directness and an intensity unapproached by any other instrument." His book he declares is an attempt "to make an intelligible and useful record of the old truths concerning our art." A valuable feature to students should be the exercises which cover many pages.

Of a recent song recital by Miss Alma Gluck, Mr. Henry T. Finck says instructively: "In the matter of execution, one serious defect is to be noted—a defect which the singer will have to correct if she is to fulfil the promise she has so far given. Her breathing is often wrong—she fills her lungs with an audible gasp. This may have been due to nervousness—but correct breathing is the best cure for nervousness. The fault in question makes flattening on high quick notes practically inevitable, for the diaphragm is not properly held to sustain the column of air necessary to the production of high tones with sufficient steadiness. It is an easy thing to do, if one knows how, and Miss Gluck evidently does know how, for sometimes she has absolute control of her breathing. On the credit side of the critical ledger are a voice of lovely quality, a personality of equal charm, an unusually distinct diction, especially in songs with English words."

The anxiety of Boris Hambourg, brother of Jan Hambourg of Toronto, over the fate of his pet cello, which was seized by the American customs authorities upon his arrival in New York, has disappeared. The instrument was returned to him after many formalities, which the musician at first could not understand. Since his arrival Hambourg has written an arrangement of Cadman's "From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water."

THE THEATRES

Sarah Bernhardt confesses to 67 years, in fact she proclaims her age, yet she arrived only a few days ago to begin a long arduous professional tour, in the course of which she will impersonate on the theatrical stage Marguerite Gaudier, Joan of Arc, and the boy Prince in "L'Algon," as well as many other youthful characters. She has outlived all criticism. Rachel died young. Ristori was an old woman long before she retired, but Sarah Bernhardt is still a youngish woman at 67. Dejazet, once called the immortal, was known only in France. We have no stage heroines surviving, with undiminished reputations, in their seventh decade. Our own old actresses have been actresses of old women. Who remembers Sarah Bernhardt ever acting an old woman? Her engagement here at the Princess Theatre on Friday and Saturday next will positively be her last. Mail orders for seats are now being received when accompanied by check, or money order made payable to the theatre. The mail order will take precedence over the regular seat sale, which opens on Tuesday at 9 a.m.

Madame Bernhardt's repertoire for her Toronto engagement next week will be as follows: Friday night, Rosand's "L'Algon," Saturday matinee, "Camille," Saturday night, Moreau's "Jeanne d'Arc."

The engagement of Mr. Nat C. Goodwin at the Princess Theatre for four days beginning Monday, should prove of considerable interest to theatregoers. George Broadhurst and C. T. Dacey, two well-known playwrights, have furnished Mr. Goodwin with a comedy clean but extremely farcical, of the sort that Mr. Goodwin most delights in. In "The Maid" he simply plays Nat Goodwin, and while there is the usual love interest running through the comedy, this time Mr. Goodwin makes love to a widow instead of the ingenue. Kiaw and Erlanger, under whose direction Mr. Goodwin is appearing, as is their custom, have given him a good supporting company, including Dodson Mitchell, Sidney Bracy, Morgan Wallace, H. G. Lonsdale, John E. McGregor, Henry Weaver, Argyll Campbell, James Williams, William Robbins, Beatrice Morgan, Rose Curry and Margaret Moreland. Mr. Goodwin will give a matinee on Wednesday.

Following its appearance at the Royal Alexandra Theatre for one week, with the usual matinees, beginning next Monday, Henry W. Savage's delightful production of "The Merry Widow" will say good-bye to this city for four years. Its forthcoming engagement here marks the third visit of Franz Lehár's light operatic masterpiece, and upon its semi-farewell tour, Mr. Savage has attempted to give "The Merry Widow" the best all-round com-

pany in its history. In the titular role of "The Merry Widow" will appear Mabel Wilber, who has scored an emphatic success. "Natalie" will be sung by Ivy Scott, who is appearing, through the courtesy of her manager, J. C. Williamson, of Australia. Miss Scott originated the role of "The Widow" in the antipodes. Charles Meakins, a Canadian player, who has already been seen here, will sing Danilo, R. E. Graham, Fred Frear and F. J. McCarthy, the comedians of the famous company which originally appeared in New York, will interpret the roles with which they are so well identified. Harold Blake will sing De Joldon, and Leona Brandt, Olga Trivoli-orchestra, the Savage Grand Opera Orchestra, under the skilful direction of Brahm Vandenburg, and the Hungarian Troubadours from Buda-Pesth, will interpret the score.

For the week of November 28th the attraction will be Grace Von Studdford in an operetta by Planquette, composer of "The Chimes of Normandy," entitled "A Bride's Trip." The libretto has been adapted from the French by Harry B. Smith.

Maude Adams will play a week's engagement in J. M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" at the Princess Theatre beginning November 28.

Ethel Barrymore will be seen in J. M. Barrie's "The Twelve Pound Look," during her coming New York engagement.

Henry W. Savage has engaged George W. Chadwick, director of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, to write the music that is to be an important feature of Walter Brown's allegorical drama, "Everywoman."

Ellen Terry has declined an offer for her appearance on the American vaudeville stage. In a letter to her agents, she writes: "I am not dreaming of appearing at any music hall. No actors in their senses should, in my opinion—at least while the regulations and privileges are so different for the different places. I don't think actors show to advantage in a music hall. They cannot entertain the visitors as some to the manner born (of music halls) can do. To be sandwiched in between past masters of the art of vaudeville entertainment really shows an actor to ill advantage. Music hall artists are out of place in a theatre, and actors are out of place in a music hall—at least that is my opinion."

At Shea's Theatre next week Manager Shea has secured for his patrons their favorite comedienne, Alice Lloyd, who will be seen after an absence of over two years. Miss Lloyd has an entirely new repertoire of songs, and since she was seen here she has appeared from coast to coast, and England's daintiest comedienne has become America's favorite. The special features for the week will be Madden and Fitzpatrick, in "The Turn of the Tide," and the Belletaire Brothers, the modern Hercules. Included in next week's bill are The Olivetti Troubadours, Marshall Montgomery, Crouch and Welch, Lawson and Namon, and the Kinetograph.

"The College Girls," which appears at the Gayety Theatre next week, comes from a two months' run in New York.



MISS MABEL WILBER, Who sings the chief role in "The Merry Widow" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week.

Zan, the vaudeville critic of The Morning Telegraph, said in his review of the show, "It is a volcano of laughter." The New York Globe said, "Burlesque needs no apologists if 'The College Girls' is a fair representation of what burlesque is."

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THE MERRY WIDOW AND THE PRINCE. The picture shows Charles Meakins and Mabel Wilber, who will play the leading roles in Lehár's celebrated opera, "The Merry Widow," at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week.

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CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

New Houses Built from Old Are Best.

WHILE most persons would shudder at the thought of wearing second-hand clothing, and would assume that one who did was a victim of dire poverty, they are awakening to the fact that second-hand building material is just as good as new; in some cases even better. In all cases the prices for second-hand building material are way below the level of the new, permitting a saving on building a house of from 30 to 50 or even 60 per cent. in its cost. And coupled with this saving the owner has the satisfaction of knowing that his house is more substantial than it would have been if he had bought new material.

A well-known dealer said recently he could not understand why any one ever bought the new.

"After a house is built," he said, "there is nothing to show that second-hand material has been used, except the bank account of the owner. The house itself will outlast the ordinary house of new material. All the material in it has been tried and not found wanting."

"The principal trouble in using new materials is caused by the lumber. In these days of airships and two-mile-a-minute autos we won't wait for lumber to become thoroughly seasoned. Take the ordinary beam that is used in a new house. It is still oozing sap. In the course of a few years it will shrink half an inch in length or it will become warped. As a result great cracks open in ceilings and in floors. Ceilings fall from this cause, doors stick, and windows rattle, all because the wood was too fresh."

The speaker said that the prices of second-hand materials followed the fluctuations of the new. Also to a slighter extent they were governed by supply, although

there are still many people to whom this is impossible. There are many who must remain in the crowded districts. That being the case, we are bound to give them as many of the advantages of the country as possible. The present building code of New York city has made long steps in this direction, and great credit is due the men who are responsible for it. Realizing the difficulties they had in obtaining as much as they did, there are only a few minor items that we can suggest, where the code should be immediately improved. If windows were required to be larger, it would help greatly in the admitting of more light and air to the rooms. If an arrangement of rooms was insisted upon, so that in a given suite there could always be a through ventilation from street to court, or from court to yard, it would materially improve its habitableness.

"M. A. A. Rey, of Paris, has shown that if tenements and streets are run north and south, it is possible to have sunlight everywhere, even though the streets be comparatively narrow. So, on a New York city block, if rows of five and six story tenements, two rooms deep, are run parallel with the avenues, it is possible by leaving twenty feet clear space between these rows for the buildings to occupy 70 per cent. of the lot, as now allowed, and at the same time give this half hour of sunlight in every room, even on the 21st of December."

Care of Books.

BOOKS are frequently ruined through carelessness. This is less in the handling often than upon the shelves. Many a reader who would scorn to bend a book



Villa Residence, 52 Poplar Plains Road, Toronto. A moderate sized red brick dwelling structure with interesting roof lines, and a large glass enclosed front verandah. F. S. Baker, Architect.

seemingly there was no let-up in the number of persons who wanted houses torn down.

"Once in a while, when a big municipal improvement is under way," he said, "there may be opportunities to get certain grades of material in greater quantity, but this is not reflected to any appreciable degree in the price, for the dealer must count on the average supply, rather than that of the immediate present. If he cuts prices too much when the supply is plentiful, he would be out of it when the supply was short. He would have nothing to sell."

"Comparing prices, you will see how money may be saved. Second-hand brick is sold at, approximately, 25 per cent. lower than new brick. This in spite of the handling, for every second-hand brick must be cleansed of the mortar. A brownstone stoop which would cost you \$200 to buy new, I can sell for \$100. It will be just as good as new, too, and none would be able to say from its appearance that it was not."

"On beams the builder can save a third, despite the fact that the second-hand are far better than the new."

An Expert on House Reform.

GEORGE B. FORD, the well-known expert, recently addressed a large audience in New York on "House Reform." In the course of his lecture he said:

"However, it is one thing to talk about country life, the joys of which most of us know full well, and quite another in finding how to bring people out to it. As is only natural, people do not care to live far from their work. After a hard day in town, one cannot be expected to spend a long, weary hour or two jammed into an already bursting train, only to be forced out long before daybreak to repeat the torture back into town again. Much depends on this question of transit. Every device capable of moving crowds back and forth easily and cheaply should be investigated. A plan should be made which would take the probable growth of the city far into the future."

"Main radial lines for traffic should be determined. Circumferential lines connecting the outlying points should be provided for. Sites for public buildings, parks, squares, and playgrounds should be laid out. And as the city extends up to these points care should be taken to see that property owners conform to these plans. It is most interesting to see what England is doing along this line under her new Town Planning Act, what Germany is doing in many of her towns, and how France is even contemplating making this town extension planning compulsory."

"Despite the desirability of living outside the city,

back when open will put it to worse strain on the shelves.

Books should not be packed tightly on a shelf. It ruins the backs and causes them to tear loose with the strain of getting in and out. Often it forces the leaves to sag to the shelf when pushed unduly.

It is just as bad for books to be too loose on a shelf, as they warp and the spreading leaves encourage dust. A bookcase with the contents at every angle is not a pleasing sight.

There are some housekeepers who think a yearly dusting of books at housecleaning time sufficient. This is bad enough when they are kept under glass; when on open shelves it means ruin to valuable books. It takes little longer to dust the backs and tops of books on each shelf every day. Use a soft cheesecloth or silk duster and shake it frequently.

Many valuable books are ruined at housecleaning time. This should be twice a year, and is not burden if systematically done a shelf at a time. The old plan of heaping the contents of a library indiscriminately has nothing to recommend it. See that shelves are dried after washing, as books are ruined by dampness.

In dusting the book itself clap the backs lightly together, then dust the outside. Never use a damp cloth on a book. If it has been wet, absorb most of the moisture with a blotter and soft cloth, then dry under pressure to prevent warping.

Forbid young people to handle books until they know how to protect them. It is well to use covers to protect a book when held by grimy young hands.

Daniel T. Davis, who lives about five miles from Bernad, Madison country, is the maker of perhaps one of the most remarkable clocks that has ever been invented since the original clock.

Besides being equipped with the ordinary hands for marking the seconds, minutes and hours, and also having an arrangement for showing the day, month and year, this ingenious timepiece has one face which indicates the exact position and phase of the moon when it is visible. This device has required considerable mechanical genius. Upon the clock face at the exact time of the rising of the sun each morning there appears a miniature sun which disappears at the exact time of sunset. The device showing the position of the moon is equally ingenious, if not more ingenious than that of the sun, for it shows quarter and full moon.

Herr von Waldthausen, formerly German Minister in Buenos Ayres, has presented to the German Emperor the sum of 200,000 marks, the interest on which is to be devoted to the maintenance of German schools in the Argentine, Uruguay and Paraguay.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"His Hour." A purulent romance, by Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks." Published by D. Appleton & Company, New York.

There are immoral, or rather immoral books, which nevertheless make delightful reading. Any one whose acquaintance with literature is at all extensive can recall dozens of books whose grace and cleverness and fullness of life were such as to make one forget their naughtiness, or regard it only as one would the capers of a young faun. It is a prude indeed that would not enjoy the simplicity and grace of "Manon Lescaut," or would frown on the sparkling fun of Gyp—that brilliant relater of somewhat improper stories, whose books even a respectable reviewer may plead guilty to enjoying, in his hours of slippared and immoral ease.

There is also quite another class of books, the so-called problem stories. These books deal with delicate aspects of human relations. But the delicacy of these questions does not make them any the less important, and novelists who have felt the responsibility of their work and mission have time and again been impelled to take them up and discuss them with whatever of sincerity and wisdom they possessed. And the value of their contributions to the knowledge and conduct of life have been priceless. No right-minded man ever rose from the perusal of "Anna Karenina" or "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—to take a couple of modern instances—without a deeper insight into the mystery of life and a richer sympathy for his fellow-men and above all his sister-women.

But Elinor Glyn belongs to neither of these classes. Her earlier works had something of shallow but pleasant sprightliness. But in such books as "Three Weeks" and the present unwholesome production, she displays herself as a cheap, purulent, and slipshod purveyor of scrofulous balderdash. Her view of high life and romance is one that might be entertained by a sensual servant-girl. Her offences are about as impressive as those of a dirty little boy at table, who smears jam all over the tablecloth, while at the same time he is distressingly conscious of the eye of the governess. She is cheap and nasty, and it is the one unpardonable sin in literature.

The plot of "His Hour" might be given in a few paragraphs though it is dragged out for over three hundred pages. It deals with a lecherous bounder of a Russian prince and a purulent English woman who deserved no better fate than to become his victim. But she doesn't. In fact, nothing really improper occurs, though, of course, there are any number of soul-kisses and passionate embraces and such voluptuous trifles. And when "his hour" finally came, and he had the lady alone in a hut in a terrible blizzard, he knelt beside her, "and with deepest reverence bent down and kissed her feet." Later he married her. One feels they were well matched.

The style is admirably fitted to the dignity and worth of the scenes and ideas it is intended to express. From the opening sentence—"The Sphinx was smiling its eternal smile"—it is one unbroken swamp of purple slush. The following passages give some idea of the sort of sensual drooling the book contains:—

"Then he gathered her right into his arms, and again bent and most tenderly kissed her. All power of movement seemed to desert Tamara. She only knew that she was wildly happy, that this was heaven, and she would wish it never to end.

"She ceased struggling and closed her eyes, then he whispered all sorts of cooing love words in Russian and French, and rubbed his velvet eye-



ELINOR GLYN, Whose latest indiscretion, "His Hour," has just been published.

kids against her cheek, and every few seconds his lips would come to meet her lips."

This would seem to be a case for an alienist.

"The Caravans." A story of an outing in England. By the author of "Elizabeth in Her German Garden," "The Solitary Summer," etc. Illustrated by Arthur Little. Published by the Mussion Book Company, Toronto.

It is not so much a holiday in caravans through country lanes and under the greenwood tree, as the nature and ways of the domestic tyrant that form the subject-matter of this very interesting and charming volume. It has the same quality of slightly mordant humor, the same sprightly style, and the same feeling for the beauty of sunshine and trees

wards rebellion. But the Baron puts it all down in the book with the most delightful unconsciousness of the figure he is cutting. The progress of events can be easily imagined. The Baron becomes more and more the incubus of the party, and weighs more and more heavily on their spirits, until finally the whole thing breaks up in a farcical denouement. Whereupon he takes up his poor wife and walks off again to Germany, where her attitude of quiet resistance soon gives way to the old habit of submission—more's the pity!

But, however much one would like to take the Herr Baron out somewhere and make him jump at the end of a rawhide whip, there can be no question about the interest and charm



ROBERT W. SERVICE.

The Poet of the Yukon, whose first novel, "The Trail of '98," will be published in a few days.

and fields that have marked the earlier works of this author. But it is somewhat open to the objection that no one so stupid and selfish and lacking in humor as Baron Ottringel could have written so very entertaining a book. For the story is told in the form of reminiscences by this domesticated but tyrannical German, and although his character is maintained with beautiful consistency all through the book, the style of the telling has a spirit and piquancy that one finds difficult to associate with stupidity of any nationality, least of all, German.

The Herr Baron, who is a colonel in a small German town, had been married twenty-five years, and felt entitled to a silver-wedding celebration. It is true that his first wife had died after enduring the Baron for nineteen years. But he had married again after only a year's interval, and so felt that he was really entitled to some recognition of his twenty-five years of married life—a recognition in metal form. His own logic on the subject is irresistible.

"I fail to see why I should be deprived of every benefit of such a celebration, for have I not, with an interruption of twelve months forced upon me, been actually married twenty-five years? And why, because my poor Marie-Luise was unable to go on living, should I have to attain to the very high number of (practically) five and twenty years' matrimony without the least notice being taken of it? I had been explaining this to Edelgard for a long time."

Edelgard is, of course, his second wife. He gradually brings her around to his point of view, and they agree that some sort of celebration is in order. They cast about for some sort of outing that will combine the maximum of comfort with the minimum of cost, and in the midst of their perplexities are invited to form part of a caravaning expedition in England. They accept joyfully, and the Baron's reminiscences tell the story of this holiday.

The caravanners are a party of well-bred and interesting English people of means and position. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between their pleasant manners and the lack of side on the one hand, and the ridiculous pomposity and stupid selfishness of the Baron on the other. Even his devoted wife gradually awakens to a realization of his faults, and shows a tendency to

of this book, in which he tells the trials and incidents of his sojourn in a house on wheels.

"Freda." The story of an orphan. By Katherine Tynan, author of "Peggy the Daughter," "Her Ladyship," etc. Published by Cassell & Company, Toronto. Price, \$1.25.

ONE meets again an old friend in this latest work by Katherine Tynan—the sweet little girl whose father has died suddenly and whose wicked uncle has sent her off to be brought up without a name as a miserable little drudge. But, of course, her beauty and sweetness and nobility of soul win all who come in contact with her, and finally bring her to the high estate of which she had been wrongfully deprived. It is a familiar plot, and the attempt to vary it by the melodramatic abduction and robbery, ending in the murder of the penitent thief Patsy, can hardly be regarded as altogether successful. But the story is pleasantly told, and those who liked Miss Tynan's former work will probably enjoy this.

"The Lost Ambassador." A story of mystery and high politics. By E. Phillips Oppenheim, author of "The Illustrated Prince," "Joanne of the Marshes," "The Mafeking," etc. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Published by The Mussion Book Company, Toronto.

AN interesting story, with a full complement of murders, narrow escapes, and thrills generally, with a handsome and daring hero, and with a sweet heroine in dire peril, may always be looked for from Mr. Oppenheim. He is seldom disappointing. To those who look for the bread of mystery he never offers the stone of realism. And in his latest production—they seem to occur quarterly—he is quite at his best. The mystery is an absorbing one and it thickens right up to the last chapters, where it attains a particularly goo-like consistency. But presto! it suddenly becomes transparent, and the book ends very appropriately with the bang of a revolver and one villain less in the world.

The story deals with a Brazilian ambassador, his mysterious disappearance, and the sale of some warships from Brazil to China—Mr. Oppenheim being nothing if not up-to-the-minute. Of course, there is the usual handsome Englishman of good family, who butts in just for the fun of the thing and the love of a pretty face, foils the nefarious schemes of the conspirators, and ends up in a shower of rice. But there are lots of enthralling adventures before he

arrives at that happy issue, and the reader follows his course with unflagging interest. There are also some very attractive villains, especially Louis, who is head-waiter by profession and a gentlemanly murderer in his leisure hours. His is an acquaintance worth making—for those who like hobnobbing with classy criminals.

"The Motor Maid." A story of sentiment and an automobile in France. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson, authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "My Friend the Chauffeur," etc. Published by the Mussion Book Company, Toronto.

PEOPLE who haven't automobiles love to read about people who have, for the same reason as little seamstresses revel in descriptions of social functions in ducal mansions, and grocery clerks devote their leisure to devouring fiction about the gigantic operations of Wall Street buccaneers. And the enterprising authors of this and other motoring tales, have taken full advantage of the average reader's desire to follow the adventures of six-cylinder cars—especially if the chauffeur is handsome. The Williamson chauffeurs are nearly always Greek gods who have fallen out with their noble relatives, on account of their refusal to marry some duchess or other. The result has been for the Williamsons much honor with publishers and quantities of pice.

In the present story, which is quite as bright and interesting as any of its predecessors and in the same way, the heroine is doing the running from her relatives because they want her to marry three or four chateaux and a million or two—including a harem of high-powered cars. She takes a position as lady's maid with the unspeakable Turnours, who are setting out on a motor-trip through the south of France, the country of Mistral. Needless to remark, the chauffeur is handsome as a prince, brave as a lion, gentle as a woman, polite as a Chesterfield, tender as—as well, he's quite a paragon of chauffeurs, anyway, and has obviously seen much better days. And according to the natural course of Williamson events, they fall violently in love with one another. And the path of love lies in pleasant places, in picturesque old southern towns, among Roman ruins and along roads whose every stone is redolent of romance. And in this delightful atmosphere of sentiment, chivalry, and benzine, the story is drawn at last to a happy conclusion. Whereupon the reader takes off his goggles and his leather coat and feels that he has indeed had a joy-ride.

"The Mystery of Ashton Hall." By Benjamin Nitsua. Published by the Austin Publishing Company, Rochester, N.Y.

TAKE an absurd and worthless plot about a banker who is shot and who comes to life again after hovering for a time in the "strange condition between two worlds"; tell it, not in straight-forward narrative, but in a mess of fragments from newspapers, diaries, police investigations, and coroner's inquests; write it in a style which is a compound of all the absurdities and sins against taste possible in the language; mix the whole hodge-podge up and publish it between scarlet covers, and you will have some idea of the nature and value of "The Mystery of Ashton Hall."

"The Small-mouthed Bass," a book for fishermen. By W. J. Loudon, Professor of Mechanics in Toronto University.

ALL those who are lovers of virtue, who are quiet, and who go a-angling, according to the familiar advice of Isaac Walton, will delight in this interesting and valuable account of an excellent game-fish. To get a small-mouthed bass on the line is to enjoy piscatorial bliss. But you must first get your bass. And Professor Loudon gives much information which should prove useful in arriving at this happy position.

"The Cross of Honour." A story of Napoleon. By Mary Openshaw, author of "The Loser Pays." Published by T. Werner Laurie, London.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was scarcely a figure of romance, however wonderful and picturesque his career. The "juvenile lead" was not a role he was particularly well fitted to play, especially in his middle age when he grew pudgy. Fat little men with sallow complexions and lank hair are not exactly romantic, however mighty their genius. The attempt, therefore, to win the reader's sympathy for him in this story of his love affair with Marie Walewska, the beautiful Polish countess, is not altogether successful. The story, however, is fairly well told as such stories go, though the conclusion in which the Polish patriot who loves Marie commits suicide will hardly find favor with the sentimental reader of romance.

Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"



No. 655. Four Poster in Mahogany, \$200.00

Four-Post Bedsteads

Few articles of furniture in modern use can boast a clearer and more unbroken line of descent than the stately four-post Bedstead now once more high in favor.

In Saxon England the Bedsteads of the well-to-do were often built up on three sides, and roofed above, so that my lord and lady could sleep protected from the wind and rain that might storm unchecked through the narrow unglazed windows of their rude castle.

In the course of years, the introduction of glazed windows and better methods of building, rendered these almost airtight enclosures unnecessary, and curtains and canopies of tapestry were considered sufficient to protect the nightcapped sleepers in unwarmed and draughty bedrooms. It was as a support for these often elaborate draperies that the posts were retained. The possibilities they presented for ornamentation were quickly recognized and in later years, the master cabinet makers of the 18th century, such as Ince, Chippendale and Sheraton, produced wonderful bedsteads, the posts of which were marvels of fine workmanship in turning and carving. The canopy and draperies were now often dispensed with, and in many bedsteads of Colonial days the posts, rich in carving or elaborate turning, were all that remained to show the ancient lineage of this type of bedstead.

In the Bedroom Department on our fourth floor, we have a remarkable collection of fine Bedsteads reproducing these later designs. They are, for the most part, built of fine mahogany, and range from well-designed Bedsteads with dwarf posts, to the fine example above illustrated, with tall richly carved posts and canopy top.

Nowadays, of course, the old-time board-bottom or lacing of ropes has given place to luxurious box springs, and the feather-stuffed ticks of our great-grandfathers to comfortable and sanitary mattresses of curled horse-hair or felted cotton.

Bedsteads with handsomely turned posts. From \$45.00	Bedsteads with high posts beautifully carved. \$110.00
Bedsteads with richly carved posts with "pine apple tops." From \$100.00	Bedstead No. 655, as per cut, with canopy top \$200.00
Box Springs. From \$13.50	Felted Cotton Mattresses. From \$9.00
Woven Wire Springs. From \$3.00	Hair Mattresses. From \$20.00

Dressers, Cheffoniers, Dressing Tables, Somnoes, Chairs, Tables in keeping with these Four Post Bedsteads are here also in variety.

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EDWARD BLAKE AND THE ART OF SPEAKING

MR. EDWARD BLAKE was lately reported to be seriously ill, and in any event it is not expected that he will be able to resume his seat in the House of Commons. His career there has been more instructive than successful, says the New York Evening Post in an editorial entitled "On Speaking Too Well." An Irishman who had won political distinction in Canada, where he filled high offices, began his public life all over again at the age of fifty-nine by going to Ireland and becoming a Nationalist member of Parliament. As such he was regarded as a great acquisition, and he was unquestionably a strong reinforcement to the Irish party. Yet he has been able to make no great mark in the House of Commons. And the reason given by even friendly critics seems a little singular. They say that Blake's speaking was too good for the House. It did not take to him as an orator because he spoke too well.

This is no paradox, but simply a fact fully in line with British Parliamentary history. We do not need to go back to history. We do not need to go back so far as Burke. The speeches of his which we still read with delight, the House of Commons thought a bore. He also spoke too well, was too ready, too rhetorical, too incisive. That great Irishman, no better than Mr. Blake, was able to catch the true House of Commons manner. What that is has often been pointed out in the case of men like Lord Althorp and the Marquis of Hartington, afterwards the Duke of Devonshire. No man ever had the ear of the House more completely, and they had it through qualities that went with what would ordinarily be called bad speaking. We do not mean that they cultivated the "hum and haw," which some speakers in Parliament are said artfully and with difficulty to have acquired, but they disdained all graces of oratory. They did not, in the first place, look like orators, whereas Mr. Blake did. He was clean-shaven, of ample port, and always dressed in black. Moreover, his delivery was formal and his elocution correct to the point of being offensive to an English ear trained in the long tradition of the House.

By contrast, men like Althorp and Hartington rose with the air of land-

ed gentlemen, fond of horses, skilled in agriculture, hesitant in manner, but perfectly downright in utterance, when utterance finally came, and with a kind of bluff honesty which carried more weight than all the nicely balanced periods that could be imagined. Moreover, they spoke without any appearance of premeditation. It was as if they were suddenly joining in a conversation or an impromptu debate around a dinner-table. This semblance of spontaneity is much prized in the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour has more than once indulged in gentle ridicule of Winston Churchill for bringing into the House his carefully prepared epigrams. The same charge might have been brought against Disraeli, but we do not know that it was. He amused the House, and for that it forgave him everything. The satirist's lines could never have been applied to him:

A double rope thou on thy neck dost pull,
For talking treason and for talking dull.

We in the United States have not so fixed a standard as the English in this matter of public speaking, and it is well that we have not. Our orators can the better adapt themselves to changing times and differing tastes. It would be impossible to-day, for example, for Charles Sumner to make in Cooper Union a speech three hours long. No modern audience would endure it. Speeches longer than that are still made in the Senate, of course, but there no audience is found, except the unlucky stenographers and officials. For the general hearers, swiftness of movement is now demanded, at the sacrifice, if need be, of traditional oratorical form: so that those speakers who cling to the text-book rules about a carefully worked-up exordium and a crashing peroration would now be set down among those who are not in favor because they speak too well.

Properly defined, there is no such thing as speaking too well. An orator may be elaborate where he ought to be simple, involved where he should be clear and direct; or he may quite misjudge his immediate audience, and give it what in another place would be fit and forceful, but what for the time is maladjusted and so wasted. But it is of the essence of really good speaking not to make such misfits. With the growing desire for brevity in our orators we are in hearty sympathy; and we all like the appearance at least of spontaneity in public speakers. The latter

is, of course, consistent with careful thought in advance as regards the substance, leaving the form and the chance turns of speech to be struck out at the moment of delivery. John Bright's advice was to think a great deal about what you were going to say, and to fix certain points in your mind, like islands, from one to the other of which you could swim in your discourse; but his solemn injunction was never to venture beyond your last island!

Only One Musical Critic.

FROM the present Grove, ("Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.") it would appear that America could boast of but one critic, and that one, Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, who was much concerned in the America additions to the book, says the Etude. Mr. Krehbiel's biographical nest is feathered with 300 words. We cannot believe that Mr. Krehbiel is personally responsible for these annoying and damaging omissions. But surely the editor of the work cannot plead ignorance of the existence of these important writers who have good reason to consider

their neglect as veiled insults. Not one word is said of the splendid work of Mr. H. T. Finck, one of the ablest of living music critics, whose books have met with such wide success that translations into many other tongues have been made. Mr. Louis C. Elson, the distinguished Boston critic and musical historian, and author of some of the most valuable musical books in print, is missing; Mr. James Hunker, one of the most brilliant writers up in musical subjects the world has known, has been entirely forgotten; Mr. W. J. Henderson, an extremely popular and interesting writer upon musical subjects, was also not considered worthy of notice. The list may be extended to include Hughes, Aldrich, Upton, Philip Hale, Dr. Hanchett, Arthur Elson, Daniel Gregory Mason, and many, many others. Every one of these men is as important, as able and as widely known as Mr. Krehbiel.

Dust and Bacteria.

SOME interesting facts concerning the comparative number of particles of dust and bacteria in the air have been gathered in England.

Using Aitken's dust-counter, one investigator found in an open suburb of London 20,000 dust particles in every cubic centimetre of air, while in the heart of the town the number of particles in the same volume of air was 500,000.

In the open air of London, there was, on the average, only one micro-organism to every 38,300,000 particles of dust, and in the air of a room, among 184,000,000 dust particles, only one organism could be detected.

These facts, it is contended, illustrate the poverty of the air in micro-organisms even when it is very dusty. Their continued existence is rendered difficult through the influence of desiccation and sunlight. Drying up is one of nature's favorite methods of getting rid of bacteria.

The "Wish-Bone."

SCIENTISTS call the "wish-bone" the furcula, and it is a union of what are, in man, two collar bones. These receive the brunt of the strokes of the wing that turn the creature in its flight.

Few of us appreciate the strength

of stroke of the bird's wing. A swan has been known to break a man's leg by a blow of its wing, and, in like manner, the wing beatings of the larger birds are dangerous if they strike the human head or face. If, therefore, a large bird is in the habit of making sudden turns to the right or left in its flight, it must be fitted with a "wish-bone" capable of standing the great strain of the wing stroke on the one side, when unaccompanied by action on the other.

For this reason, we find in the eagle and birds of its class that turn quickly, a furcula that is a perfect roman arch, widely at variance with the Gothic arch, which is the shape of the "wish-bone" of our common fowls. The eagle's furcula is everywhere equally strong, and lacks these points of weakness that make our sport of breaking the "wish-bone" possible.

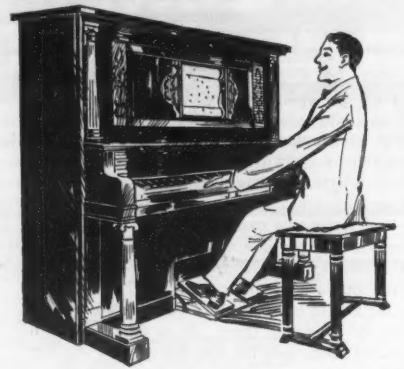
Lots of people are opposed to the theatre on religious grounds—because it costs too much.

Would you say that a man leads a fast life when he is tied to his wife's apron strings?



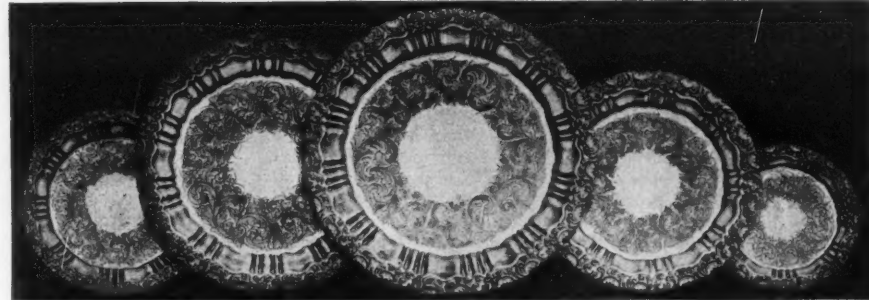
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Superior stuff,
But for an ama-
Teur it's tough.
Why murder it
And worry us?
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Gourlay-Angelus



It is as easy to play a Gourlay-Angelus as to read a book. Demonstrations daily.
You are invited.

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HERE are several examples of the 18th century silversmiths' art. They have been selected at random from our rare and exclusive collection of antique silverware.

Amongst them are shown Trays, Candlesticks, Tea Set, Egg Stand, and Sweet Dish in old Sheffield plate. . . Beautifully chased, designed and ornamented, they embody in a superlative degree the most inspired creations of the ancient silversmiths. Differing widely from the mechanical methods of to-day, these men wrought in silver, forms and designs so completely in harmony with artistic canons as to be universally accepted as standards of good taste.

. . . As Christmas gifts they will meet with an unusual degree of appreciation, because of their intrinsic worth and beauty. Hundreds of other articles equally good now ready for inspection.

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Glasses that leave my hands are guaranteed ground absolutely according to your Oculist's instructions.

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DR. A. REED'S CUSHION SHOES

are widely different from ordinary footwear. They are more restful and more comfortable than any shoe you can name. The cushion principle upon which they are constructed provides a buoyant, yielding mattress which allows of free blood circulation and free play for every muscle of the foot. So there is no chance for ache or pain or fatigue, and, as the cushion acts as a buffer, no shocks or jarring from uneven walks or hard pavements. They are surely worth your inspection at least.

WOMEN'S, \$5. MEN'S, \$6.

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ROSS High Velocity RIFLE

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Phone M. 679. 359 YONGE ST.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.
FOX—At Orillia, on November 12, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fox, a son.

MARRIAGES.
BROMLEY—WHISH—On the 2nd inst., at St. Ann's Church, Annapolis, U.S.A., Vincent, youngest son of the late Vice-Admiral A. C. B. Bromley, of Leith Vale, Ockley, Surrey, to Beatrice Adelaide, second daughter of Commander Albert Whish, R.N., retired, of Monywa, Weymouth, England.

DEATHS.
McSWENY—At Toronto, on November 15, 1910, Michael J. McSweny, in his 76th year.



ANECDOTAL

ROUND the old inn table they sat, talking fish. The man in the waterproof cap spoke of the rainbow trout that he had killed, and the salmon he might have killed but for the fact that he did not kill them. The man in the old Norfolk explained that the trout referred to could not have been rainbow, and that no salmon ever lived in the man with the waterproof cap's river. Having given his reasons, he passed on to the split cane rod, averring that no good fish could be killed with any other. Bottle nose, in a wordy argument, refuted this, and told them all about perch. With him the man in the waterproof cap joined issue.

They had been doing this for hours, and might have gone on doing it for more hours, but for the quiet man in the corner. In every inn there is a corner and in every corner a quiet man. He is never interested in fish, and his patience, if long, is finite.

"Excuse me interrupting, gentlemen," said this one, politely, "but during the last two and a half hours I have learned all that can be learned about fish, save one thing. You are, I take it, experts in the matter?"

There was a modest chorus of "No, no," but if ever a "No, no"

ses 'Splendid!' 'Yes,' I ses to meself, 'an' yu've got the smartest officer in the British Army to thank for making us splendid, and that's our adjutant!"

"Er—sergeant, send the man away and don't bring such frivolous complaints before me again!" snapped the adjutant.—Tit-Bits.

A NEWLY elected Western senator was pounding his desk and waving his arms in an impassioned appeal to the Senate. "What do you think of him?" whispered Senator Kean, of New Jersey, to the impassive Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania. "Oh, he can't help it," answered Knox. "It's a birthmark." "A what?" "A birthmark," repeated Knox. "His mother was seared by a windmill."

"MIKE MULLEN," says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, "is fond of telling this good little joke on his own district—the Eighth ward—which sends him, their benefactor and guardian, to Council regularly."

"It was during a hot city campaign and a colored preacher was exhorting his congregation to vote the right ticket and bring peace and righteousness to the community. He pleaded

too strong to be held burst out into a maudlin snatch of song which utterly sidetracked and discouraged the lecturer. The speaker stopped, lost and confused beyond recall.

"But, just as the silence was beginning to be felt, Nye stepped blandly and quickly from behind the scenes, laid his hand on his companion's arm, and gazed thoughtfully over the house. Then, in a mild, but distinct voice, he asked:

"Is Dr. Leslie E. Keeley in the room?"

The evening was saved and made a triumph instead of an ignominious defeat for the speakers.

THE late Archie Williams, the well-known Topeka lawyer, was an artist with sharp repartee. One time he went to a small Kansas town not very far from Topeka to attend court. This town is a typical country village, and little or nothing ever causes a ripple on its "dull level." It is a good town, as towns of its size go, but a rather trying place for a city bred to spend any considerable period of idle time.

Williams's business kept him in the town for two days, and a lot of time hung heavy on his hands, for one of the days was Sunday.

"Fine place, this," said a native to him.

"Yes," said Williams rather shortly. He didn't seem at all eager to open a discussion concerning the merits of the hamlet.

"Real good place," continued the native.

"Oh, yes," said Williams; and he again showed no inclination to discuss the subject.

"You like it, do you?" asked the native.

"Like it? Like it?" answered Williams, very gently and softly. He got up and laid his hand on the native's shoulder. "Like it? Why, my dear good friend, I like this town so well I could die here."

"Why—why—I'm glad to know that. But how does it appeal to you so much as that?"

"Why," said Williams, still very gently, "I never saw a place in all my life, and I have lived a good many years, which I could leave with so few regrets!"

ALBERT T. REID and Harvey Parsons, two well-known Kansas artists, are very good friends. Reid was one of Parson's teachers.

Recently Reid drew a handsome watercolor-picture depicting a very pretty girl dressed in a milkmaid's costume. She had one arm thrown lovingly about the neck of a big, fine Holstein cow—the kind they raise in Kansas. In the other hand she carried a milking stool. The girl and the cow were wandering through a field of daisies. It is a good piece of work and was accepted readily and gladly by the publishers who ordered it.

Just about the time Reid had it finished Parsons wandered into his studio.

"What are you working on?" asked Parsons. Reid pointed to an easel on which stood the picture of the girl and the cow.

Parsons looked it over for some time and, blowing out a big wreath of pipe smoke, asked:

"What is the girl going to do?"

"Going to do?" ejaculated Reid. "Why, milk the cow, of course."

"What is she doing with her arm around the cow's neck?" asked Parsons.

"Leading the animal to the lot," replied Reid, "mixing some paint."

"Well, where is the milk pail?" demanded Parsons.

"She hasn't any milk pail," replied Reid.

"H'm" replied Parsons. "Then maybe she is going to milk the cow."

"Well, maybe she isn't," assented Reid.

"Well, if she isn't," persisted Parsons, blowing another puff of smoke "what is the girl going to do with that milking stool?"

"Oh, snorted Reid, "she is going to hit the darned cow over the head with it!"

KING EDWARD'S courier had tasted so many different forms of cooking and such a variety of wines that, in the end, he acquired a stomach of brass and a palate of zinc, and cared for hardly anything but brandy; he drank it often and gladly, and it affected him only with an amiable gaiety. I remember, one

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JAEGER PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

is just this and nothing more, and nothing less, and has lived for more than thirty years.

The investigations of science have found nothing else and produced nothing else so good.

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for his concerts that he believes it to be the best instrument upon which an artist can express his interpretation of a composition.

He unites with the world's great pianists in their preference for the Steinway Piano.

It has a quality of tone that no other piano has come near attaining.

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If your dealer does not have Neilson's, send 80c. for pound box of assorted chocolates. We'll send you your money's worth.

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It mixes with anything.

You'll
be
Dull and
Sorry

If you don't get the HELL number of LIFE on sale at all news-stands.

"SPLENDID!" exclaimed the old Colonel as C Company passed the saluting base.

"Did you hear wot ole nasty face ses?" No. 3 of the front rank asked No. 4.

"Stand fast after parade, No. 4 for talking in the ranks!" snapped a sergeant from near by.

"It wasn't me talking!" muttered No. 4.

"You're better not git two on us in trouble" advised No. 3 in a whisper.

"Talking while marching past?" echoed the adjutant. "What on earth did you find to talk about then?"

"As we was passing the salutin' base" explained No. 4, "the Colonel

meant "Yes, yes," this one did. It was plain that they were jointly and severally willing and ready to reveal all the known facts and many of the unknown concerning all the trout, salmon, perch, pike, chub, minnow, shark and fish that be.

"Would one of you mind telling me," continued the quiet man from his corner, "why it is that sardines never have heads?"—Punch.

"ECONOMY," said Daniel W. Field, the millionaire shoe manufacturer of Boston, who, at the age of 45 has entered Harvard; "economy is essential to wealth; but by economy I don't mean niggardliness."

"Too many men fail to attain wealth because they practise cheese-paring and mean economy that gets everybody down on them."

"They practise, in fact, an economy like that of old William Brewster, of Sag Harbor. William, you know, would never buy oysters because he couldn't eat the shells and all."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL WICKERSHAM was describing at a dinner in Washington, an unfair law.

"The people under this law," he said, "are in the position of a young Washington attache."

"As this attache was breakfasting the other morning his servant said to him:

"You are out of whisky, sir. Shall I get a bottle?"

"Yes, I think you might, James," the other replied. "It's your turn."

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"You're better not git two on us in trouble" advised No. 3 in a whisper.

"Talking while marching past?" echoed the adjutant. "What on earth did you find to talk about then?"

"As we was passing the salutin' base" explained No. 4, "the Colonel

evening in Biarritz, the King sent for M. Fehr to give him some instructions, and was struck by his unusual melancholy and by his loquacity.

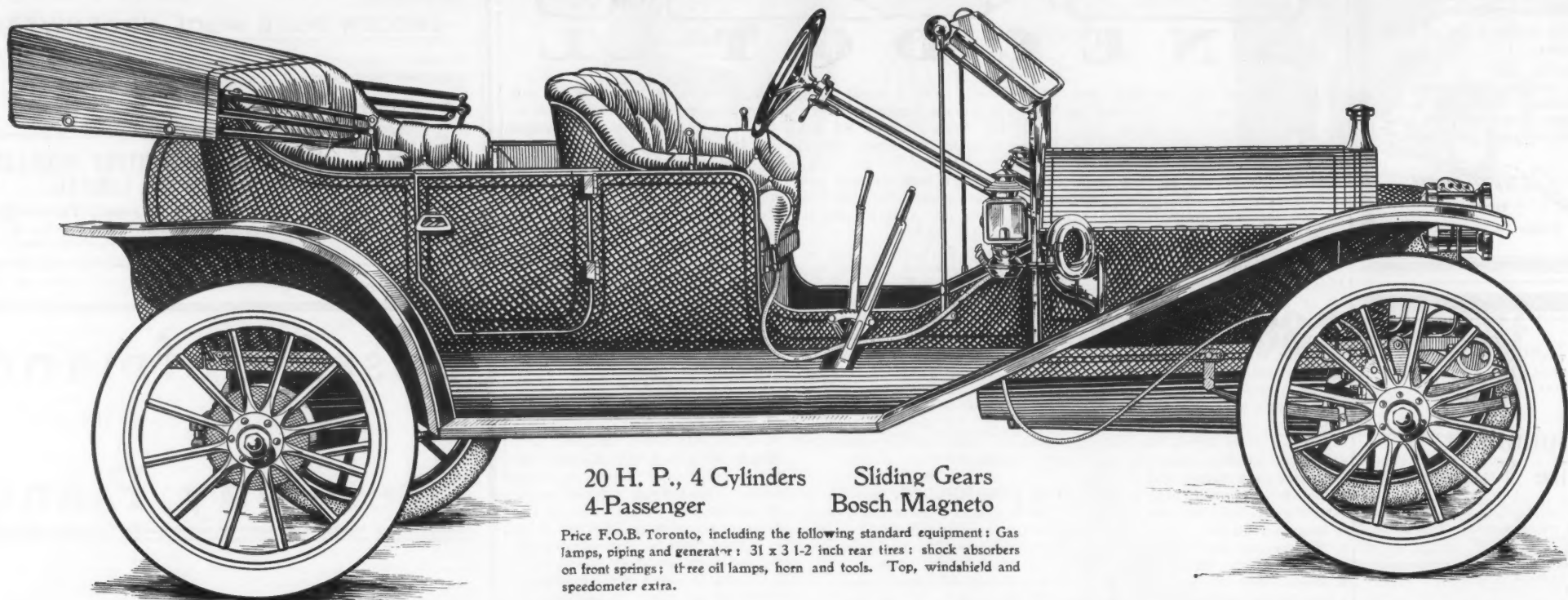
"That's quite true, sir: I have put myself on a diet—for twenty-four hours."

"It doesn't agree with you. I shall be pleased, M. Fehr, next time you take one of those fancies into your head, if you will wait until you are at home. I don't want to see such a sulky face as yours before me."

"Are you ill, M. Fehr?" he asked. "No, sir!" replied the courtier.

"In that case, M. Fehr, I will wager that you have been drinking nothing but water for some days."

It's here---in first cost and after cost, the most economical car in the world



20 H. P., 4 Cylinders Sliding Gears
4-Passenger Bosch Magneto

Price F.O.B. Toronto, including the following standard equipment: Gas lamps, piping and generator: 31 x 3 1/2 inch rear tires: shock absorbers on front springs: three oil lamps, horn and tools. Top, windshield and speedometer extra.

\$1,150

Touring Car

Hupmobile

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

\$1,150

Touring Car

Are you one of those who have felt that a touring car was beyond their means? Hundreds like you will find themselves eligible to ownership, to-morrow, when the new \$1,150 Hupmobile is shown for the first time in this city. In first cost and in assured economy of operation it makes a touring car possible to scores who have not dared consider one before.

The Hupmobile Philosophy

- "Let the other fellow have the long profit on the high-priced car.
 - "Give us the small profit on a generous volume.
 - "The automobile business cannot grow to real greatness on the patronage of the few—it must deserve the support of the many.
 - "There aren't enough rich men to go around.
 - "We will build cars for the average man—for the modest pocket-book.
 - "We will send the Hupmobile out into every nook and corner of the world.
 - "We will link the city to the farm; and the farm to the city.
 - "Anybody can sell luxuries to the rich—let us bring health; and sunshine; and pleasure; to men and women of modest means.
 - "Let us resolve to build a car so good that it will shame the cars of higher price.
 - "Let us make it so light and yet so strong that it will cost less to keep than any other car on earth.
 - "Last, and most important of all, let us resolve that all the money on earth shall not tempt us to turn out a poor product."
- This policy was formulated three years ago. Now thousands of people swear by the Hupmobile and vouch for its soundness and its value.

The new Hupmobile banishes three bugaboos which have always confronted the touring car buyer:

- 1) The fear that a low price meant poor construction.
 - 2) The fear of excessive cost of repair.
 - 3) The fear of a high cost of upkeep.
- Fear No. 1 is driven away by the life-long guarantee—and the magnificent record of thousands of Hupmobiles already in use.
- Fear No. 2 is left without a leg to stand on by this same life-long guarantee.
- Fear No. 3 meets its Waterloo in the proof presented by hundreds of owners that a Hupmobile, cared for at home, costs from 20 to 25c. a day.
- So you will be confronted, when you see this new car, to-morrow, by an entirely new economic proposition.
- If a touring car would mean anything to you—

If it would make life brighter and healthier and happier for you and your friends—

- And you can afford to pay for that inevitable boon a first cost of \$1,150, and an after-cost about equal to the average daily street-car expense—then buy a Hupmobile, with implicit confidence in its rock-ribbed, life-long guarantee.
- Buy it, too, with this thought in mind:—
- That the first poor Hupmobile has yet to be built.
- That there isn't a crippled Hupmobile in America, unless it was crushed in an accident.
- That Hupmobiles used for a year or more have always commanded almost full list price.
- That the Hupmobile policy has always been to carry out every promise to the letter.

What you get in this new \$1,150 Hupmobile Touring Car

- You get enough power to carry four people up any hill or trade the Hupmobile may encounter.
- You get more speed, several times over, than the law allows or a wise driver cares to use.
- You get a system of springs supplemented by shock absorbers in the front, which makes driving a delight in ease and smoothness.
- You get a longer wheelbase than has ever been offered before for less than \$1,200.
- You get a Bosch magneto and sliding gear transmission—offered for the first time in a touring car for less than \$1,200.

- You get the same superb construction that won for the Hupmobile Runabout the honor of being the only moderate-priced car that employed the same fine materials and methods utilized on larger and costlier cars.
- You get the first life-long guarantee ever given with any automobile in the world—a guarantee which will be carried out to the letter, no matter how many people may, in time, own the car you buy, nor how many years hence it may be called into action.

The Life-Long Guarantee

The Hupp Motor Car Company guarantees the Hupmobile free from defects in material or workmanship, during the life of the car, and will replace, free of charge, any such defective material when returned to its factory for inspection, transportation prepaid. This guarantee does not cover tires.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY

GENERAL SPECIFICATIONS

RUNABOUT

Unit power plant. Four-cylinder, 20 H.P. motor; 3 1/4-inch bore, 3 3/4-inch stroke; offset crank shaft; valves on left side.

Selective sliding gear transmission, two speeds forward and reverse. Lubricated from crank case.

Multiple disc clutch, enclosed in gear case and running in oil.

Hypnot roller bearings on outer ends of rear axle. 2 foot and 2 emergency brakes, internal expanding, on rear wheels.

Drop forged front axle, I-beam section, integral spring seats.

Frame of pressed steel channel section. Semi-elliptic front springs, patented cross spring in rear.

Float feed, automatic carburetor, accelerator pedal; hand throttle under steering wheel.

Bosch high tension magneto. No battery, coil or complicated wiring.

Thermo-siphon system of water circulation for cooling.

Front and rear tires, 30 x 3 inches. Wheel-base, 86 inches. Tread, 56 inches.

Body Hupp blue, white striping. Wheels gray.

Oil lamps for dash and rear, horn and tools regular equipment. Top, windshield, gas lamps, tank or generator extra. Weight, regular equipment, 1,200 lbs.

Price \$950, F.O.B. Toronto

TOURING CAR

Same as Runabout, except:

Wheel-base, 110 inches, heavier frame, vanadium steel rear spring.

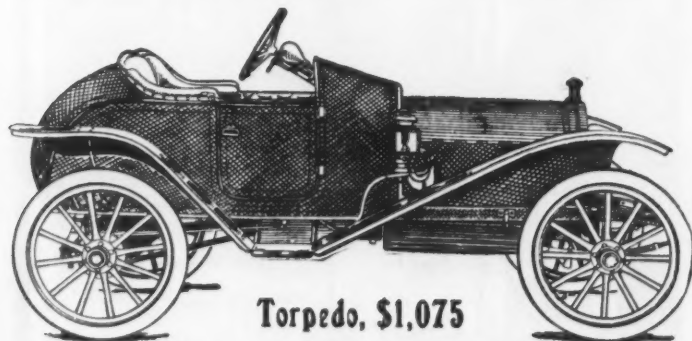
Metal body, seating four. Tufted upholstery. Hupp blue on body, white striping; gray wheels.

Regular equipment, gas headlights and generator, shock absorbers on front springs, oil dash and tail lamps, horn and tools. Top, windshield and speedometer extra.

Tires, 30 x 3 inches front, 31 x 3 3/4 inches rear.

Weight, regular equipment, 1,600 pounds.

Price \$1,150, F.O.B. Toronto

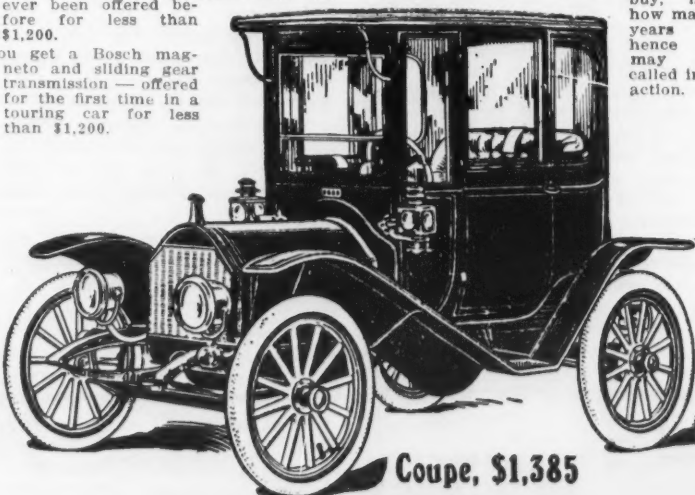


Torpedo, \$1,075

TORPEDO, Specifications

Same as Runabout except: Gear ratio 3 1/2 to 1, giving speed of 55 miles an hour. Metal body, with gasoline tank enclosed. Absolute protection from mud and dust. Standard colors and equipment same as Runabout. Tires 30 x 3 inches front and rear. Weight 1,300 pounds with standard equipment.

Price \$1,075, F.O.B. Toronto

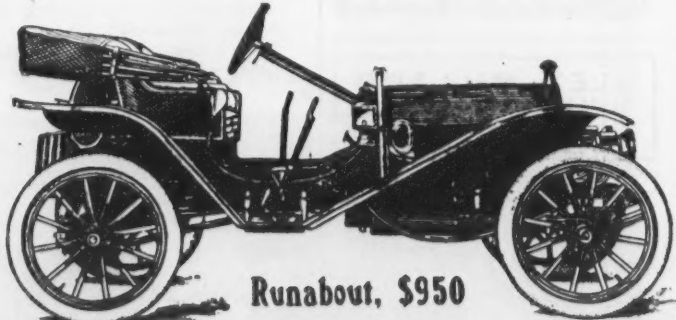


Coupe, \$1,385

COUPE, Specifications

Same as Runabout except: Body of metal, fully enclosed and storm proof. Hupp blue, white stripes; gray wheels and gray panels on doors. Doors open forward. Standard equipment includes electric headlights, combination oil and electric side and tail lamps, dome light, folding dash seat for a third person, shock absorbers in front. Front tires, 30 x 3 inches; rear, 31 x 3 3/4 inches. Weight, 1,600 pounds.

Price \$1,385, F.O.B. Toronto



Runabout, \$950

The Automobile & Supply Co., Ltd., Toronto

KETCHUM & CO., Ottawa

(LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT)

KINGSTON AUTOMOBILE CO., Kingston

A good grade of Coffee costs but little more than a poor grade. In

Seal Brand Coffee

you get the best that money can buy, and its price is moderate. It costs only a cent a cup.

Sold in 1 and 2 lb. Cans only.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.



TIME-SAVING was our idea when we invented OXO Cubes. We have done all the preparation—you boil the water—we have done the rest. The perfection of simplicity in beef drinks. Get the OXO Cubes.

Sold in Tins containing 4 and 10 Cubes. Two Free Samples sent on receipt of 2c. stamp to pay postage and packing. OXO is also packed in bottles for People who prefer it in fluid form.

35 Lombard St. Toronto.

41 Chevreuil St. Montreal.



IF YOU DESIRE

beautiful gas and electric fixtures of newest and most up-to-date designs, fashioned from superior qualities by expert workmen only.

CONSULT US

and if we have not just what you desire give us your ideas and we will do the rest. We solicit your estimates.

The JAS. MORRISON BRASS MFG. CO., Limited

93-97 Adelaide St. W.



ONE Tuckett Club Virginia Cigarette lit with the butt of another. That's quality for you. And in a larger sense that's the very reason why, when a smoker buys one box of Tuckett's Club Virginia Cigarettes, he invariably comes back for another. And it seems reasonable that he should do so.

Tuckett's Cigarettes

Here is a Cigarette made of the very finest and purest sun-dried Virginia tobacco, carefully blended by clean, expert workmen in a scrupulously clean, sunlit Canadian factory. A rarely delicious and mellow flavor, and rich, fragrant aroma impart a keen zest to the enjoyment of smoking.

Tuckett's Club Virginia Cigarettes. 15c for 10.

Tuckett's Special Turkish Cigarettes. 15c for 10.

Tuckett's T. & B. Cigarettes. 10c for 10.

TUCKETT LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA.

"Dubonnet"

THE ORIGINAL APETISING WINE

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CANADIAN AGENTS MONTREAL.

Motoring Directory

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Phone North 2451 L. W. Fraser, Manager

Left-side Control.

MORRIS A. HALL has been writing for The Commercial Vehicle a series of papers dealing with the desirability of left-side control in commercial vehicles. In the October number he cites several operative reasons why left-side control "makes for vehicle efficiency," not only in trucks and delivery wagons, but in taxicabs. For the small-parcel wagon such control is "ideal." He says in the course of this article:

"With the driver located at the left side, away from the curb, the delivery boy would be placed on the curb side or right side, toward which all deliveries will be made. Sorting the parcels as the car is driven between stops, the boy will have the parcel or parcels ready before the house is reached, so that he can jump off even before the stop is made, being half-way toward the house before the vehicle is really at a standstill. Similarly with his seat located on the right side, the same boy can call to the driver to start, and catch the car and swing into his seat before the car has gained headway, no matter how rapidly it may accelerate. This, too, is a matter in which the motor-vehicle is not now able to compete with the horse-wagon, for just this reason, the horsed wagon is driven from the left side, so as to leave the right side free for the delivery boy to operate as described. Why not fight fire with fire, and compete with horses upon their own lines of greatest efficiency?"

"A light delivery wagon, too, must manoeuvre rapidly, turning quickly around corners, etc., reducing the delays and lost time to a minimum, in order to make up for the time lost in stops, in which the horse has the advantage. Now, one thing that is specifically claimed for left-side control is that turns to the right may be made with equal facility as with right-side control, while turns to the left are made more easily, more quickly, and with less danger of accident, due to the ability of the driver to look back and see overtaking pleasure vehicles, horse-drawn trucks, or cars.

"The same obtains with only one man, a combined driver and delivery man, both driving the wagon and delivering the parcels. In stopping the wagon, the driver can not jump off and on as could the extra boy, for one time he must stop his wagon and the other he must start it. But in all other respects the two cases are parallel. The driver can stop, seize the parcel, and jump out on the curb side much more readily than could the driver of a right-side controlled car, on which the driver must get out on the left side, into the middle of the street, thence running around the car to make the delivery, running around it again to get into the seat, which can only be done from the left side.

"While the foregoing general reasons and, in fact, nearly all of those applied to the light delivery wagon apply with equal force to the cab, whether for private or public service, there are a number of reasons peculiar to this service which make the left-side control particularly desirable. In the use of a cab by several passengers the extra fare must sit on the front platform with the driver. If this driver's position be on the right, the fare is placed on the left, and can only get out or off the cab by stepping off on the road side, which road may or may not be muddy. Further, in order that the driver get out of his cab to attend to anything, he must get out on that left side across or over the passenger, or else he must ask the passenger to get out first. An additional reason for the left-side control in taxi-cabs is the trunk-carrying space. Now with the driver on the right side, the trunk must be on the left, in which position it must be carried around the cab both loading and unloading. Trunks are usually loaded heavily so that this carrying of a loaded trunk around a car twice, and both times unnecessarily, is no laughing matter.

"Like a delivery wagon, a taxicab must manoeuvre readily and quickly, depot streets being closely packed with vehicles and usually narrow, too. For this very purpose designers of cabs have made wheelbases short and steering-locks large, sometimes, too, at some sacrifice of comfort in riding, yet right up to now the matter of making the manoeuvring more easy by placing the driver where he can see the most and thus manoeuvre the easiest has been very generally overlooked.

"On heavy trucks some of the advantages mentioned in the foregoing as merely incidental, become of first importance. Thus, in the matter of long material, as structural iron, it becomes a positive necessity to have but one driver's seat, using the space of the other for extending the load forward. In such a condition, it is almost foolish to ask which position of control would be the better, for the left-hand position has so many

Buying by Faith as Well as by Sight

WHATEVER automobile you eventually buy—to a great extent you buy it by faith in the men who make it.

You can see the style. You can see the finish. You can feel the comfort. You can detect the noise or the silence of its running.

But what of the quality underlying it all—the quality of steel in the gears—the accuracy of alignment—the perfection of fitted parts?

These are things—a few of the things—you take on faith to a great extent.

Isn't the reputation of the makers of the Russell the greatest safeguard you can have when it comes to buying?

Isn't a car which has made good to so remarkable an extent a safe car to buy?

Here is what we claim:

That nowhere in the world is a better car made than the Russell.

That nowhere is there better material or greater skill employed.

That nowhere is there another car so perfectly designed for service in Canada.

That not in Canada is there another organization to compare with the far-reaching Russell organization for taking care of its cars wherever they go.



"30" \$2,350 SPECIALLY EQUIPPED



"Made Up to a Standard—Not Down to a Price"

Specifications: Wheel base, 115 inches. Wheels, 34 in. x 4 in. front and rear. Special spring suspension. Shaft drive. Selective transmission. Fuel floating type of rear axle. Engine gives an actual 30.6 horse power.

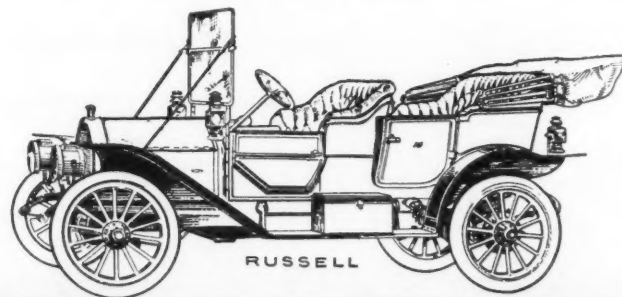
THE FOREMOST MODERATE-PRICED CAR IN CANADA

Send for our catalog which describes it fully.

Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Limited
WEST TORONTO

MAKERS OF HIGH-GRADE AUTOMOBILES

Branches:—Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.



Street Car Ventilation

It is almost impossible to regulate the ventilation of the street cars from the Head Office. Specific orders that would ensure perfect ventilation one day would work out as an intolerable nuisance the day after. Even on the same day conditions might vary so much in different parts of the city as to make the adoption of a general plan inconvenient to a large number of passengers.

To secure proper ventilation on the cars, the Toronto Railway Company has built ventilators in every motor car on the system. In most cases the opening and closing of doors will solve the ventilation problem satisfactorily, but to suit those days when this method does not apply ventilators have been provided. The conductors have standing orders to use their judgment in ventilating the cars. They are supposed to adopt the means which their experience teaches them will be most satisfactory to the majority of passengers.

At this time of year it is difficult to ventilate the cars in a manner satisfactory to all passengers. In many parts of the city street repairs are being made, and the dust is so thick on a windy day that the cars would be filled if they went through it with open doors and ventilators. On the whole, there is reason to believe that the conductors handle the ventilation problem with general satisfaction to the public. Every effort has been made, and will continue to be made, to meet the wishes of the passengers, who are invited to call the attention of the company to any negligence in this respect.

JAMES GUNN,
Superintendent,
Toronto Railway Company.

Faust Up-to-date.

A PARISIAN critic who recently visited Montreal, went, while in that city, to one of the French theatres, and writes back to a musical publication in Paris that the Canadians are decidedly up-to-date in their staging, if their artists do lack some of the talent which is possessed by the Parisians. And he cites this incident as an illustration of his argument:

An advertisement of a performance of Faust, to be given in Montreal, contained this thrilling announcement:

"In the second act Marguerite's spinning wheel will be replaced by a sewing machine, upon which will be displayed, in letters of fire, the name of the maker. This machine is absolutely silent, and the public will not miss a word of the famous ballad of the King of Thule."

By
Chas. M. Henderson & Co.
87-89 King Street East

THE FAMOUS
Private Collection of His
Excellency Sidky Bey
Formerly the Secretary of
the Turkish Embassy
in Washington.
The Greatest Exhibition and
Sale of

Oriental RUGS

ever held in Canada, com-
prising over 300 pieces of
rare and antique specimens
of Rugs, most of which have
been secured from the pal-
aces in Constantinople.

The entire valuable col-
lection, comprising most exqui-
site and wonderful speci-
mens of Royal Kirmanshah,
Antique Bokhara, Shiraz,
Tabriz, Samarcand, Sere-
bent, Ardebil, Senna, Kabis-
tan, Keshan, Palace Rugs
and Carpets, will be sold by

Public Auction
WITHOUT RESERVE AT THE
ART GALLERY
NOS. 87-89 KING ST. EAST
ON
Wednesday Afternoon
The 23rd November
And Following Afternoons
at 2.30.

Never in the history of Canada
has such a rare and valuable col-
lection of Oriental Rugs and Art
Goods been offered by Public Sale.
The entire collection will be on ex-
hibition day previous to sale.

Hon. Sidky Bey will be present
during the exhibition and sales,
when he will explain the history
and merits of his treasures.

Sale at 2.30 each day.
CHAS. M. HENDERSON & CO.,
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For sale by all dealers
Our latest booklet
"THE HISTORY OF
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FREE ON REQUEST
THE HBB CO. LTD., 100, 101, 102, TORONTO

The things that seem to last long-
est with us are the shortcomings of
other people.

The man who sticks to the truth
is never regarded as a good conver-
sationalist.

The Savannah Race.

THE race at Savannah for the
Grand Prize of the Automobile
Club of America will be run on No-
vember 12. The course is about eight-
teen miles in length. This is an in-
ternational contest. Several Euro-
pean countries participate in it. It
is believed in some quarters that the
record will be broken this year. The
contest is free to all and no limita-
tions are imposed as to the size of
motors, nor are restrictions made as
to weight, dimensions of cylinder,
etc. One condition only is imposed.
This is that all cars shall conform to
the ruling of the committee as to
safety requirements. Because of
these conditions, it is believed that,
while the entry list will be smaller
than for the Vanderbilt Cup, greater
safety will be secured. In the Van-
derbilt race cars were limited to six-
teen inches of piston displacement.
Several contestants for the Vander-
bilt Cup will take part in the Savan-
nah race. The day before the Grand
Prize is run there will be a contest
by small cars. In this event a writer
in the New York Evening Post says
that no less than thirty cars will com-
pete for two of the trophies. Of the
Savannah course the writer says:
"This season the course will be
somewhat different from that of
1908. By omitting the White Bluff
road and Montgomery cross-road
section on the western side, and the
Thunderbolt road, the circuit is
shortened several miles. In 1908
there were two separate circuits for
the light and heavy car races, which
courses coincided in part. As now
arranged, the same course will be
used for both contests.

"The official grand stand and start-
ing-point will be on Waters road,
near the northern extremity of the
circuit, and cars will run south along
a smooth, straight stretch for about
four miles to the first double right-
angled turn at Montgomery cross-
road, and south into Whitefield
Avenue and Montgomery road. A
few miles further on, a 'hairpin' with
a wide turn is formed, swaying the
cars back in the opposite direction
along beautiful Ferguson Avenue for
about five miles. Continuing on
this section of the old course, there
is a snaky turn northward into La
Roche Avenue, which has a few
slight curves, into the old Skidaway
road, making a right-angle turn west
into Dale Avenue for a couple of
miles. Switching off at a wide turn
to the south again, the cars shoot in-
to the home stretch."

Business in Foreign Cars.

FRENCH makers report an in-
crease in the exportation of
their cars. At the end of August,
1910, their exports for the year
amounted to \$23,568,800 as compared
with \$19,274,400 for the same period
last year. The largest consumer of
French cars was Great Britain, her
imports of them having increased
from \$8,591,415 to \$9,678,600. In-
creases are also shown by other Euro-
pean countries, except Spain. Brazil
and the United States showed a de-
crease in the importation of French
cars.

Reports are also at hand of the
imports and exports of cars to and
from Great Britain. For the month
of August, 1910, Great Britain im-
ported from all countries cars and
parts for cars valued at \$250,395. In
the same period the exports amount-
ed to \$1,065,290. For the eight
months ending on August 31, of this
year, the totals reversed these con-
ditions, being for imports \$17,127,-
970 and for exports \$7,483,220.

HUPMOBILE TOURING CAR AROUSSES LOCAL INTEREST.

Development of Noted Runabout
Model a Trim Machine—Guar-
anteed for Life.

The interest aroused some time
ago by the announcement that the
Hupp Motor Car Company would
market a touring car, has been in-
tensified and crystallized here by the
arrival of the demonstrating car.
An inspection of the car confirms
the expectations called forth by the
first announcement.

In appearance, the touring car is
as trim and well proportioned as the

Hupmobile Runabout. With a wheel
base of 110 inches, and with the long
low body, it pleases the eye at once.

Insofar as essential mechanical de-
tails are concerned, the touring car
differs in no respect from the run-
about. The frame, of course, is
heavier because of the added length
and the increased weight it will be
called upon to carry. The rear
spring is heavier and is made of
vanadium steel.

The engine is the same that has
won a reputation for the runabout
all over this country and in many
foreign lands. It has four cylinders
and develops 20 horse power, which
is deemed adequate for the carrying
of four passengers, the car's capac-
ity.

In equipment, which the price of
\$900 includes, the Hupmobile Tour-
ing car is out of the ordinary. The
stock or regular equipment embraces
a Bosch high tension magneto, shock
absorbers on the front springs, gas
headlights and a gas generator, rear
tires 31x3½ inches, and the usual
three oil lamps, horn and tools.

One of the new cars is now under-
going a test to which few cars, new
or old, are subjected. This is a tour
around the world, which will em-
brace nearly every country and city
of importance. The car left Detroit
early in November.

A feature in connection with this
car—and with all the other Hupmo-
bile models—which is really extraor-
dinary is the life guarantee. This
provides for the replacement by the
factory, free of charge, of any parts
which develop defects, either in ma-
terial or workmanship, during the
life of the car. The customary time
limit of a motor car guarantee is
90 days, while some manufacturers
warrant their product for a year.
So the Hupmobile guarantee, cover-
ing the life of the car and making
no distinction as to ownership at the
time any replacement should become
necessary, is quite unusual. The
maker's guarantee and the prices
give the Hupmobile line a distinction
that is quite unique among motor
cars.

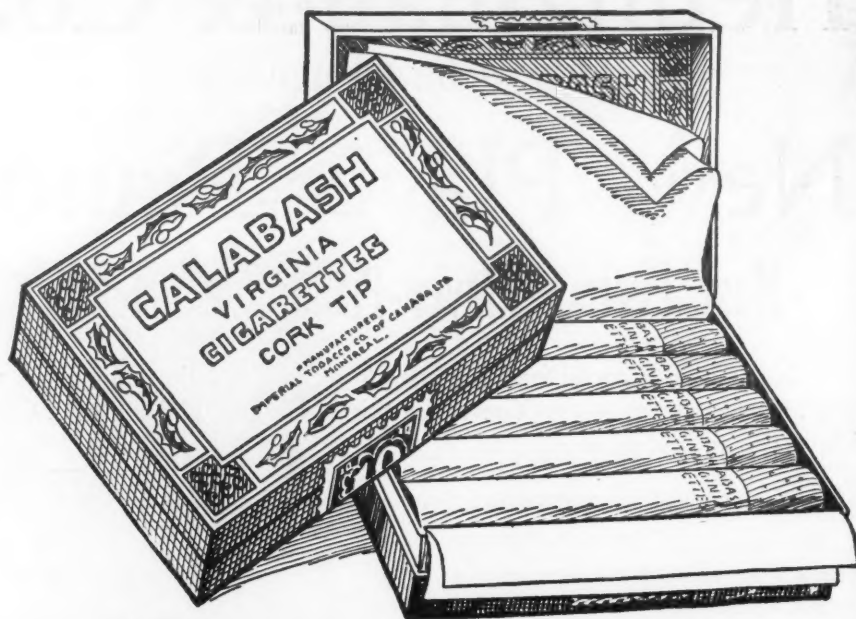


Servant (as the dog opens): "I say, Sir, there's a nosy old cat in this tale
just about like mine."—The Tatler.

CALABASH

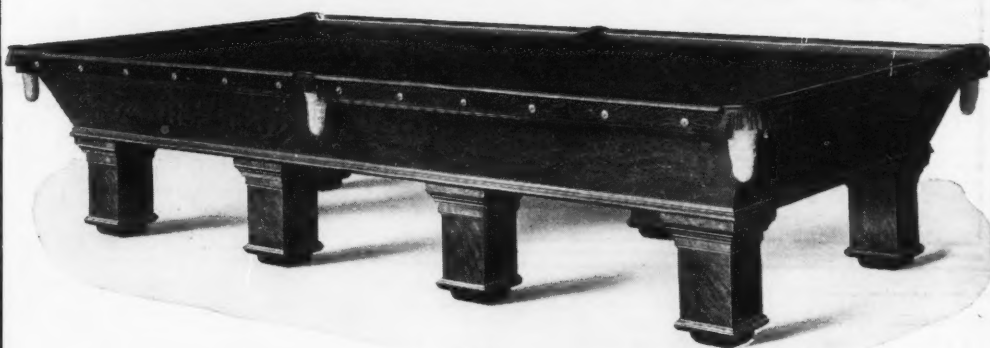
Virginia Cigarettes

We recommend
these cigarettes to
the cultured
smoker. Highest
quality Finest
Workmanship;
perfect flavor.



15¢ Per box of Ten (cork tips)

English Billiard Tables



We can make a Special Offer of a Three-Quarter Size (5½x11) English Table.
Call or write for particulars.

Largest Manufacturers in the World
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

The BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
67-69-71 Adelaide Street West, TORONTO

R. C. Hupp, general manager of
the Hupp Motor Car Company, says:
"Conservative conclusions, drawn
from the unparalleled successes of
the runabout during the past season,
justify us in prophesying a great
future for this new touring car which,
with the equipment, is the lowest
priced touring car ever offered in this
country. It is the first touring car
under one thousand dollars with a
sliding gear transmission. It is also
the first touring car under one thou-
sand dollars with a Bosch magneto;
and last but not least, it is the first
touring car for less than one thou-
sand dollars which has more than
one hundred inch wheel base. The
car is as staunch and true in every
way as our runabout; is nearly as
fast on the road where speed is re-
quired and almost as economical, prob-
ably going within a mile or two as
far on a gallon as the runabout,
which is twenty-five miles to the gal-
lon. The 3½ rear tires will make
the tire expense as low as on the run-
about.

"This car is not an experiment
and should be as welcome to the
public as the small car has been.
"The time is now at hand for such
a car at such a price."
Other interesting additions to the
Hupmobile line are torpedo and
coupe models, on the same chassis as
the runabout. The runabout will be
manufactured as heretofore.

SUGGESTIONS FOR XMAS GIFTS

THE BENEFIT OF EXTENSIVE AND EXCLUSIVE SELECTION

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How to Relax and Why

LIFE, as we live it to-day in highly civilized centers, makes such tremendous demands upon our energy that, unless we know how to regulate and conserve its expenditure, recuperation is impossible, even during sleep; and that is why nervous illness stalks rampant among us, says an interesting article in a recent number of Vogue.

We know that it is during normal sleep that growth, development and repair take place. In other words, the processes of nutrition and reconstruction occur during this period. For that reason, all young, growing animals require a great deal, and for the same reason old people need more than those in the prime of life when the recuperative powers are at their height.

It is the brain, the seat of the central nervous system, that sleeps, or rather, it is consciousness that rests. It has been found that the brain can hold out longer than any other organ in cases of starvation, but when sleep cannot be secured, death results. So, it is easy to understand why those who are deprived of proper sleep, look haggard and grow old prematurely and why the continual loss of sleep gives rise to serious nervous disorders. It is charged that the complexities of modern life induce nervous irritability which prevents sleep, and this, in a very large measure, is true. We carry our business, domestic and social cares into slumberland, and even then we do not let go of them. The fact is that we do not know how to sleep. No doubt nearly everyone has read of how Napoleon could drop off into a refreshing slumber whenever and wherever he listed—on the battlefield; in the midst of a great conference, etc.—and as a result he required only about four hours at a time, and frequently did not take that. But he slept the sweet, tranquil sleep of a baby. He had the power to shut out every impression,

every thought, every idea, but the one upon which his mind was dwelling at the time, and when he required complete repose, that thought alone occupied his mind and he slept. With less powerful minds so complete a mastery of self is impossible, but nevertheless we can do much to help ourselves, if we will. As it is we rush through a multitude of things for sixteen, or even eighteen, hours at a stretch, forgetful that the day has but twenty-four, and that what cannot be done to-day, can be accomplished much better to-morrow. And so, with nerves keyed at the highest tension, we seek our couches and either fall into fitful, restless sleep, with tense muscles and brain still active, or do not sleep at all. It is a well known fact that bodily tension increases mental strain.

If for some reason we are thrown into a state of apprehension, nervous excitement, or the like, and find ourselves shaking from head to foot, our first thought is to stiffen the muscles—"to brace up." But if we simply drop, or shake off the feeling, like a mantle, relaxing completely, the mental relief is immediate. Try it!

It seems absurd to suggest that we should take lessons in what should be the simplest and most natural of functions, from animals and care-free children, but we find it difficult to get their complete relaxation of body and mind, and to invite sleep, the mind must be divested of all cares; all worries; all "wakeful" thoughts.

Men are better able to do this than women, with many of whom it is an established habit to go over the day's occurrences, and to plan for the morrow after they have retired. To completely empty the contents of the mind and then shut out all exterior matters requires a good deal of practice, and may never be altogether accomplished, but the effort to do so, concentrating on the one thought of "sleep," is amazingly helpful. Next in importance, is bodily relaxation. Observe a child or animal in sleep. Note the beautiful abandon—the graceful attitudes due entirely to the unconscious arrest of

nerve and muscle force. The wheels of life are going at slow speed, and sweet repose is the result. The trouble is that those of us who are driving all day forget how to take the tension off and let the wheels slow down.

Babies, little children and most animals lie on the abdomen, or upon the side inclining towards the abdomen, with limbs outstretched, when sleeping. It is the natural posture and it insures a perfect balance in the circulatory system, preventing congestion of blood in some parts and pressure upon nerves in others, which induce cramps and even more serious troubles, like neuritis, lumbago, etc., etc. To lie with the head resting on the arm, or with arms extended above the head, is bad and should be avoided. To lie on the back—a position peculiar to man, for no animal known does it—results in nightmares and unpleasant dreams, because of the pressure exerted upon the spinal nerves.

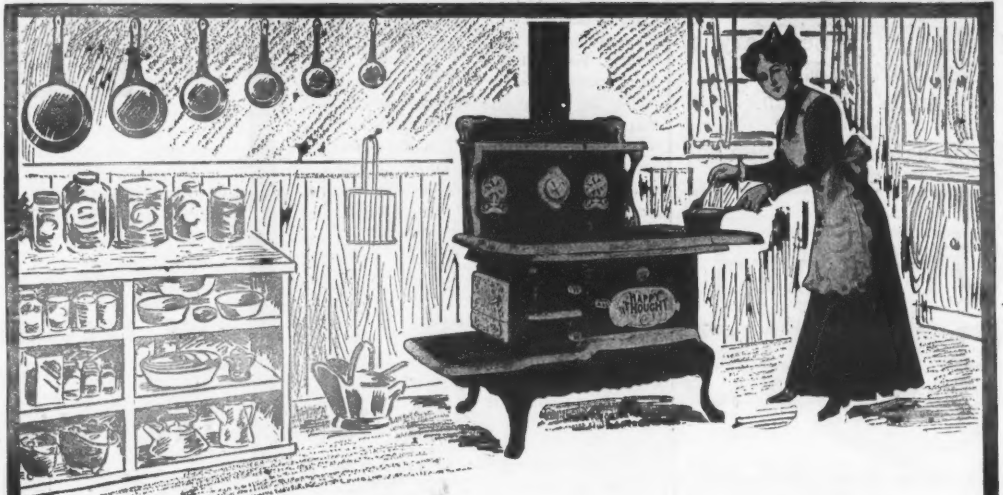
Cold extremities frequently prevent sleep; and a tendency to cold feet and hands can be overcome by rubbing them very thoroughly with a rough towel just before retiring. But only the local circulation should be excited, and no bodily exertion made. Hot milk, or hot water, sipped at bed time, also has a soothing effect and helps to equalize the circulation. Another frequent cause of sleeplessness or of unrefreshing sleep, lies in poorly ventilated, or overheated rooms. We know that sleeping out of doors is a cure for insomnia, and too much fresh air is impossible, if the body is well protected. No one, except babies and invalids, can sleep in comfort in a temperature over 60, and they should have from 60 to 70, with plenty of fresh air. Stagnant air is poisonous, and when we are constantly rebreathing that we have breathed before, we must not expect to awaken with renewed youth and vigor. Flood the sleeping apartments with air at all seasons, and during the milder weather sleep as much as possible out of doors. The roof and the verandas make delightful sleeping quarters during the summer, and many cases of insomnia have been

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Eating heartily before retiring is extremely unwise, and while those in robust health who make a practice of it may apparently do so with impunity, the penalty is being paid all the while. We are not conscious of it until some slight extra demand is made upon the economy when we are not equal to it. But, on the other hand, easily digested food in moderate amount, is sometimes extremely beneficial in inducing sleep.

The habit of awakening after a few hours of restless slumber can often be overcome by a light lunch of malted milk; milk and crackers, or, if it is obtainable, warm broth; and it is by all means better to take this nourishment at two of three o'clock in the morning than to lie awake until the rising hour, or possibly to turn day into night, and sleep when others are up and doing. Night is the time for sleep, and since darkness invites slumber, all daylight should be excluded from the room of one who must seek repose when the sun shines. But as this often means the exclusion of air, too, it is better to place a light bandage of black silk over the eyes. Those who must fight against day drowsiness and night wakefulness should consult a physician, as

some constitutional trouble may exist; and here let me put in a word of caution against the use of nerve sedatives and narcotics, now altogether too common. They do no good, except in extreme cases when they must be advised by a physician, and their promiscuous use is productive of untold harm. The habit of normal sleep can always be cultivated by following the hygienic measures here touched upon. A warm bath is very relaxing, and when taken just before retiring, has a soporific effect. But instead of exerting oneself by rubbing the body dry with a Turkish towel in the usual way, it is better to pat it dry with a soft cloth, in order not to disturb the relaxed state. While massage is frequently advised for sleeplessness, unless given by an expert, it is far more apt to be stimulating. Gentle massage, properly given, with the object of soothing kept constantly in view, is efficacious as is also massage of the scalp, temples and spinal nerves, especially those located at the nape of the neck. Gentle manipulation of the head at the base of the brain, also produces drowsiness, and when the body is absolutely relaxed, and the mind either blank or "willing" to sleep, peaceful, rejuvenating slumber is almost sure

to follow.

However, many women find it difficult to compose themselves to rest. Indeed, a calm, serene face and a reposeful attitude is seldom seen in the great cities, although amid the rush and hurry of a busy life, we have many opportunities for resting, if we but take advantage of them. The luxury of closing one's eyes, relaxing every muscle, and allowing "the bounds of space" to "efface all trace of sound" while being manipulated, or having one's hair shampooed and coiffed, is wonderfully restful, but we are so apt to talk or think during this period. Most of us, it is true, must economize our time, but not to take advantage of moments when we could rest is not to economize. How many women say, "I simply cannot sit still and do nothing!" And they carry this thought to bed with them, and find that they cannot lie still in sleep. Rest—actual repose—is the greatest panacea against nerve troubles at our command, and no matter how restless one may be, it can be enforced.

Superstition is what prompts a person to believe there is more luck in a horseshoe over the door than in a lock and key.

FINANCIAL SATURDAY

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THE cabled news that Mr. W. M. Aitken intended to run for Parliament in England was read with great interest all over Canada, as the achievements of this young financier had made his name familiar in all parts of the country. As one paper remarked, the news came as a great surprise to everyone except Mr. Aitken's closest friends, who have learned to expect the unexpected from this man who made himself a millionaire, solely by his own genius, before he had attained the age of 30.

The foundation of Mr. Aitken's success has been his constructive work and his faith in the future of all legitimate enterprises. And he has not limited the scope of his endeavors to Canada alone. Mr. Aitken, before he went to Montreal from Nova Scotia, three years ago, was identified with several traction and lighting enterprises, also the Royal Securities Corporation, Limited, of which he is now president. It would be somewhat difficult to give a complete list of the enterprises which Mr. Aitken has originated, financed and put upon a successful basis. The Demerara Electric Company, the Trinidad Electric Company, the Porto Rico Railways Company and the Camaguey Company of Camaguey, Cuba, were among the concerns outside of Canada which owe their being and success to Mr. Aitken's genius for organization.

In Canada Mr. Aitken's fertile brain has not only conceived new water power concerns, but several large and useful industrial enterprises as well. He organized the Standard Ideal Company of Port Hope, Ont., the Rhodes Curry Car concern of Amherst, N.S., and afterwards creating the Canadian Car and Foundry Company, the Calgary Power Company, which will furnish light and power to Calgary, and the Western Canada Power Company at Stave Lake, B.C., which will shortly supply light and power to Vancouver. He was also for some time the head of the Montreal Trust Company, which he sold to interests friendly to the Royal Bank of Canada.

Mr. Aitken was born at Newcastle, N.B., May 25th, 1879, and is the son of a Scotch minister, who is still alive to rejoice in his son's success. Young Aitken was educated in the public schools and studied law at Chatham, N.B.

At the age of 20 Mr. Aitken joined the late Mr. John F. Stairs, of Halifax, in the capacity of secretary, and that famous Nova Scotian was one of the first to realize that Mr. Aitken was one of the coming men of the country. Mr. Aitken has never forgotten others in his prosperity, and has given away many thousands of dollars to charities. Some years ago Mr. Aitken married Miss Drury, a daughter of General Drury, C.B., of Halifax.

WITHOUT being familiar with the technicality of the light, heat and power business, any one can see that something of interest is taking place in the old city of Quebec. The papers give the news that the Finance Committee of the city of Quebec has decided to allow the Dorchester Electric Company to carry on business there. If this doesn't mean a blow at the monopoly established by the Quebec Railway, Light, Heat and Power Co., it certainly looks like it on the surface. It should be remembered that the latter concern is an amalgamation of all the public utility concerns of the city, brought about mainly by Rodolphe Forget about a year ago. The companies brought together were the Quebec Railway, Light and Power Co., with a water power of 7,000 h.p. at Montmorency Falls, about six miles from the city, and owning many miles of track both in the city and outside; The Jacques Cartier Electric Co., having a water power of 4,000 h.p. about twenty miles from the city, and a steam plant of 2,250 h.p. in the city; The Canadian Electric Light Co., owning a water power plant of 3,000 h.p. at plant of 2,250 h.p. in the city; The Canadian Electric Light Co., owning a water power plant of 3,000 h.p. about eight miles from the city and a contract to supply light and power to many outlying municipalities; The Quebec Gas Co., organized in 1849; and the Frontenac Gas Co.

After these companies were brought together, Quebec was sewed up tight, so far as public utility services were concerned. Immediately the citizens had to pay more for their light. The competition between the two gas companies had previously put prices down from the original \$1.20 per 1,000 feet, to \$1, then to 75c., and finally to 50c. Most of us would admit that gas at 50c. is cheap. But the companies went on making it, though it is likely that there wasn't a fortune in the business, and certainly, at those prices, it is unlikely that the dullast financier would imagine there was any opportunity for injecting water into the capitalization. Rodolphe Forget, however, looking the situation over, came to the conclusion that there was no occasion for such prices to continue. All that was necessary was to remove the competition and the price of gas could immediately be raised. To remove competition effectually, the electric lighting companies also should be placed in a position where they would not compete.

When it comes to financial deals, none of them have anything on Forget. He put every company in the city in the amalgamation. Thereafter rates went up. Instead of getting gas at 50c. per 1,000 cubic feet, the citizens of the Ancient City had to pay \$1.20 once more. I don't know what was done about the electricity, but it may be taken for granted that the price wasn't reduced.

THE Quebec Railway, Light, Heat and Power Co. dates from January, 1910. It was given a capital of \$10,000,000 common stock, of which \$9,500,000 was issued; and out of the \$10,000,000 bonds, some \$8,600,000 was issued. This meant practically an additional \$5,000,000 to the bond issue of \$3,600,000 previously carried by the companies, and I doubt not that it meant the addition of much more than \$5,000,000 stock. It is probable that there has been increased efficiency in the service. Also, the promoters of the merger announced that there would be considerable extension to the railway line and equipment, and no doubt much of the increased bond issue was for this purpose. It was estimated that not only would the amalgamation earn the interest on the entire bond issue, but it would show earnings of 2 1/2 per cent. on the entire stock issue the very first year of its operations.

The first year of the company will not end till December 30. Meantime, no definite news which would be of value as a guide has been given out concerning the earnings of the concern. But ever and anon is the indefinite announcement that the company is experiencing unexpected success. It is cheering news from the standpoint of the shareholder, and also from the standpoint of the Canadian who is desirous that the Paris investor, who, it is said, has taken an enormous quantity of this stock, shall be satisfied. But while we are desirous that the Paris investor shall be satisfied with his Canadian investments, we do not propose for one moment that this should be accomplished at the expense of the Canadian in Quebec. It is bad enough to have to pay \$1 per 1,000 cubic feet for gas in Montreal, but \$1.20 for Quebec is pretty nearly the limit.

Is it necessary that the Canadian—or the consumer, never mind whether he is Canadian or not—is it necessary that he should be mulcted in this manner in order to satisfy the Paris or other foreign or home investor and make

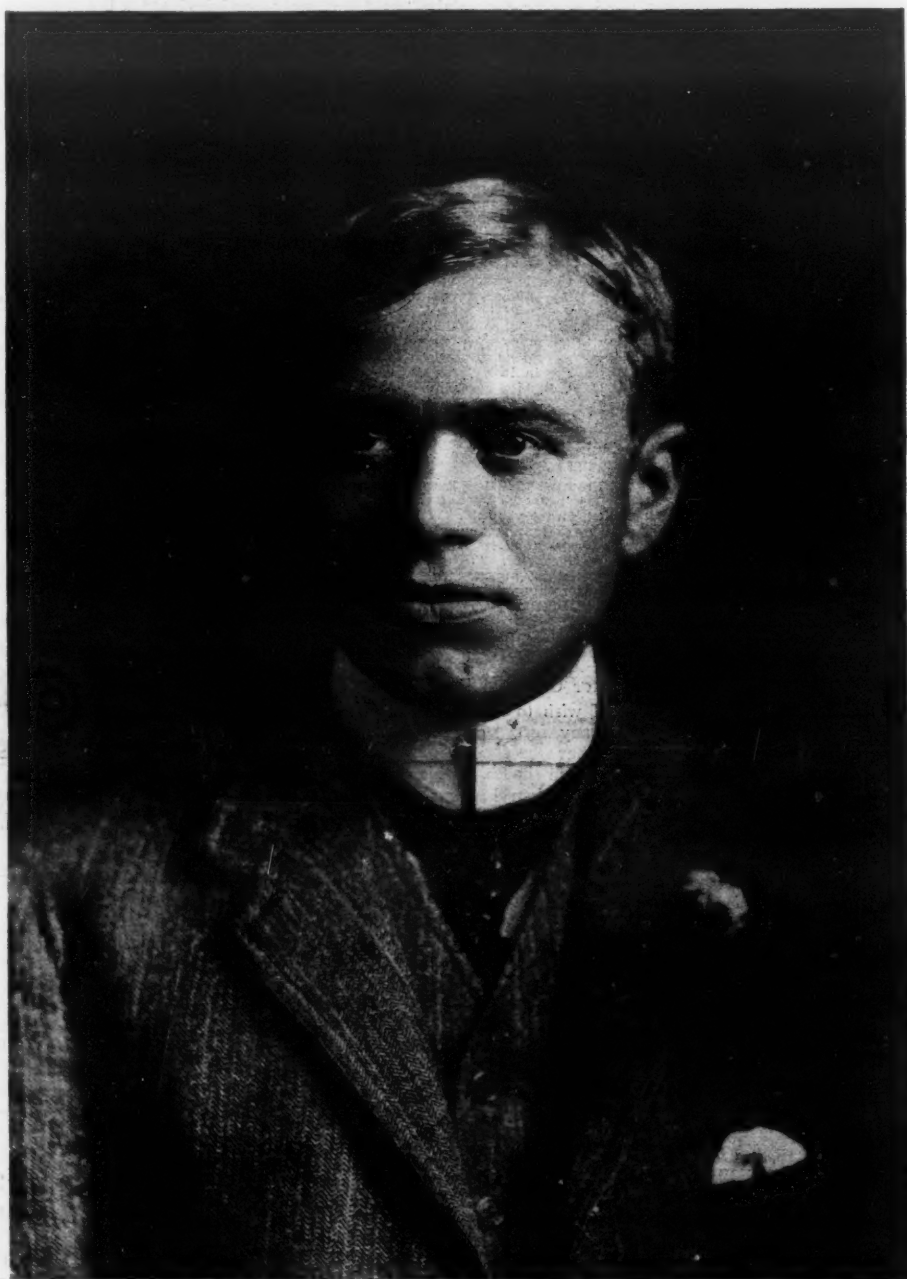
venting the enquiry. This, however, it cannot do, because the subject brought up in the complaint is broader than the matter of dollar gas. It concerns yet cheaper gas and cheaper electricity. This investigation may prove of enormous importance to the whole province of Quebec. If it should transpire that the Commission orders the price of gas or electricity to be reduced, complaints will no doubt be made also of the price of gas in the city of Quebec, and there will be battles royal before the public utility concerns are rounded into line. The Commission must justify its existence, and there is no lack of material upon which to work.

It is commonly stated that the High-Cost-of-Living cry was responsible for the result of the recent elections in the United States, and the statement is probably true. There is reason to doubt, however, that the Democrats

the trust has vindicated itself just as has the departmental store. Regarded from its industrial end alone, mergers have generally been a strong force against higher prices.

It so happens, however, that trusts do not ordinarily depend on their industrial functions for their profits, as do the departmental stores. They commonly own large portions of the public domain, either in the shape of coal or iron areas, waterfalls, timber areas and lands. To these they will frequently add franchises and special privileges of one kind and another, and almost invariably they will have a tariff in their favor. These are in all instances the basis for the water they empty into their capitalizations, and it is by virtue of these alone that they are enabled to place the public at a disadvantage.

Before one could be quite certain what would be the effect of a change of party in the United States, he would require to know what remedy the Democratic party would have for the conditions which are apparently bringing about the defeat of the Republicans. If it is the old remedy of legislation against the formation of trusts, nothing whatever will be accomplished. If there is one thing more than another that the trusts need not fear it is prohibitive legislation of whatever type. There probably never was much legislation of this nature which could not be circumvented and which is not constantly being circumvented. But even if the legislation was effective in keeping the companies from joining hands, the people would be little better off and quite possibly they would be worse off. All that would take place would be that the economies made possible by the merging of the producing end of the concerns would be prevented. Thus the actual cost of producing the goods would be greater than had the merger taken place, although the selling price might be more effectually held up in a merger than through private and possibly secret agreement. But as to the ownership of the coal and iron areas, the waterfalls and the timber and all the other natural heritage of the people, and the exclusive franchises and the tariffs and other special legislation, how would these be affected? It is strange how long it takes the public to recognize the very evident truth that it is only by virtue of the ownership of these that harm can be worked them and that, unless they prohibit government from granting these to private individuals, this harm will ever continue, with or without trusts. So, if the Democratic party contents itself with legislating against the introduction of the utmost degree of economy in production, it will not be working effectively. The question is, will it strike at the root of the trouble and, while declining to dispose of any more of the national heritage, put into operation an effective method of deriving an ever-increasing share of the public revenue from the constantly increasing value of that heritage? If it does it will deal a fatal blow at the trust in its injurious captivity, while leaving it free to exercise its industrial functions in the most beneficial manner.



MR. W. M. AITKEN IN BRITISH POLITICS.

The young Canadian financier who is taking an active part in British politics and who, it is said, will contest a seat as Unionist candidate at the coming election.

him feel good? There really was no advantage to any one save the promoters and their friends in the issue of that additional \$5,000,000 stock, and it is very doubtful if it brought the company itself one cent of money. But now that it is issued, it is being sold. It will go into the hands of the investors everywhere, and already the argument has been advanced that rival companies should not be allowed to operate in Quebec lest Canadian credit abroad be disturbed. Whose fault would it be, pray? It is all a part of the game by which the public is constantly being fleeced. Mind you, I'm not objecting so much to the men who are doing this as I am to those who are permitting it to be done to them. As long as the public is willing to pay, some of us will be around trying to get their money. That's only natural. But why on earth should the public stand for it?

It would seem that the Public Utilities Commission of the Province of Quebec is about to show whether it can justify its existence. The operation of putting its machinery into motion was apparently very simple, notwithstanding many criticisms which have recently been offered. A private citizen simply complained to the secretary, made his statement, and asked that the rates of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co. be investigated. Among other things, it is his contention that only one price should be charged for gas, instead of the \$1 per 1,000 feet for heating and \$1.05 for lighting, and that only one meter should be used. As a matter of fact, the company has repeatedly announced during the past year that the price of gas would be put down to \$1 all round, and it seems that circulars were in process of being prepared when the complaint was made to the Public Utilities Commission. As the announcement that the new rates will take effect from November 10 was made just after it became known that the Commission was to investigate the matter, it was thought by many that the complaint had brought about the reduction before it was even heard. Some also seemed to think that this apparent acquiescence on the part of the company would have the effect of pre-

will remedy the matter greatly. High tariffs and trusts are grouped together in the public mind in a rather indiscriminate manner and, in the absence of a better understanding of fundamentals, they and the Republican party are being made the scapegoat. The scapegoat in this instance is doubtless guilty, and far be it from me to suggest mercy, but there are other scapegoats. The Republican party has fathered the high tariffs, and if the people of the United States have at last concluded that these are not in the best interests of the country, they had best turn the party out. At the same time, they may as well bear in mind the fact that the cost of living has advanced greatly the world over during recent years. It has advanced in free-trade England and also in Canada, where it must be admitted that the tariff has been lowered. It is evident, therefore, that, much as high tariffs have to do with high prices, there are also other causes which it is conceivable are just as responsible.

It is unfortunate, also, that the public mind has failed to analyze that word "trust." Combines, mergers and trusts are grouped together and regarded as a menace, and no distinction is made between the various functions of each. They suffer the opprobrium which, among the unthinking, used to attach to the departmental store. Yet the departmental store has vindicated itself. It is but the merging of several departments of commerce under one roof in such a manner that the costs of service are minimized. Such a development is in every respect in the interest of the public. It has as its basis the effort to produce economically. Because it accomplished this object, the departmental store wiped out the more wasteful institutions—wasteful, that is, in the final and essential test of the price at which the goods could be sold to the customer. To the extent that the trust or the merger of the combine has performed a similar service, it has been beneficial. Regarding the trust in its industrial function alone, it almost invariably has done this. To the extent that it has merged numerous concerns under one management, specialized factories and standardized output, cut down insurance costs and costs of buying and selling,

AFTER all the talk that went on last summer, concerning the failure of the crops in the United States and the effect that this would have upon the earnings of the railways, the latest statistics, as published the other day, show that the results were very favorable. The preliminary estimates compiled by the Department of Agriculture indicate that the aggregate production of crops is approximately 7.6 per cent. greater than in 1909, and about 9.1 per cent. greater than the average annual production of the previous five years. On the whole, however, prices are about 5.4 per cent. lower than a year ago, so that the actual value of the crop is about the same.

It is doubtless incidental to the uncertainty of the outcome of harvests that, during the early part of the year, all sorts of speculations should be indulged in concerning results. It is only to be expected also that interested persons should take advantage of the situation to spread abroad wrong views of it. The time to remember this is, of course, during the period of the year when these attempts are being made. Last year the discouraging reports concerning the crops were made use of to an unusual degree to bear the price of stocks—particularly railway stocks. As a result, prices were driven down to a point far below that which was justified by the actual situation. Many who held well selected stocks at what was really a low price were compelled to let them go because of their inability to margin them further. It is of little advantage to them now to learn that, after all, the grain crops of the United States will be sufficient to provide the railways with their customary freight. So far as can be seen at the moment, the only exceptions will be the railways which operate to North Dakota. It may be remembered that about the time of the startling break in the price of "Soo" stock—which stock broke from 140 to 116—the president of the road issued a most pessimistic report in which he stated that the crops would only be 25 to 50 per cent. of an average. Subsequently, "Soo" recovered to 140, though whether this was due to manipulation or to a conviction that the president had made a miscalculation is not evident at the moment.

Previous to the recent election in the United States, Wall street declared that it would like to see the Democrats clean the place up and throw Roosevelt downstairs. Wall street was indulging in a little spite when it said that. It hates Roosevelt enough and to spare, and the real reason it hates him is that he is, in his sympathies if not in his politics, a pretty close brother to the democrat. Does it occur to you for one moment that Wall street wants to put out of power one man with democratic tendencies in order to put in power a hundred democrats? Not a bit of it. Even though the Democrats may not take the most effective method of getting rid of the water upon which Wall street depends, it seems to be the opinion that it would knock two or three stories off the tariff and let in a little healthy outside competition. This would play the mischief with stocks whose dividends depend upon the tariff, and it would at the same time have an educational effect upon the public. It should, among other things, teach them to take cognizance of all that affects the earning power of a company and avoid investing where the safety of the investment depends upon such an unstable thing as a tariff.

Economist

A block of Rogers stock sold at 200 last week, with 200 bid for more.

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Quarterly Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of Six per cent. per annum has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of the Home Bank of Canada for the three months ending the 30th day of November, 1910, and the same will be payable at the Head Office or any branches of the Home Bank on and after Thursday, the First of December next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th day of November, 1910, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
JAMES MASON,
General Manager.
Toronto, October 26th.

THE "ROYAL"

is this year yielding in cash more than \$4,000,000.00

among the Policyholders of the LIFE DEPARTMENT. The same rate of profit has been paid for the past 45 years.

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DECLARATION OF DIVIDEND

British Columbia Packers Association

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 3 1/2 per cent. has been declared for the period, May the 20th, 1910, to November the 20th, 1910, payable on 21st November, instant, upon all the preference stock of the British Columbia Packers' Association issued and outstanding the last mentioned date, and entitled to participate in such dividend, and that the books of the company will be closed from the 11th of November until the 20th November instant.

EMILIUS JARVIS,
Vice-President.

Toronto, November 1st, 1910

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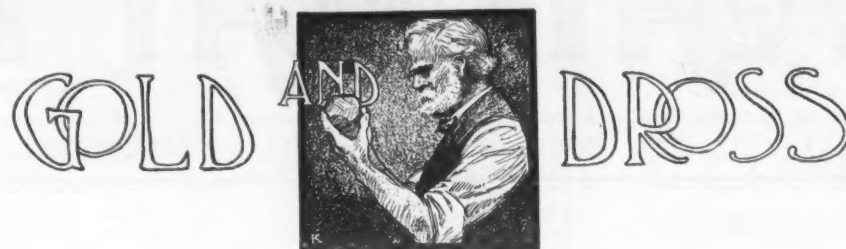
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The Premium on \$10,000 of Insurance at age 30 on the 5 Year Convertible Term Policy is only \$28.00 quarterly. Ask for particulars. Other plans equally favorable.

Central Canada Branch Office:
59 Victoria St., Toronto



Toronto, Oct. 24th, 1910.

Editor Gold and Dross:

I enclose you prospectus of Petroleum Development Co. Would you recommend the purchase of the preference stock? What are the indications for oil in Glenelg? Who is Mr. Marshall, F.R.G.S., and what do these letters stand for? I would also like to know the standing of the Imperial Loan Co. Their stock, I see, is being offered at 70 per cent. Would you advise me to purchase it at that price?

I would not buy Petroleum Oil shares or any other oil shares. I would think that, if there is so much good oil ready to spurt up in Glenelg township, Grey county, that the promoters would grab all the stock themselves. Think of it: they only want about \$70,000 to buy properties and start development, and yet they come to the public for the amount. F.R.G.S. stands for Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. You might be disappointed if you bought Imperial Loan shares.

On numerous occasions has SATURDAY NIGHT put on record its opinion that shareholders of the Canadian Autopress Company would not get a fair run for their money. Alluding to this same company, a San Francisco subscriber sends in a communication, of which the following is a part:

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 20th, 1910.

I was interested in reading in some of your recent issues a write-up of the Autopress outfit. All of the ideas of any value contained in this press were taken bodily from the Hoag Automatic Press Co., a San Francisco Company, which was organized some ten years ago for the purpose of manufacturing a printing press invented by J. W. Hoag of this city. These presses have been on the market for some time, and a Hoag press with automatic feed and delivery, reciprocal movement of bed and cylinder, was patented and in operation here in San Francisco long before the Autopress was thought of. The ideas upon which the Autopress are based were lifted originally by one Whitson, an ex-employee of the Hoag Press Company, and who organized the original Autopress Co. The Autopress people have endeavored to get around the Hoag patents, but in doing so have turned out a very inferior machine.

Very truly yours, C. P.

H. E. R., St. Catharines: It would appear to me as if you had paid a pretty fair price for a lot that isn't in Buffalo, but is much nearer Tonawanda and is property on which you may have to pay taxes for some years before you can make a profit on your buy. When you come to think it over, why should any land company go to work and buy up a parcel of land, and then re-sell a portion of it to you for any reason save to make their own profit? Pictures in real estate advertisement mean practically nothing. My opinion is that the land company has made its profit out of you already, and that you will have to play a waiting game to make yours. If real estate in Buffalo and vicinity doesn't improve a good deal over what it has been in the past your wait may be a long one.

J. McN., Meaford. Regarding the question as to whether it would be wise or not to continue paying assessments on shares of the Superior Copper Co., I might say that the secretary of the company writes me that there is \$2,000 in the treasury and that the company has no debts.

The stock pile, he says, contains about 5,000 tons of ore, and there appears to be 50,000 tons of ore blocked out. I am informed that one company offered to take metal from the Superior Copper Company this fall for five months, but owing to the low price of copper still prevailing, it was decided not to go ahead with the process of production. A statement will be sent to shareholders the latter part of next month, I am told. Send me in your statement after you receive it. The other stocks you name are, I believe, "fly-by-nights."

Avonmore, Ont., Nov. 4, 1910.

Editor Gold and Dross:

Do you regard Tretheway mining stock a good purchase at present price? Is the property considered good, and if so why have dividends not been better this year? What are the prospects for another year?

COBALT INVESTOR.

Some day, doubtless, Tretheway will peter out, and all I can say about the property at present is that it appears to be well run, and dividends are paid only when they are warranted. I should say generally that Tretheway ought to be sold next year than this, but I can't see into the earth, and I must refuse to be pinned down to a hard and fast statement when it comes to dealing with a silver mine.

Toronto, October 28, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

(1) Did SATURDAY NIGHT publicly or otherwise take back or make reparation for what it said re the "Canada-Cuba Land and Fruit Co." and its president-manager, etc., G. F. Davis. I understand the claim is made that SATURDAY NIGHT did so.

(2) If it is true, why does SATURDAY NIGHT refrain from giving him and his company the same publicity and treatment which it is giving the other men and concerns

it has exposed? Is it because he has money, and unlike most others, did not take refuge in flight but remained in our midst? If your paper reported rightly, they are surely all in the same boat and deserve the same treatment all round.

DAN.

To date SATURDAY NIGHT has not made any apology or printed any explanation following what we said about the Canada-Cuba Company, and for that matter our opinion of the company and the way it treated participants in its plan, has not altered. If you will take the trouble to look over back files of Toronto SATURDAY NIGHT you will see therein quite a few columns devoted to showing up the methods of this concern. If they are not available to you, you may look at them in this office.

Merriton, October 24, 1919.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Kindly let me know which life insurance company you would consider the best, and what kind of a policy would you recommend in the "paid up line of policies" for a young man 35 years of age in moderate circumstances.

Do you consider C.P.R. a good investment at present, also McKinley Darragh mine?

"Insurance"

The Mutual Reserve is a strong company; the Confederation Life appears to be in good shape, and there are many others. The policy that by common consent appears to be most in favor to-day is the twenty-payment life plan. This does not cost as much as the twenty-year endowment policy to carry, or rather, for the same money you can insure for a greater amount, and at the end of twenty years the cash value of the twenty-pay and the endowment proves to be about the same. I understand also that with a twenty-pay life policy that at the end of twenty years the policyholder may apply his principal towards the buying of a paid-up policy without undergoing then another medical examination, this not being so where the endowment policy is concerned. The cheapest insurance, of course, is that of straight life, where the cost of carrying each thousand dollars is cheaper than in endowment or any other plan. Any way you look at it, life insurance placed with a sound company is a real investment, and you are right to engage in it.

C. P. R. is a good investment, and the other is not.

A. S., Toronto, asks if stock of the Ideal Cylinder Snow Plough Company has any value as security in a business way.

From what little I know of the company, I would gather that it hasn't much. The company has manufactured one plough, which is not yet sold. Whether it is a very excellent plough or a very ordinary plough, I don't know, but I should say that with the position as it appears to be, this stock would be pretty slender security. A. G. Mackay of Owen Sound is the president. The company appears to be trying to sell stock in Detroit, Mich., and this appears to be a disposition to form a company for the United States.

Here's a heart breaker:

Odessa, Ont., Nov. 1910.

Editor Gold and Dross:

I wish to ask you if the Union Pacific Cobalt mines has any future or if it was one of the wild-cat mines that have been so common in Cobalt. I was induced to buy some shares in this mine when the price was 18c. I thought when I saw the names of the President, A. F. MacLaren, and of Ottawa men that there was no doubt the character of the mines was everything that was right. Now the shares are 1 1/2 cents a share. I had a circular sent me asking me to take several hundred shares at 12 1/2 cents a share, this from the secretary at Ottawa, and that there would be a dividend on these shares, but as the shares were selling at 1 1/2 cents I did not put any more money in it. Can you give me any information?

WIDOW.

In the very first place, madam, a widow with, as I would presume, a very limited income, has no right to be buying shares in either mines, mining prospects, mine mirages or wildcats. You may apply any one of the above names to Union Pacific except the first one, and hit it about right. The man that wrote trying to unload shares of this stuff on you at the rate of 12 cents a share when it was selling at a cent and a half a share, is not to my mind a respectable member of society, and I shall be glad to print his letter and his name if you will forward them to this office. No, there isn't one chance in a thousand for you with your Union Pacific stuff. The shares are as valuable as wrapping paper, no more.

R. F., Toronto, asks whether gentlemen behind the People's Ice Company that sold stock in and about Toronto some time since, on the strength of the alleged fact that they were preparing to start a new ice supply business, are the same ones that are busy in Hamilton now organizing another ice company.

I fear I cannot answer definitely just at present, as I do not know who are behind the Hamilton company. But it appears that the promoters of the Toronto concern put on their prospectus the fact that the company had engaged as auditors a certain firm in Toronto, said firm notifying me, however, that they never held this position. Perhaps some one can enlighten me as to what is being done in Hamilton, and who is doing it.



PUZZLE: FIND THE MAN WHO IS GOING TO INVEST IN ABOUT A MINUTE.

H. H. Pottle & Company, of No. 82 Wall Street, New York, has set the customers of the house agog by fitting up a special Pullman car to convey a personally-conducted party to California to take in the oil-well scenery. The whole cost of the junket to each member of the party is \$300, and the beauty of it is, one doesn't have to buy any shares in the Mephisto oil property, unless one wishes. Here is what H. H. Pottle & Co. says as to this:—"We want you to feel entirely free, that going with us does not obligate you to invest if you do not wish to do so, after reaching California. Therefore there will be no restrictions of any nature." Here is our idea of what chance the gay traveller would have in getting away from the Mephisto oil people without buying stock.

CAPITAL - - - - - \$4,000,000
RESERVE FUND - - - \$5,000,000
TOTAL ASSETS, \$61,000,000
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We offer for sale debentures bearing interest at FIVE per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly. These debentures offer an absolutely safe and profitable investment, as the purchasers have for security the entire assets of the company.

Capital and Surplus Assets, \$1,340,000.00
Total Assets, \$2,600,000.00

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\$ 817,908

CAPITAL PAID UP \$250,000
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£10,000

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Full information on request.

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HEAD OFFICE TORONTO 25 KING ST. EAST
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MONTREAL FINANCIAL WEALTHY CANADIAN WHO AIMS AT BECOMING A BRITISH M.P.

MONTREAL, Nov. 17, 1910. THE latest Canadian to switch over into British politics, judging by the cable reports at the end of last week, is Mr. W. M. Aitken. It is said that he has been offered the Unionist candidature in North Cumberland, in the British Parliament. The most of Canadians will not have the slightest idea of where this constituency is without looking up the map, or of what the significance may be, without having the matter explained. I have looked up the map and can save the reader that trouble, although I cannot give much information concerning the other particular.

Cumberland is at the very topmost corner of England, on the west side, and North Cumberland would doubtless lie right along the border of Scotland. But from other works of reference, it would appear that there is no such constituency as North Cumberland. The Hon. Geoffrey Howard, however, stands for Eskdale, and it would seem to be his seat which Mr. Aitken is to contest. Eskdale, apparently, is a town of 10,000 inhabitants, being one of the largest towns in that section. I cannot locate it on the map, but it must be close to the boundary between England and Scotland.

This Hon. Geoffrey Howard, whose scalp the aggressive Canadian aspires to have hanging at his belt, is a member of the Liberal party, now in power. He is the son of Earl Carlisle, and at the last elections he just managed to defeat Claude W. H. Lowther. Lowther is probably a relative of Lord Lonsdale, whose seat is Lowther Castle, Westmorland. The only occasion upon which the seat was carried by a Unionist since 1885, was in 1900, when the majority was 700. The majority in favor of the Liberals at the last election was but 34 in a total vote of 8,700.

I don't know whether you find these details interesting or not, but I am giving them so that you may the better assess Aitken's chances of success. Aitken, of course, is going to run on the Unionist ticket—that is, if he runs at all. I am assuming, of course, that the report that "there are good reasons for believing that he will accept the offer of the Unionist candidature" is correct. It is a cable to the Montreal Star, and both correspondent and paper probably have a more or less special dispensation to speak upon the matter.

Financial circles in Montreal, and probably throughout the entire country will follow the progress of this particular contest with no small degree of interest. "Max" Aitken appeared upon the financial horizon of Canada about three years ago and rushed to the zenith at a speed which had Halley's Comet stopped almost before it got well started. It required no telescopic observations to convince one that he was in the vicinity nor had one to wait till night time to locate him. He glowed all day long and dazed the other bodies in the financial constellations. Mineral particles in shape and appearance resembling twenty dollar gold pieces detached themselves in a shower from foreign suns and rushed Aitken wards. The separation gave out a discordant note, but the impact made music. In a few years' time the accretions were valued at not less than one million dollars. Attempts were made in various bodies of the milky-way to nail their mineral matter down, but it was no use. Aitken was on the job all the time, so that there wasn't even any advantage in getting alarm clocks to wake one up early in the mornings. He probably hadn't been in Montreal more than three to five years before he was reputed to be a millionaire. At that time he probably wasn't more than thirty years of age and to day isn't a great deal older.

Now, a man isn't entitled to any more consideration or admiration because he happens to have a little money. Happens is the word; It Always Happens Him. because it all depends upon whether it "happened" or Aitken brought it about. Happenings that take place but once or twice in a man's lifetime, may be regarded as accident; but happenings that are continually happening are entitled to another classification. It was a happening that he was concerned in the amalgamation of the Commercial Bank of Windsor and the Union Bank of Halifax. It was a happening that he was associated with the late John F. Stairs, of Halifax, in reorganizing the finances of the "Scotia" Co. It was another happening when he took a prominent part in



SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, Vice-President of the Canadian Bankers' Association at the annual meeting held in Toronto. Duncan Coulson, Geo. Burn, M. Stikeman and M. J. A. Prendergast are the vice-presidents.

the Montreal Trust and Deposit Co. and later organized the Royal Securities Corporation, which in a few years has jumped to a leading position among securities concerns in Canada. He also happened to bring about the amalgamation of the various cement companies of Canada into the Canada Cement Co. and he did the same thing in connection with a number of steel companies which came together under the title of the Steel Company of Canada. Besides these, were the Porto Rico Railway and the Western Canada Power Companies and other concerns and deals in which he took part. He was one of the syndicate which brought together the Dominion Iron and Steel and the Dominion Coal Companies, and at the present time he is in England in connection with the reorganization of Price Bros. timber limits, and the sale of £1,000,000 bonds. Finally he has been offered the constituency referred to above. You may call it accident if you like, but I think most business men would take their chances on contracting to pay a good fat salary to a man who had such a perfect genius for meeting accidents.

One cannot avoid a certain feeling of curiosity as to how Aitken will take with the Britisher. Here is this forcible, energetic individual, fresh from his victories on Canadian financial fields—fields which it may be unnecessary to add were not won under a banner with the polite inscription, "After you, Gaston." When Aitken and my lord meet on the hustings, what will the answer be? More interesting still, what will the tactics be? Will the fight be according to rules and precedents, or will Aitken adopt the frontier practice and get after the constituency with a section from the Canadian machine? Aitken is loaded to the rails with energy and fight and resource, and whatever the result, it may be taken for granted that the good people of Eskdale will have added something to their election lore and my lord to his interesting experiences before the votes are counted. It's a good, sporting offer W. M. Aitken has received, and the experience will be worth the effort.

Import Trade of Ireland Amounted in 1909 to \$311,198,829

Vice-Consul Knabenshue of Belfast in the Daily Consular Reports.

THE effort being made by the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction in Ireland to prepare a full and trustworthy annual review of the trade of Ireland, is gradually assuming a useful shape—useful because the review in question is being more nearly up-to-date the latest return, just laid within the jurisdiction of the House of Commons, covering the year 1909, being only eight months behind the year it reviews.

The value of the trade at Irish ports in 1909, was as follows: Imports, \$311,198,829, an increase of \$24,041,863 over 1908; exports, \$300,313,280, an increase of \$18,092,678.

The total value of raw materials imported in 1909 was estimated at \$45,845,953, and consisted mainly of coal, wood, flax and other materials for textile industries. There is also a large import of cotton, which is re-exported to Northern Europe. The exports of raw materials were estimated at \$22,328,932. Excluding the re-exports of raw cotton, these consist mainly of animal produce, such as hides, skins, wool, fats, &c., and, to a lesser extent, of seeds, timber and other vegetable produce.

The total imports of manufactures in 1909 is estimated at \$145,995,000 and the exports at \$107,063,000.

Statistics are given in the report for the purpose of bringing home to the Irish producers and exporters the extent of the existing market in Great Britain and the present strength in that market of the several competitors. These statistics show the very important position which Ireland continues to hold in the British market. Summarizing these valuable statistics, the report has the following paragraphs:—

"The value of the Irish export of all classes of live stock was twice as large as the value imported into the United Kingdom from all foreign and colonial countries.

"In the case of cattle, the number exported from Ireland to Great Britain was 838,583 in 1909, while the total import from foreign and colonial countries into the United Kingdom amounted to 320,330, of which number 205,449 came from the United States and 113,583 from Canada.

The Irish export of butter, \$17,641,602, to Great Britain was the second largest in quantity and value; the export from Denmark being first, \$49,868,552, and that from Russia third, \$14,599,986.

"The Irish export of eggs was second largest, amounting to \$13,933,864. Russia being the largest, amounting to \$14,526,340.

"The export of poultry from Ireland was much greater than that from any other country into the United Kingdom: Ireland, \$4,171,933; Russia, \$1,712,608; France, \$759,587, and the United States, \$727,794.

"As regards bacon and hams, the Irish export, \$16,870,730, was third on the list, the largest supplies coming from the United States, \$43,845,008; Denmark, \$28,238,576, and Canada, \$6,639,643.

"Apart from Denmark, it is noteworthy that the country which is and promises to be the most serious competitor with Ireland in the British market, as regards the important articles of butter, eggs and poultry, is Russia."

To liquidate the floating indebtedness of the smelters, Daniel Guggenheim, President of the American Smelters Company, announces that an issue will be made of \$15,000,000 fifteen-year six per cent. sinking fund bonds at part and that shareholders will be given the privilege of making subscriptions. The bonds are to be redeemed at 105 after four years. Improvements will also be made to the plant with a portion of the money received for subscriptions.

J. Lorne Campbell has been appointed manager at Toronto for the New York Stock Exchange house of Logan & Bryan.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce pays its dividend of two and a half per cent. on and after December 1.

Bank of Montreal

(Established 1817.)
INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.
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RESERVE FUND 12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS 568,311.08

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INCORPORATED 1869.

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RESERVE AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$5,928,000
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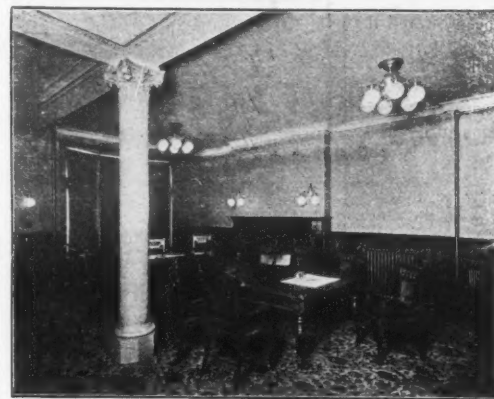
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TORONTO FINANCIAL

SOMETHING ABOUT THE GENERAL MANAGER OF TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT.

TORONTO, Nov. 18, 1910.
FOR the past several months stock of the Toronto Electric Light Company has been drooping its head in the market, much like a plant slowly drying up for want of water. Shares have been quoted at from 110 to 112 1/2 for quite a period past, and apparently no one wanted much of the stock at this figure—an eight per cent. stock tacked on to a company that has a million dollar surplus piled away for emergencies. But within the past six days there has been a marked change. Under some kind of stimulus, holders of Toronto Electric shares raised the ante, and on the first day of this week 123 was asked, and then a drop was made to the price of 120. This appreciation of the market value is taken to mean that



The Board Room of the Company.

Toronto will in the end buy out the company, so that when the municipal light and power plant is ready for business, it will not be hampered by competition from the other corporation.

Within the last two weeks Mr. H. H. Macrae, general manager of the Toronto Electric Light Company, has had the pleasure and privilege of shaking hands at the company's offices with Mr. H. L. Drayton, corporation counsel for the city, this coming together being followed by a number of conferences at which the merits and demerits of the situation were fully discussed. Here we have the legal mind of H. H. Macrae in juxtaposition with the legal mind of H. L. Drayton, and good hard business talk became the order of the day forthwith. No attempt is made to under rate the exceptional ability of H. H. Drayton when it is said that the general manager of the Toronto Electric Light Company immediately started in to attempt to educate the corporation counsel towards a point where Mr. Drayton might be able to perceive that if the stock of the Electric Light Co. is worth anything to the city, the price should be nearer \$150 per share than any other figure. No one at this writing knows how far these two gentlemen have proceeded to a mutual understanding, but after all, what mystery is there about the whole thing? What of sentiment is there? None at all. It's all good hard business, and on such a basis will the matter be taken up and settled. If Toronto pays \$150 per share for the company, or if the city shaves its offer down to \$100 per share, it won't be because of the wholesale and gratuitous advice handed out by bombastic and scientifically inept journalists on the one hand nor by bone-headed aldermen or citizens on the other. If Toronto wants the plant and conduits of the Light Company sufficiently to warrant a payment of \$150 per \$100 share, then the city will pay that. If they don't want the plant at any price they won't make any offer at all. If they offer \$130 and the shareholders refuse it, that would be tantamount to no offer at all having been made except that the decks would be cleared for a war of competition that would immediately affect the income of the Light Company, and would add to the troubles of the city plant. But what's the use of any one but a person who is first of all an electrical expert, and second, who is something of an economist, attempting to bludgeon either the city into making only a certain offer, or of attempting to force Light shareholders to stand for only a certain figure? It's all business, and on business lines will it be settled. There is in the agreement signed between the city and the Light Company a provision which says that in the event of the city's desiring to take over the company, that the price shall be settled by arbitration, and probably no one will be injured if in the end the agreement is acted on, and arbitration resorted to.

But we left H. H. Macrae and Mr. Drayton together, and as Mr. Macrae is the personality most prominent just now as advocate general of the interests of shareholders of the Electric Light Company, it may be well to tell something about him. He was born forty-seven years next month in Liverpool, and with his family reached Canada when he was about ten years of age. After a Model School course, H. H. went to Upper Canada, and the records show that he there took the Governor General's medal in the year 1878. After a turn at 'Varsity, and in logical pursuance of his idea of becoming a lawyer, he became a student at Osgoode Hall. It is quite astonishing to note the number of prominent people who have used the newspaper profession as a means of giving



The main business office.

them a lift up. Mr. Macrae furnishes another instance of this. While he studied law, he also reported law cases and wrote for several newspapers, managing thereby to knock out in the year quite a respectable sum of money. The law course was completed, and Mr. Macrae started to practice law in the year 1900, the firm being Smellie & Macrae. He was steered into matters lego-electrical, if there is such a term, when he was appointed counsel to financial interests preparing to develop power at Niagara Falls. He it was who obtained the charters for the Electrical Development Company and the Ontario & Niagara Power Company, and when the Secretary of the United States Navy was conducting an investigation into the power propaganda in order to pass the Burton Bill regulating the export of power from Canada to the United States, H. H. Macrae appeared before the Commission as representative of the interests behind him, and he played his part in solidifying friendly relations between the power companies on two sides of the line.

While employing his legal skill in these important matters, Mr. Macrae was at the same time delving into the mysteries of electrical science, so that by the year 1904 he was quite in a position to accept the post offered him as general manager of the Electrical Development Company and of the Toronto and Niagara Power Company. He must have given pretty good satisfaction there, because, when William Mackenzie took over the Electrical Development Company, Mr. Macrae was appointed general manager of the Toronto Electric Light Company in January of this year. In the case of the Electrical Development Company, Mr. Macrae was somewhat in the position of a soldier who has his horse shot under him, and perforce either retires from the engagement or secures another horse. The appointment of Mr. Macrae as general manager of the Toronto Electric Light Company was tantamount to immediately mounting him on a second steed for active service in another campaign. The interests behind the Electric Light Co. were at that time perfectly aware that the time was ripe for skirmishing with the city, and that the outcome would be either a protracted battle of competition, or a truce honorable and profitable to both sides agreed upon ere many skulls were cracked in actual warfare. As ambassador representing the interests of the shareholders of the Light Company, Mr. Macrae at the present time has an opportunity to show what he can do in the way of sizing up against two acknowledged experts, one a legal authority in the person



Head office, Toronto Electric Light Co., at No. 14 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

of Mr. Drayton and the other an electrical and engineering specialist in the form of Engineer Dow. Both these gentlemen have had a number of discussions with the general manager of the Toronto Electric Light Company, and I should imagine that in these conferences arguments were advanced that cut right to the bone, on both sides. It is no light task ahead of H. H. Macrae, to face this third degree process participated in by Mr. Drayton and Mr. Dow, and whatever the result, the probability is that all three will shake hands respectfully one with another when they come to the end of their negotiations and take leave.

Not a great deal of time will be spent negotiating, because the people are impatient to secure the Hydro-Electric power and light service, and public opinion most probably will not stand for any protracted delays. The people, on the whole, are not concerning themselves greatly over the question of whether the city takes over the Electric Light Company, or whether it does not. If too high a price is set on Toronto Electric shares, the city will refuse to pay up, and the municipal service will start business independent of the company now in the field. The real question that the experts have to settle is this: will it be cheaper for the city to take over the Light plant than to go ahead without it, and that is a matter that can be easily and quickly adjusted by competent people used to doing such things. The newspaper letter-writers will, when that stage is reached, find that their valuable services are not at all required.

Crow's Nest Pass Coal Makes Gains.
The following is a comparative statement of the tonnage of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, Limited, for the ten months, 1909 and 1910:—

	1910.	1909.
January	97,520	58,414
February	95,171	65,500
March	111,221	69,387
April	89,290	68,260
May	91,926	60,960
June	115,370	83,132
July	103,581	72,364
August	108,334	73,994
September	77,501	75,242
October	93,693	87,386
Total for 10 months	983,613	710,639

BANK HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of Two-and-one-half per cent. (being at the rate of Ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 30th November, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after 1st December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 28rd to 30th November, both inclusive.

By order of the Board.

J. TURNFILL,
General Manager.

Hamilton, 17th Oct., 1910.

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II. MONOPOLY PRICES AND THE TRUST PROBLEM

The Theory of Monopoly Prices—The Social Justice of Monopoly—Large and Small Industries and the Economy of Production.—The Anti-Trust Laws of the United States—Canadian Legislation.

By PROF. STEPHEN LEACOCK.

THE problem of monopoly prices stands prominent among the great industrial questions of the day. It is intimately connected with the expansion and consolidation of industry which constitutes the most notable feature of the economic organizations of our time; it carries with it the whole question of legislation in regard to trusts, and the wider problem of the future evolution of the States and the relation of Government to industry in general.

Let us look first at the strict economic laws of the formation of monopoly prices, after which we may consider the question of legislation and public control.

Price, as settled under a monopoly, forms practically no part of the discussions of the older economists. They were aware, of course, of such a phenomenon, but they looked upon a monopoly price rather as an economic oddity to be mentioned only to be dismissed, than as one of the standing features of industrial life. John Stuart Mill, for example, in the discussion of value, talks about the price of a musical box which may happen to be in the possession of a traveller "in the wilds of Lake Superior," a phrase which, before the advent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, might be roughly taken to mean any location between Duluth and the Rocky Mountains. Mill decides that in such a case the seller would be able to exact the utmost price which a buyer would care to give, and with that he dismisses the subject from further consideration.

But in our time monopoly prices are no longer oddities, but important and recurring phenomena.

We have, for example, the wide range of monopoly prices exemplified in such things as copy-rights, patents, etc. In all these cases the seller is at perfect liberty to set whatever price he may wish, and whatever price he considers most in accord with his own interests. Of even greater importance are the prices of the vast number of staple articles of manufacture in which, under modern conditions, one single corporation, or allied group of corporations, furnishes so large a portion of the total supply in the market in question as to be able virtually to regulate the price. In all these instances the economic law of price in relation to the cost of production, of which Mill and his fellow economists made so much, no longer applies. The cost of production has of course a very decided influence upon the price, but not the particular kind of influence contemplated by the orthodox political economists.

The law of monopoly price may be stated very simply. Let it be granted that the monopolist is in a position to ask whatever price he may like for his wares. The higher the price that he demands the greater will be the profit made upon each individual sale. On the other hand it is in the interests of the monopolist to make his sales as wide as possible in order that the total of profit that he receives shall be at the maximum. In deciding what the price is to be he is therefore drawn at the same time in contrary directions. He wishes the profit on each sale to be as great as possible but he also wishes the sales to be as wide as possible. The first of these considerations tells in favor of a high price; the second in favor of a low price.

Suppose, for example, that within a certain market a single person or corporation has the solid control of the sales of axes, he may if he likes charge \$10.00 for each axe sold, and we may imagine that it costs him \$1.00 for the material and manufacture of the axe. In this case there is therefore a profit of \$9.00 on every axe sold. But at the price which he is demanding there will be, let us say, only ten persons willing to buy axes and his total profit will amount to only \$90.00. Now it may well happen that in this same market if the seller is willing to reduce the price to \$5.00 he will sell ten, but one hundred and at the same cost per article, his profit on each being \$4.00, he will get a total remuneration of \$400.00. Evidently the decrease of price from \$10.00 to \$5.00 is in the interest of both buyer and seller.

How far can this cut in the price be carried? We can easily see that there will be, at some points in the descending scale of prices, a figure which we may describe as the Point of Maximum Profit. At this point the product represented by a multiplication of scales and individual profit will be at its maximum. Possibly the descent from one point of total profit to another will pass, not by regular and proportional gradations, but, as it were, in zigzags and jolts. Once a certain level is reached the sales may expand enormously.

The monopolist must fix his price by experimentation. In doing this he must make as best he can a forecast of the probable extent of demand at each point. He will have to take into account the elasticity of the demand and the likelihood of its expanding rapidly under the stimulus of a low price. The monopolist considers all these things and fixes the price where he thinks best. In this, of course, he can easily go astray. A copyright song may be offered for sale at 25c. each, which would have been far more profitable to the seller at a price of 10c; but we notice that in all these cases it is easier for the monopolist in his experimentation to move the price downward than to move it upward. An upward movement by offending public sentiment or general and rather vague notions of social justice, may lead to disturbances which the seller is anxious to avoid. Hence a monopolist will very often wonder whether a lower price would not be in his own interest, without venturing, however, to make an experiment in that direction.

Typical examples of the experimentation of monopoly prices are seen in the charges of a modern Post Office in the selling of stamps, or in the selling of car tickets by a street railway company.

Thus far we have regarded the cost of an article as a constant quantity. We have assumed, quite wrongly, that one hundred axes will be made at the cost of \$1.00 each and ten thousand axes at the same proportional expense. This, however, is not so. In manufacture there always applies what is called the law of increasing Returns. The more of a particular commodity that is produced the lower is the cost, under modern conditions of manufacture, of each article turned out. The reasons for this are evident. The larger the output, the more effective the use that may be made of machinery, the further may be carried the principle of the division of labor, and, in general terms, the more elaborate and at the same time the more economical the organization of the business involved. Expenses of advertising, etc., may be undertaken which would not be justified by a small range of production. Furthermore, as manufacture enlarges, the sale of by-products, insignificant and unremunerative in a small business, will assume considerable proportions.

Take, for instance, the slaughter of hogs by the great packing houses of America. In the rudimentary process of pig-killing as carried on in the country homestead, much of the animal is wasted and thrown aside and contributes nothing to the valuable part of the product. Under large scale manufacture absolutely nothing of the hog remains unsold, "except," as Mr. Armour phrased it once, "his dying breath." Even this, perhaps, may be utilized in some form later on with the further advance of invention. At the present time the incidental products of the packing houses of Chicago include soap, glue, glycerine, gelatine, pipe stems, chessmen, billiard balls and a variety of other things.

In proportion then as manufacture enlarges, cost decreases, and it thus becomes possible for a monopolist producer on a large scale to make a further reduction of the price, if it is in his own interest, with each decrease in the cost. Hence an economic principle of very great importance—the more the cost declines the lower it becomes possible to make the price; and the lower the price the wider become the sales, with a further possible reduction in the cost of manufacture. There is, of course, a limit to this principle. Cost, however it may diminish, can never vanish, and no matter how large the scale of manufacture nobody can well afford to make things for nothing.

We can see now the economic advantage enjoyed by the large concern over the small and with it the direct economic basis of what is commonly called the trust. In order, however, to reap all the advantages of its position the large concern must put itself more or less in the position of the monopolist seller. This it may do by eliminating its various competitors out of different parts of the field one by one. If we recall what we have said in a preceding article about the analysis of cost and the difference between bare or individual cost of the whole stock produced we shall see that the trust may so cut its prices on various parts of its business so as to eliminate sellers out of that particular part of the field. When the other sellers are eliminated the prices may be increased again and placed upon a purely monopolistic basis. This kind of competition is very far removed from the supposedly fair and free competition contemplated by earlier economists.

The unfair conflict of the great seller against the small has been frequently called "Predatory Competition," and it is one of the problems to which hitherto our legislative efforts have been in vain directed.

Within the last 25 years the laws of the United States and Canada have been trying in a tentative and unsuccessful fashion to control the possible evils of monopoly prices. There seems to be a presumption that the monopoly price, (at any rate in branches of staple industry), is a socially unjust price. This is only true in a limited sense, the monopolist may set a high price or a low one. He may even be able, by the width of his operations and by the lowness of his proportional costs, to make a price considerably lower than that which could be made by a number of competitive producers. But the price is, socially unjust in that, in and of itself, it is not based upon the interests of the consumers or made proportional to any customary or reasonable remuneration for the seller but corresponds only to the dictates of the sellers' interest.

How society can escape from price making of this kind is an unsolved problem. In the United States the first industrial combinations working towards monopoly were made in the form of what were technically called "Pools." These arrangements were seen first in railroad business and amounted to a simple division of territory or of business, or of profits, by means of which the rate of charges to the general public was fixed by several roads acting in common. Presently a similar machinery was applied to the industrial sphere under the name of "Trusts." The trust was originally an organization whereby the holders of stock in different companies surrendered the control of their holdings to a body of trustees who gave them certificates in return and were empowered to manage, practically as one enterprise, the whole business represented.

Pools and trusts in these cruder forms were easily prohibited by law. The law, however, could effect only the letter and not the spirit. Combinations far closer and more effective were made by consolidating railroad and industrial companies into single corporations. This process was carried so far that in various lines of industry almost the whole of national production fell under one corporate control.

Of the Trust Legislation of the United States the most important example is the Federal Statute of 1890. This undertakes to penalize by fine or imprisonment any attempt to monopolize interstate and territorial trade, the only form of international commerce to which the jurisdiction of the Federal Government applies. The statute was supplemented by an act of 1894 forbidding combinations in foreign trade. In addition to the Federal Laws a great number of States, in particular those of the Middle West, have endeavored to curb the monopoly price making of the great concerns, either by statute or by constitutional provision. Fifteen state constitutions prohibit monopoly sales, and in addition to this, 25 states have statutes directed against trusts and monopolies. Many of these provisions are, in the letter, of the most drastic character. The Montana Law imposes a fine of \$10.00 for every offence together with five years in the State prison. Arkansas imposes ten years in prison and a fine of \$2,000.00; Missouri makes it a felony to deal in the wares of a trust, while the Texas anti-trust law of 1899 denies to monopoly sellers the legal rights for the collection of debts and the enforcement of contracts.

Up till the present time, however, the Anti-Trust Laws of the United States have proved largely inoperative. Jurisdiction is divided between the State and Federal Governments in such a way that many of the provisions of the statutes are declared unconstitutional by the companies. Even where the law is plain it becomes a matter of extraordinary difficulty to prove satisfactorily the fact of combination and monopoly control. Moreover the process of incorporation is a thing which has hitherto rested with the States and not with the National Government. Some States therefore, such as New Jersey and Delaware, have adopted incorporation laws of very great latitude. Such states have become the home of the trusts, attracted by the low fees of incorporation and the easy terms of the inspection and control. With these states as their home the corporations are enabled to do business throughout the Union. In Canada we have an Act of 1889 in prohibition of combinations in restraint of trade. Our

An Old French Manoir—The Home of a Canadian Financier



Picturesque Manoir House of Beauharnois, Que., the summer residence of E. A. Robert, President of the Canadian Power Company, Montreal. This ancient Manoir House was built over a century ago, and it figured romantically in the events of the War of 1838. E. A. Robert headed the Canadian Power interests, successful recently in acquiring control of the Montreal Street Railway, and Mr. Robert was elected President of the Street Railway Company.

THE old Seigniorial houses, relics of a bygone epoch of Canadian history, are now the country homes of men prominent in the social or commercial life of the Dominion.

The Manoir House of Beauharnois, Que., is the country residence of Mr. E. A. Robert, vice-president of the "Canadian Power Company" and newly-elected president of the Montreal Street Railway. Mr. Robert is well known in the commercial world as the head of the "Robert Syndicate" that won out in the great legal fight between that organization and the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co., and that once again has carried the day in the struggle for supremacy in street railway affairs.

Although Mr. Robert is the type of man who is indefatigable in his attention to business interests, yet no one enjoys more than he does the delights of country life. The rural acres of his manorial abode are his hobby, and he shows as keen a relish for the pursuits of the poultry-fancier and the floriculturist as he does for facing the thunder of commercial enterprise. Mr. Robert has shown his zest for competition in matters other than commerce. It has frequently been stated that the celebrated melons of Montreal cannot be grown off the island. Every summer for the last few years the Manoir House garden has produced a patch of melons, many of which weigh from sixteen to twenty pounds, and which have all the flavor and lusciousness of the renowned canteloups of Montreal.

The Seigniorial House of Beauharnois boasts the distinction of being one of the remaining five in Canada that are not yet redeemed and that still pays its tolls as under the old regime of Seigniorial tenure. The Seigniorial was ceded by the French King, Louis XV., to Charles Marquis de Beauharnois, April 12th, 1729. On January 14,



E. A. Robert, of Montreal.

1750, the King signed a new deed ceding the Seigniorial to Lieutenant de Vaisseau, Marquis de Beauharnois. In 1763, the latter transferred his rights to the Marquis de Lobiniere for \$8,000; and he in turn sold it, in 1795, to Alexander Ellice, a member of a large commercial house in London, England, for 36,000 Spanish dollars. The extent of the Seigniorial was then eighteen miles

Customs Act of 1907 contains a clause which allows the executive government to admit free of duty, or at a reduced duty, any article in connection with which they have satisfactory evidence of a conspiracy combination or agreement by the manufacturers to promote unduly their advantage at the expense of the public. The Executive is also empowered to conduct an enquiry into the condition of any industry where such monopoly combination is alleged to exist.

An Act of the Canadian Parliament of 1910 penalizes all forms of monopoly in either trade or transportation, which have the effect of unduly enhancing the price to the consumer. The Act also makes provision for the investigation of alleged cases of monopoly by a special commission.

(Prof. Leacock's next article deals with "The Theory of Railway Rates.")

square, and it was divided into sections bearing the Christian names of Mr. Ellice's children, viz.: Catherinetown, Helenstown, Marytown, Ormstown, North and South Georgestown, Jamestown, Williamstown, and Russelltown. The Seigniorial itself was called Annsfield after Mrs. Ellice; and the chef-lieu bore the name of Anns-town, now the town of Beauharnois.

The present Manoir House was built over a century ago; and figured in the events of the war of 1838. Edward Ellice, a young descendant of the first English



Another View of Manoir Robert.

Seigneur being taken prisoner in the cellar whither he had fled for safety.

It is fitting that the Seigniorial should have fallen into the hands of Mr. Robert, who is himself a native of Beauharnois. He has the town's interests at heart, and has done much for its advancement, not only by preserving and beautifying its traditional territory, but by promoting its industrial welfare.

J. S.

Big Mill to Make Paper in Canada.

A REORGANIZATION is under way by which the Spanish River Pulp & Paper Company is to go into the business of making paper and shipping it over the border into Wisconsin and other Northern States, such business being prospectively profitable owing to the depletion of United States forests and the advantage given in the recent tariff revision to paper manufactured in Canada.

Since 1906 this company has operated a pulp mill capable of turning out 150 tons of pulp per day. The intention now, however, is to build a paper and sulphide mill with a capacity of 200 tons of paper per day, this product to be shipped to the United States, replacing the pulp sent formerly across the line. The Dominion Bond Company of Toronto, L. M. Wood, manager, has charge of the reorganization, which will involve also the placing of an issue of \$1,300,000 of bonds. The mill to be erected on the Spanish River is to cost some \$800,000 and the engineers who are designing it are Messrs. Joseph H. Wallace & Co., Temple Court Bldg., New York City. The timber limits held under lease from the Ontario Government by the company comprise 6,000 square miles estimated to contain 13,000,000 cords of pulp timber. One of the company's assets is a water power capable of generating about 25,000 h.p.

A Lucky Chance.

Hamilton, Montana, Oct. 31, 1910.

Editor Toronto Saturday Night.

Dear Sir,—Your weekly is a great favorite in this city, which is the capital and centre of the well-known Bitter Root Valley, the greatest apple section in the world, home of the McIntosh Red.

It has saved the people of this town over \$10,000, and I will tell you how it has done so. Some time ago an agent for real estate, by name Fitzpatrick, came in here and got together about two hundred men to subscribe for lots in Fort George, as he was representing the Natural Resources Company. He got from \$10 to \$200 as deposit from each man, and he was to come back with a special train and take them to the ground where they could look it over. Your paper just then had something in it about their methods, and I showed it to some whom he caught with the bait of the location being alongside the G.T.P. depot. Of course, the article quered him. He came to me and tried to bribe me not to mention anything I saw in your Saturday Night, as he found out I took it. As there was not anything doing in that line he shipped out and has not returned. I understand the man who put up the \$200 swore a warrant out for him, but his whereabouts are not known. Several were caught for \$10 and \$20. But he certainly would have got an enormous sum but for the fact I had remembered the name "Natural Resources" when an old agent happened to mention to me in my office one day that he had paid \$10 down on a land deal in Western Canada and expected to make a fortune out of it. Enlarging on the subject, he presently mentioned what place and company. I picked up one of your issues I had in the office and showed him where you had investigated the company and where you had a letter from Mr. Hays. He took the paper and showed it to all of the probable land buyers.

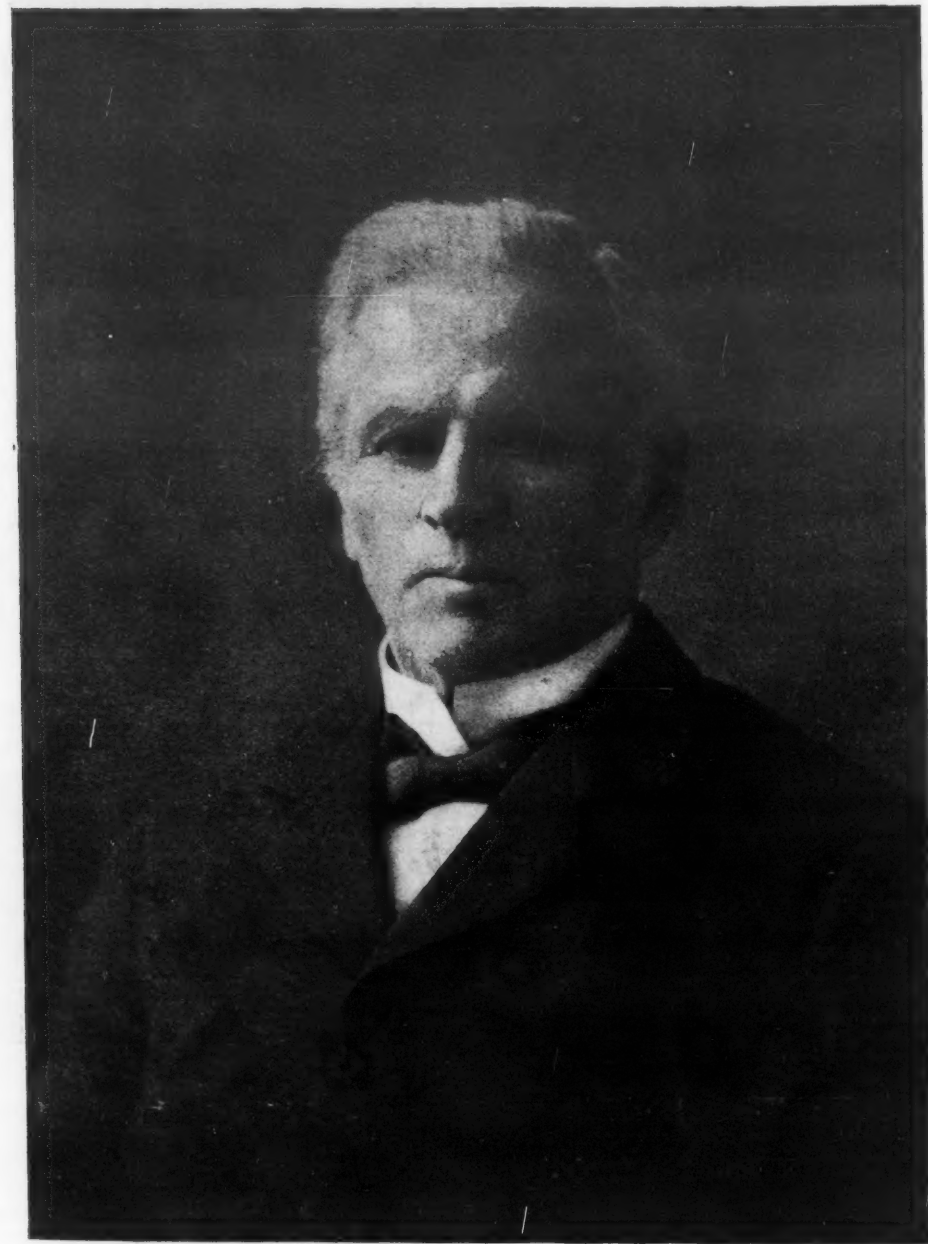
Under these circumstances, it amuses me to read in your last issue that the Natural Resources Company are trying to restrain you from publishing the truth about them. You ought to have a jury of these prospective investors whom he nearly victimized out of thousands of dollars, and I am confident would have done so except for the lucky chance of that one conversation having taken place, as I have mentioned above. There is no doubt that Western Canada is a great favorite with our people here, and much money has gone into different propositions there, and we are very prosperous the last four years, so they know this, and sent an agent where the picking was good.

Yours very truly, H. B.

MILLIONAIRE MEN OF OTTAWA

By DONALD I. McLEOD

A series of graphic sketches describing how leading citizens of CANADA'S CAPITAL have carved out careers of more than ordinary SUCCESS.



SIR HENRY NEWELL BATE.

JUST across the Rideau Canal mouth from the stately-pillared Grand Trunk station, about 20 seconds' walk down into the "canal basin" from the Ottawa post-office, there squats a low, one-story structure, with thick bars on the windows, and a hard, jail-like look about the whole thing. It is a Bastille upon the banks of the Seine, the Rideau Canal being, or doing its best to be, the Seine.

This queer-looking building spreads itself over quite an area of ground, and this makes it look all the more cheerless and severe. The stone walls are just a little thinner than the Great Chinese Wall. The barred windows are not big enough to light the whole place, and rows of shaded lights, suspended from the ceiling—which is at the same time the roof—burn dimly and mournfully amid the semi-darkness within.

In one corner of this dismal, thick-walled chamber, partitioned off from the prison-house proper by glass panels, there are three roll-top desks and a stenographer's folding desk. At one of the roll-top desks, which fits right into the corner, there lives and moves and has his being one of the wealthiest and most astute wholesale grocers in all Canada—Sir Henry Newell Bate.

The stone building, then, is not a jail. It is the office, or counting-house, of the wholesale grocery firm, H. N. Bate and Sons, Limited. Beneath the shaded lights are desks, on which the counting-house staff "counts."

Some of the staff have been at work in that stone structure for a long time. In his essay on the South Sea House, Charles Lamb describes, with a nicety of precision, a clerk who had worked there at the time of the Great Bubble. This clerk must be getting pretty old and worn-out by this time; I saw him down in the Bate office the other day.

Sir Henry is hoary with age now, but he still spends about eight hours a day at that roll-top desk in the corner. He still manages and directs all the big things in connection with the business.

'Twas 82 years ago, in Truro, England, that Sir Henry, who was then not even Henry, much less Sir, came into the world. When he was a little fellow five years old he crossed the Atlantic with his parents, and wasn't sea-sick during the whole fortnight of the voyage.

The Bate family settled in St. Catharines, and there little Henry used to trot off to school every day to learn the three R's and other things that were destined to come in useful to him in the amassing of millions.

When he was 20 years of age he determined to see something of the world, and made a good start by coming straight to Ottawa, or rather old By-town.

The shrewd strippling sized up the little town as a place that would ultimately become a city flowing with milk and honey, for those who had made their entry on the ground floor.

Accordingly he came back to Ottawa six years later, he and his brother, and together they started up a humble little retail grocery store.

The little business began to grow and grow, and then grew some more. It finally became a wholesale business; it has been growing ever since. In the fullness of time

C. T. Bate, the brother, passed away, and the business was continued under H. N. Bate's name.

As may have been surmised from the few words about his Bastille office, Sir Henry is more or less of an eccentric.

If you look up the 'phone directory for the names of his middle-aged sons—all of whom are a long, long distance from the poor-house—you will see that they are ranked as "accountants" in the Bate office. If you pass the main one of Sir Henry's trio of retail grocery stores in Ottawa, you will see the windows adorned, not with cans of salmon or boxes of prunes, but with costly original oil paintings and small bronze statues and busts, which are changed with unfailing regularity by the window-dresser. Occasionally one window is "dressed" with one lone bunch of grapes, lying in the very centre of a great vacant area, a bunch about the size of the bunches the Israelites' spies brought back from the land of Canaan. Within this most remarkable of all grocery stores there are more original oil colors—thousands of dollars' worth more—hanging on the walls, more bronze statues perching with outstretched arms, here, there and everywhere.

The people of Ottawa are so accustomed to these things that they don't notice them, but outsiders do.

Sir Henry's success as a wholesale grocer has been due mainly to two things, his careful buying and his heaven-sent gift of saving. One would have to search this country long and thoroughly to find a better wholesale grocery buyer than Sir Henry Bate. And as for saving—they say that he's a pretty good hand at that yet. His early saving gave him a good bank account; this bank account enabled him to do a lot of cash buying, and, by a sort of reflex action, this cash buying made the bank account still bigger.

Every little while, when the bank-book would show a nice, snug surplus over the needs of business, he would withdraw it and put it into a little piece of Ottawa real estate. And the next surplus would be used to put up a house on this lot.

This went on and on, until to-day Sir Henry himself could hardly tell you off-hand how many houses he owns. And they're not the small, cheap class of houses, either.

"Sir Henry Bate owns a pretty good piece of Sandy Hill," said a friend of his to me the other day.

"Sandy Hill" is the holy ground whereon the capital's aristocracy dwells. There really isn't much of a hill—everybody speaks of living "down" on Sandy Hill—nor is one able to discern any sand there, but the name sounds well.

The price of property on Sandy Hill is away up in the clouds, and the rental of a good house in that district is anywhere from \$50 to \$150 a month. So Sir Henry must have a lot of the oblong green stuff coming in every month.

He and a couple of other big men made a tremendous haul not so long ago from a block of land on Sandy Hill which they bought for a song in the early days, and

which is now the most exclusively patrician part of patrician Sandy Hill.

Five men chanced to be having a chat in the corridor of one of the Government buildings the other day. The conversation veered around to the Ottawa Improvement Commission and to Sir Henry Bate. It developed that two of the five were tenants of Sir Henry's.

This doesn't mean that two-fifths of the people of Ottawa are Bate tenants, but it does mean that Sir Henry would never be barred from running for an aldermanic chair through lack of the property qualification. He still confines his real estate investments to Ottawa, the Grand Trunk Pacific townships he leaves for other people.

Sir Henry Bate, then, has been, firstly, a successful wholesale grocer, and secondly, a successful realty investor. Through these channels and through these channels alone, has he become a millionaire.

In some quarters there's always a disposition to think that, because a man is a great Liberal—as Sir Henry is—and has money, he must have made that money, in some weird and mystic way, out of the Government. But Sir Henry Bate was a millionaire before 1896, and, so far as I am aware, his wagons haven't delivered any groceries at the House of Commons since that time.

There are a whole lot of advantages in being a millionaire. You can have your own coach and pair, as Sir Henry has. You can cut aloof from your desk and take a trip around the world occasionally, as Sir Henry does. And, lastly, but by no means least, you can have your own church wherever you want it, as Sir Henry has.

There was never an Anglican church in the Sandy Hill section until Sir Henry took it into his head to build one.

"I guess the only way to get one here is for me to put one up," he figured out to himself. And then, in his decisive, steel-trap way, he put it up. The site was one of his lots on Laurier Ave., directly opposite Sir Wilfrid Laurier's residence.

Here now stands "All Saints' Church," or "All Bate's Church," as some wags call it. Sir Henry sits up near the front and listens to good sermons, to the finest tenor soloists in the city, and to one of the finest choirs—if not, indeed, the finest—in the city. The other Bate families, Sir Henry's children and grand-children, are all there, too, and many other Anglican aristocrats of Sandy Hill.

The commonly accepted version of the building of this church is that Sir Henry subscribed one-half the total cost, and took a mortgage for the other half. And now, by his contributions week by week, he's paying off the mortgage.

Sir Henry Bate has always shunned public life, although often urged to allow his name to go before the electors.

Had he consented, it is doubtful whether he would have been elected. He is of a dispassionate, cold steel, Stoical, "business" temperament, which renders him unable to enthuse or to become enthused, and which does not make for popularity among the people.

I have heard Sir Henry wax enthusiastic only once, and the thing he was waxing enthusiastic about wasn't anything on this side of the world. It was on his return, last spring, from a trip around the world, and he was describing to me the beauty of the gardens of the Japanese Emperor, who had entertained him in Tokio.

Although he has never entered public life proper, he accepted a quasi-public post 11 years ago, when he yielded to the request of his intimate friend, Sir Wilfrid, that he take the chairmanship of the Ottawa Improvement Commission.

Since that time Sir Henry has constructed, at a cost of one million dollars, that great triumph of Canada's urban beauty—the Government driveway. It was in recognition of this work that he was knighted a few months ago.

The annual report of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company showed that the net gain of the company in the fiscal year ending September 30, from all sources, was \$2,763,800, an increase over the gain of the preceding year of \$121,400. President Philip T. Dodge, in the report, says that during the year the demand for the linotype in its various forms continued in both the large and small newspaper offices, and steadily increased in book offices and offices devoted to miscellaneous and job printing. During the year 586 offices introduced their first machines. President Dodge goes on to say:

The business of the German company was in all respects satisfactory, and its gain somewhat in excess of that of the previous year. The business of the British company, Linotype and Machinery, Limited, and its net gain exceeded those of the previous year, but owing to the generally bad business conditions and other causes, normal conditions have not been restored. The year's business in Canada compared favorably with that of former years. Owing, however, to the decreasing demand for machines of domestic manufacture on the part of Dominion printers, it was found necessary to diminish manufacturing operations at Montreal; and in time it may be found advisable to discontinue them and concentrate the manufacturing in the Brooklyn shop.

The Louisville — Nashville Railroad Co.'s report for the fiscal year ended June 30, shows a balance available for dividends of \$10,413,265, equal to 17.35 per cent. on the \$60,000,000 outstanding capital stock.

Returns on the United States foreign commerce for the month of September show an excess of merchandise exports over imports amounting to \$51,587,000. This is the largest of any month since 1909 and the largest of any September since 1900.

According to the report issued by the Coal Mines branch of Alberta, the 1909 output of coal was 2,174,329 tons, which is an increase of 17.85 per cent. over that of the year before. The prevalence of strikes in the coal regions prevented even a larger production. Alberta's output is three times what it was in the year 1905. Last year there was taken out 763,673 tons of lignite, 1,107,300 tons of bituminous and 213,257 tons of anthracite coal.



NEW ONTARIO CLUB QUARTERS.

Members of this Club met Friday evening to ratify the purchase of the Standard Bank building at Wellington and Jordan streets, Toronto, bought for new club quarters. The erection of the Bank of Toronto's new head office at King and Bay streets means the demolition of the present club quarters on Bay street, formerly the home of the National Club.

The C.P.R. has a project to close up the Rideau Canal for a distance of about half a mile, to gain access to the centre of the city. Sir Henry has expressed himself as being bitterly opposed to this scheme, as the driveway skirts this section of the canal.

If the scheme goes through, however, a big station will go up on the site of the Bate wholesale grocery office.

I suppose the C.P.R. figured out that this would be a good site for two reasons—firstly, it is near the centre of the city; and, secondly, the squatty Bate office building, just as it is, will make a first-class stone foundation for the new station.

(Next week the subject of this series will be Warren Y. Soper.)

—\$—\$—

\$10,000,000 Revenue Increase.

FOR the first seven months of the fiscal year the total revenue of the Dominion of Canada shows an increase of some ten million dollars according to the statement made by the Finance Department on October 31, 1910. The total revenue for the seven months amounted to \$65,814,386 which compared with the same seven months of last year is an increase of \$9,906,800. The October revenue shows a gain of \$1,112,426 over October 1909.

The expenditure on consolidated fund account for the seven months totalled \$41,208,109, an increase of about four millions as compared with last year. Expenditure on capital account for the seven months totalled \$15,978,415, which is \$1,217,669 less than the capital expenditure for the corresponding period of the last fiscal year.

The total debt of the Dominion at the last of the month was \$328,299,977, a decrease of \$11,477 during the month.

—\$—\$—

Purchases of real estate in the Northern residential section of Toronto leads to the report that the Canadian Northern Railway is the buyer, and that the railway intends to parallel the line of the C.P.R. as far as Leaside Junction. The report is that the railway are planning for a union station in the northern end of the city.

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The Stock Markets and Reciprocity

By H. M. P. ECKARDT

IN the record of transactions on the Toronto and Montreal stock exchanges one searches in vain for traces of nervousness or alarm over the reciprocity negotiations just begun at Ottawa. Judging from the matter now being published by a large number of newspapers, reciprocity with the United States is something carrying with it the gravest dangers for the Dominion. It will mean the political absorption of Canada into the United States; it will stop the Americans from building branch plants in Canada; it will be the ruin of Nova Scotia coal mining; it will destroy many other promising industries, and so on. These advisers call on the Dominion Government to avoid reciprocity as if it were the plague. They are even opposed, some of them, to a free exchange of natural products.

However, the action of the Dominion Coal executive in issuing the recent circular indicates that these well-informed business men believe that there is a possibility of an arrangement being arrived at which will include the free admission of bituminous coal into both countries. And there are other signs that Messrs. Fielding and Patterson are in earnest in undertaking the task of improving the trade relations between Canada and her big neighbor. It would be utterly ridiculous to suppose that the great mass of the people of Canada view with alarm the prospect of a comprehensive reciprocity arrangement. For the mass of the voters, such an arrangement would mean a reduction of the cost of living. They understand this clearly, no matter what the high protectionist newspapers may say. And in these days of high costs that consideration has a very large importance.

It is quite clear that events in the great world are moving towards a general lowering of tariff walls. Some one remarked that the tariff reform leaders in England had received a tremendous blow when they got the news of those packed Western mass meetings that demanded of Prime Minister Laurier that he reduce the custom duties. Now it can perhaps be said that the result of the United States elections has finally extinguished the prospect of Great Britain instituting protection. The British manufacturers are now eagerly looking forward to a most profitable trade with the State when the latter shall have let down the barriers to international trade.

Everybody knows that it was rebellion against the high cost of living and recognition that the tariff was one important cause of the high prices, that overthrew the Republican party. Well, living is not so cheap in Canada as it used to be; and Canadians know sure enough that if they were allowed to purchase freely in other countries they could effect a substantial saving in household bills and current expenses. It is safe to say that a good many of the voters would willingly accept a reduction of their yearly expenses, even if it did involve the downfall of some Canadian industries that cannot stand unless they are shielded from all outside competition. We may be sure that Mr. Fielding knows that the mass of Canadian voters wish to see their expenses reduced; and, even if the present attempt at negotiating a treaty comes to naught, it is reasonably certain that a drastic lowering of the United States tariff by the Democrats would have a strong tendency to produce substantial reductions in our tariff also.

Therefore it appears likely that industries of all kinds in Canada and in the United States will, within a short time, be obliged to meet a larger measure of outside competition. In other words, they will have to stand on their own feet. Instead of earning their profits, as some do now, through charging the high prices permitted by the tariff, they will have to earn them through giving more attention to reducing their working costs, keeping down their capitalizations, and keeping their plants and equipments thoroughly modern and up-to-date.

If this tendency towards lower customs duties in North America develops as I have suggested, sooner or later there will be a great searching through the list of securities traded on the Montreal and Toronto markets. Investors will ask themselves which of those securities represent concerns depending upon tariff favors for their dividends and profits. Obviously if the favors are to be withdrawn in whole or in part, those securities would be undesirable as investments. Indeed, the more far sighted investors in the States as well as in Canada have, for some years, been following a policy of avoiding securities that depended upon government favors for their profits. They have insisted, in buying stocks, that they be of companies able to prosecute a prosperous existence without adventitious support. Those who have followed this policy need have little fear regarding the fluctuations of stock prices resulting from tariff reductions.

It is to be remembered that the stock markets do not commonly become excited over changes of this nature until they appear to be immediately in prospect. For example, Wall Street will perhaps have plenty of time to consider the matter before it has to face the actual coming to pass of drastic reduction of the United States tariff.

Canada at the Grave of Wolfe

(Continued from page 5.)

the "Elegy," enforced by a page from the register of St. Alfege!

"Let not ambition mock their native toil,
Their humble joys and destiny obscure
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Alike achieve the inevitable hour
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The words of Parkman and the Abbé Casgrain tell us little or nothing of the ceremonies which took place on the arrival of the remains of General Wolfe in England. A pretty full record is contained in the Annual Register for 1739, Vol. 2, commencing at page 282. The story is reproduced in W. A. Russell's History of England, 1783:—

"1750. 'The remains of that gallant hero General Wolfe were deposited in the country for the defence of which he had lost his life. On Sunday, Nov. 17th, at seven o'clock in the morning, H.M.S., Royal William, (in which his corpse was brought from Quebec to Portsmouth) fired two signal guns for the removal of his remains. At eight o'clock the body was lowered out of the ship into a twelve-oared barge, towed by two twelve-oared barges, and attended by twelve others to the bottom

of the point in a train of silent, gloomy pomp, suitable to the melancholy occasion.

"Minute-guns were fired from the ships at Spithead from the time of the body leaving the ship to its being landed at Portsmouth, which was one hour. The regiment of invalids was ordered under arms before eight, and being joined by a company of the train at Portsmouth, marched from the parade there to the bottom of the point, to receive the remains. At nine the body was landed and put into a hearse, attended by a mourning coach (both sent from London), and proceeded through the garrison. The colours of the fort were struck half-flag-staff; the bells were muffled, and rung in solemn concert with the march; minute guns were fired on the platform, from the entrance of the corpse to the close of the procession; the company of the train led the van with their arms reversed; the corpse followed, and the invalid regiments followed the hearse, their arms reversed. They conducted the body to the Landport gates, where the train opened to the right and left, and the hearse proceeded through them on the way to London. Many thousands of people assembled on this occasion, nothing was to be heard but murmuring broken accents in praise of the dead hero. On the 20th, at night, his remains were deposited in the burial place belonging to his family at Greenwich."

On the day following the burial at Greenwich, the House of Commons decided to erect a suitable monument at Westminster Abbey. This is the monument referred to by the Abbé Casgrain in the opening extract. It was executed by Wilton in marble, and represents the dying hero sinking into the arms of a grenadier. His right hand presses his mortal wound. The grenadier is pointing out the Goddess of Fame hovering overhead. In the background is a mourning Highlander. The descriptive part of the design is, in the main, in accordance with the story as generally accepted.

Parkman portrays the feeling of jubilation which swept over England on hearing the news of Wolfe's great victory. England blazed with bonfires. In one spot alone, he adds, all was dark and silent; for here a widowed mother mourned for a loving and devoted son, and the people forbore to profane her grief with the clamour of their rejoicings. The place referred to was Blackheath, which just adjoins Greenwich Road. It was from Blackheath, while preparing to sail to America, that Wolfe wrote these words to his mother: "All I hope is that I may be ready at all times to meet that fate which no one can avoid, and to die with grace and honour when my hour has come, whether it be soon or late."

In an address to the Canadian Club of Winnipeg, in 1906 I could not refrain from saying:—"In contemplating the grave of Wolfe at the old parish church of St. Alfege, in Greenwich, one cannot but recall his marvellous bravery and the brilliant generalship that planned the attack at the Anse du Foulon, which led to the capture of Quebec, and the cession of this continent to the Anglo-Saxon race. The first impulse is to look around for some great monument, some vast mausoleum, or in default of that some memorial window, brass or mural tablet,—some indication of the love and sympathy, or at least some sign of gratitude on the part of the Canadian people. But there is nothing. The dark and mysterious crypt is there, as is the iron grating, which is pointed to as indicating the exact position of the tomb. These are cold and forbidding enough. But that is all. Canada has done nothing. Had it not been for the efforts of a private person—Mr. Frederick Fountain, a church warden—by whom a beautiful memorial window was placed in the church in 1896, nearly a century and a half after the fall of Quebec, there would be nothing at St. Alfege to indicate that to Wolfe the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent almost owes its existence. Do not the people of Canada owe it to themselves, as well as to the memory of the great Wolfe, to take some action which will fittingly express their appreciation of the achievement of the illustrious hero to whom this country owes so much?"

Since then much has occurred to awaken British and Canadian interest in General Wolfe. It was felt that the ceremonial of the Champlain Tercentenary should find some echo at Wolfe's grave. On the 20th of November, 1908, a mural tablet with a medallion of General Wolfe, crowned with the words of his favorite Elegy, "A heart once pregnant with celestial fire," was unveiled over the spot beneath which he lies buried, and a plate was placed in the floor immediately over the burial vault. The tablet was paid for by public subscriptions taken up in the church at the unveiling service and from the officers of the army. At Bath a tablet has been placed by the mayor and corporation on the house once occupied by Wolfe; and at Westerham a memorial window has been erected by public subscription in the parish church. The subject is "The Nativity," treated according to the designs of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart. A bronze statue will be unveiled at Westerham next January, in the vicinity of the house where General Wolfe was born, and at Quebec House, where he spent a portion of his life. On the stained glass window at Greenwich is a representation of St. George and the dragon surrounded by an enumeration of some of the engagements in which General Wolfe became famous—Dettingen, Fontenoy, Falkirk, Culloden, Maestricht, Rochefort—and underneath is the famous line from Grey's Elegy, recited by Wolfe the night before the battle on the Plains of Abraham, "The paths of Glory lead but to the Grave," and the hero's last words, "I thank God and die contented." There is no tablet or memorial of any kind at Macartney House, Blackheath, where he bade good-bye to his mother on leaving for America.

Great Britain has become thoroughly aroused to the necessity of actively perpetuating the memory and achievements of General Wolfe, but much remains to be done in which Canada should have a share, and I beg once more to press the suggestion which I have urged since 1906 that this country, which owes its existence to General Wolfe, should seek out the place of honour, at the graveside itself, and there erect a monument worthy of this country, and of its first and greatest hero.

Who Got the Steel Bounties.

The following were the concerns participating in the bounties paid by the Dominion Government on iron and steel during the fiscal year ended March 31st last.

Algoma Steel Co.	\$318,814
Dominion Iron and Steel	1,029,503
Nova Scotia Steel	97,345
Hamilton Steel and Iron	238,408
Lake Superior Iron and Steel	54,628
Ontario Iron and Steel	4,463
Canada Iron Corporation	41,146
Atikokan Iron Co.	15,099
Standard Chemical Co.	19,130
Total bounties paid	\$1,808,553

It is stated that the arrangement concluded with Messrs. Vickers, Sons & Maxim for the construction of a dry dock in the eastern part of Montreal harbor has fallen through, and instead of a first class dock with capacity for ships of 25,000 tons, that a dock with capacity for ships of only 15,000 tons may be built.

Electric Power in Lethbridge.

IN the city of Lethbridge, Alta., the electric light and power plant was originally installed and owned by a private company. The rapid growth of the city was soon driving the plant, which had been considered sufficient for several years, to its utmost capacity. The doctrine of municipal ownership, which has such a stronghold in the West was coming strongly to the front in the city, and the city purchased the plant with its existing lines and connection as it stood. The city also owns the water and sewage system, the water being pumped from the river into the city, a lift of some 350 feet. In order to be in a position to supply the light, the power for this pumping station and other electrical power used in the city, a modern strictly up-to-date plant has been installed at the river bottom. This plant is most modern and thoroughly equipped. As at present constituted, it is capable of generating some 1200 horse power and has been constructed on the unit plan, with the necessary buildings and foundations now constructed for the installation of more machinery at any time it may be needed, which will double the total capacity of the plant.

The question of the cost of this power has not yet been definitely settled, the reason being that in the original plan this plant was expected to begin operations early in the spring of this year, but in December the old plant, owing to its enormous overload, caught fire and was destroyed. Therefore, the new plant had to take its load before it was really ready and furthermore it had been the intention to use some portions of the old plant in the new one. These were destroyed by the fire and had to be replaced from England, and have now only been in place a comparatively short time. Therefore the plant has not been operating on a proper basis for sufficient length of time to arrive at a cost price. In connection with this station the city owns its own coal mine, this mine being situated about 300 yards from the plant and being a tunnel into the river bank so placed that cars of coal filled by the miner run to the power house by gravity where they empty into the hoppers of the

self-feeding furnaces. It can therefore be seen that with a modern plant so favorably situated as regards fuel, the cost will be exceedingly low, and the city will supply power for manufacturing purposes at actual cost.

Regarding present conditions in the city, they are considered to be exceedingly good. Southern Alberta, of which Lethbridge is the metropolis, has suffered severely from the draught this year. Nevertheless, business has been well maintained in the city. Business permits to Oct. 1st are over \$1,000,000, for the year, being considerably in excess of those of the same period for last year. Real estate, while not as active as a year ago, is moving in many bona fide sales, and prices are being strongly maintained. Three sales have recently been made in different locations on 5th Street at prices running a trifle over \$500.00 per foot front. There are ten banks located here and a clearing-house has been recently established, the results of which show a healthy strong business activity.

Edmonton's bank clearings show a gain of 53 per cent. over this time last year, largely accounted for by the growth of the city.

The earnings of the Detroit United Railway continue to show better. In September the gross earnings made an increase of about \$100,000, while the net increased to the extent of \$32,000. For the nine months ending September 30, the surplus available for dividends was equal to nine per cent. on the outstanding capital, so that it may not be a great while before a dividend will again be declared.

A certain New York safety razor man has hit upon a somewhat novel idea to gain advertising without paying so much per line for it. He has written a book outlining a new incorporation, the aim of which is to corner all the big corporations in the world, and thus boss the whole show. The idea is stupendous and also absurd, a combination that makes it quite suitable for advertising purposes.

At a recent meeting of the stockholders of the Ely Central Copper Co. a resolution was carried increasing the stock from \$12,000,000 to \$16,000,000. It is also understood that O. A. Turner has sold all his interest in the property and left the corporation in much the same manner in which rats desert a sinking ship.

IT IS APPARENT TO ALL WHO CAN INTELLIGENTLY READ SURFACE SIGNS THAT ELY CENTRAL IS ON ITS LAST LEG. ALL DEVELOPMENT WORK ON THE PROPERTY HAS BEEN STOPPED. The present difficulties of B. H. Scheffels & Co. are given as an excuse, the company giving out the information that nothing will be done one way or the other until the Scheffels trouble is settled.



William Farwell, President.



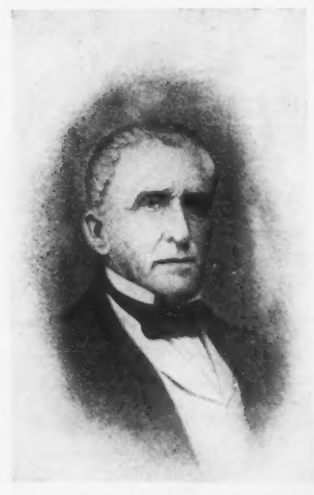
J. Mackinnon, General Manager.



Montreal Building, St. James Street.



Head Office Eastern Townships Bank in 1859.



Col. Benjamin Pomroy, President, 1859-74.

Eastern Townships Bank Has 50th Anniversary

THE report of the Eastern Townships Bank for the year 1909, takes the form of a special anniversary number marking the fiftieth year of the bank's existence.

The booklet issued by the bank is printed on special paper with deckle edges, and it is a volume of interest to many outside Eastern Township shareholders.

Apart from the general statement of assets and liabilities, the makers of the report have made it of historical value from the standpoint of those interested in the institution. It is freely interspersed with half-tone illustrations, one of which shows the photograph of the first head office of the bank back in the year 1859. An old fashioned portrait of the first President of the Eastern Townships Bank, Col. Benjamin Pomroy, is contained in the booklet, and other illustrations are those of the present General Manager, J. Mackinnon, William Farwell, President, William S. Foster, Cashier, in the year 1859, and many others.

The present head office building at Montreal, is shown as a contrast to the original headquarters. One page is given up to a comparative statement taking each year from 1860 to 1909. This table shows that in 1860 the capital paid-up was \$133,415, while the bank had deposits of \$6,548. The assets immediately available were then placed at the sum of \$107,263. In the year 1909 the paid up capital amounted to \$3,000,000, with a reserve fund of \$2,100,000. The deposits totalled in 1909, \$15,427,586, and there are upwards of \$7,000,000 of assets owned by the bank. Altogether the report is one of considerable interest.

ALLAN LINE

FAST TURBINE STEAMERS

Close of St. Lawrence Season

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL

TUNISIAN, Fri. Nov. 4, 6 a.m.
VICTORIAN, Sat. Nov. 11, 9 a.m.
CORNICAN, Sat. Nov. 18, 9 a.m.

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW

*PRETORIAN, Nov. 5, Daylight
*HESPERIAN, Sat. Nov. 12, Daylight
*IONIAN, Sat. Nov. 19, Daylight

*One Class Cabin steamer

CHRISTMAS SAILINGS

TO LIVERPOOL

From St. John, Halifax
VIRGINIAN, Fri. Nov. 25, Sat. Nov. 26
TUNISIAN, Sat. Dec. 3

VICTORIAN, Fri. Dec. 9, Sat. Dec. 10

GRAMPIAN, Thurs. Dec. 15

For full information as to rates

reservations etc., apply to

THE ALLAN LINE

77 Yonge St., Toronto.

Phone Main 2131.

"THE COMPLETE HOTEL"

STATLER

BUFFALO.

450 ROOMS WITH BATH

IN CIRCULATING ICE WATER \$1.00

MONTREAL

When you journey to Montreal, if you are to have the longest day possible, why not travel via the fast train leaving at 10 p.m. week days from

NORTH TORONTO

It carries through coaches and sleepers for Ottawa and Montreal, and

ARRIVES MONTREAL 7.00 A.M.

Leaves West Leaves North

Toronto 9.45 Toronto 10.00

p.m. p.m.

R. L. THOMPSON, D.P.A., Toronto

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

ALWAYS TRAVEL VIA THE

Only Double-Track Route to Montreal

IT CONTRIBUTES TO SAFETY.

4 TRAINS DAILY 4

7.15, 9.00 A.M., 8.30 AND 10.30 P.M.

THROUGH OTTAWA SLEEPER

On 10.30 p.m. train daily. Secure tickets, berth reservations, etc., at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

The Ale That Reigns Supreme

A pure nourishing tonic, and appetizing food. The best for yourself, the best for your family. Makes rosy cheeks and builds sound bodies.

Amber Ale

Brewed by...

The Toronto Brewing & Malting Co.'s Limited.

Toronto Saturday Night
Dear Editor
Enclosed please find \$3.00 for one year's subscription to "The Paper worth while."

My address

Yours truly

RECORD OF THE MARKET FLUCTUATIONS OF CANADIAN STOCKS FOR THE DAY, WITH HIGH AND LOW A YEAR AGO. INACTIVE SECURITIES.

Par Value	Outstanding Common Stock	Outstanding Preferred	Bonds and Debentures	Res. Funds Profit and Loss	STOCK	Range for twelve months, 1909.	High	Low	Ask	Bid
100	180,000,000	55,616,665	176,333,583	3,244,539	Transportation	189 1/2	Oct.	166	Mar.	197 1/2
100	12,500,000	2,500,000	24,903,000	2,535,766	Canadian Pac. Ry.	71 1/2	Aug.	55	Jan.	78 1/2
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Det. & W. Trac.	104 1/2	Sept.	85	Jan.	104 1/2
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Halifax Electric	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Havana Electric	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Ill. Trac. pref.	99 1/2	Dec.	83 1/2	Feb.	88 1/2
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Ill. Trac. pref.	99 1/2	Dec.	83 1/2	Feb.	88 1/2
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Mex. N. W. Ry.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Mexico Trac. Co.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Minn. St. P. & S.M.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Montreal Street	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Norfolk & W.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Northern Ont. Trac.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Porto Rico Ry. Co. com.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Que. R.L. & P. Co. com.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Rio de Janeiro	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	St. L. & C. S.N. Co.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	St. Paul T.L. & P. Co.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Toronto Ry.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Trin. City, com.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Winnipeg Electric	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Telegraph, Light & P.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Roll Telephone	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Consumers Gas	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	MacKay, com.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	MacKay, pref.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Mex. L. & P. Co. com.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Do. pref.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Montreal Power	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Ontario L. & P. Co.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Shaw, W. & P. Co.	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130
100	1,400,000	1,500,000	8,000,000	457,802	Toronto El. Light	104 1/2	Dec.	106 1/2	Jan.	130

Par Value	Outstanding Common Stock	Outstanding Preferred	Bonds and Debentures	Res. Funds Profit and Loss	STOCK	Range for twelve months, 1909.	High	Low	Ask	Bid
24 1/2	4,866,666	2,500,000	294,653	294,653	Banks	155	Mar.	148 1/2	Feb.	150
50	10,000,000	6,000,000	722,139	722,139	British North America	201	Dec.	171 1/2	Jan.	207
100	4,000,000	5,000,000	235,766	235,766	Commerce	248	Aug.	236	April	263 1/2
100	1,000,000	1,000,000	403,665	403,665	Dom. Bank	155	Jan.	163	162 1/2	
100	2,649,500	2,649,500	403,665	403,665	Hamilton	155	Jan.	163	162 1/2	
100	2,649,500	2,649,500	403,665	403,665	Hochelaga	155	Jan.	163	162 1/2	
100	2,649,500	2,649,500	403,665	403,665	Imperial	155	Jan.	163	162 1/2	
100	2,649,500	2,649,500	403,665	403,665	Merchants	155	Jan.	163	162 1/2	
100	2,649,500	2,649,500	403,665	403,665	Metropolitan	155	Jan.	163	162 1/2	
100	2,649,500	2,649,500	403,665	403,665	National	155	Jan.	163	162 1/2	
100	2,649,500	2,649,500	403,665	403,665	Nova Scotia	155	Jan.	163	162 1/2	
100	2,649,500	2,649,500	403,665	403,665	Ottawa	155	Jan.	163	162 1/2	
100	2,649,500	2,649,500	403,665	403,665	Quebec	155	Jan.	163	162 1/2	
100	2,649,500	2,649,500	403,665	403,665	Standard	155	Jan.	163	162 1/2	
100	2,649,500	2,649,500	403,665	403,665	Toronto	155	Jan.	163	162 1/2	
100	2,649,500	2,649,500	403,665	403,665	Traders	155	Jan.	163	162 1/2	
100	2,649,500	2,649,500	403,665	403,665	Union	155	Jan.	163	162 1/2	

Par Value	Outstanding Common Stock	Outstanding Preferred	Bonds and Debentures	Res. Funds Profit and Loss	STOCK	Range for twelve months, 1909.	High	Low	Ask	Bid
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Industrials and Miscellaneous	33	Oct.	27 1/2	Dec.	36
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Amal. Ashes & Sulf.	91 1/2	Oct.	89	Dec.	50
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Do. pref.	91 1/2	Oct.	89	Dec.	50
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Black L. Cons. Ash. com.	23 1/2	Dec.	21	Dec.	17
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Do. pref.	23 1/2	Dec.	21	Dec.	17
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	F. N. Burt Co. com.	58 1/2	Dec.	53	Oct.	94
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Do. pref.	58 1/2	Dec.	53	Oct.	94
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Can. Car. & F. com.	93 1/2	Dec.	91 1/2	Oct.	107
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Do. pref.	93 1/2	Dec.	91 1/2	Oct.	107
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Can. Cement, com.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Do. pref.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Can. Con. Rub. com.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Do. pref.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Can. Gen. Elec. com.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	City Dairy, com.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Do. pref.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Crown Reserve	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Dom. Steel & C. com.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Do. pref.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Dom. Textile, com.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Do. pref.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Lake Superior Corp.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	L. of Woods Milling	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Do. pref.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	La Rose Cons. M. Co.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Laurentide, com.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Do. pref.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Maple Leaf Mill, com.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Do. pref.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Montreal Steel	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	Do. pref.	104 1/2	Dec.	101 1/2	100 1/2	

"A Whole Week In England"

— SAID HE

THE other day I remarked to the editor of this paper—worth-while that if such-and-such a thing had happened in England—

"England!" quoth he. "What do you know about England?"

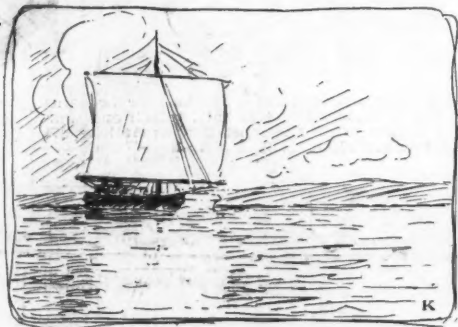
"I was there once," I insinuated with all meekness, "for a week."

With derisive countenance which nevertheless betrayed a twinkling eye he solemnly repeated, "A whole week in England!"

England is the place from which the Grenadier Guards Band came to our Exhibition; England is the place to which they were returning, when, from the deck of a Royal Line ship they serenaded the lighthouse crew at Belle Isle, the impressive and unique proceeding that inspired Arthur Stringer to write the poem which doubtless you saw on SATURDAY NIGHT's front page a week or so ago. If my definition of England's place in the world, if the impressions which follow, seem to you somewhat incomplete, somewhat lacking in those comprehensive, descriptive, and colorful details that you might expect from one who has travelled much, please remember that this is my England—the England I saw in a week.

"Nature changes every minute," says a writer on painting. "If you begin a landscape in the spring and copy what you see every day until autumn you will not produce a harmony. You only want a glance rendered, that is a picture. Make your picture of what you see in one blink and petrify this on the canvas."

Put in a different way: If you rise from your berth



THE ST. LAWRENCE "PIN-PLAT."

on a bright September morning while the ship is passing smoothly down the St. Lawrence, and you push open the shutter on your window just in time to close it smartly again to prevent some early bird walking the deck from seeing your negligence—you get a glimpse of that Quebec shore with its little white house shining in the morning sun, its long fields running back to the hills, and the broad, blue sky speckled with pearly clouds; you get a picture that hastens your dressing, that is so vivid you expect to see it lying off there when at last you come on deck. The picture that does greet you is no whit inferior, but you will always remember the first glimpse, and of it you will talk when you get a chance.

More apology than this I swear I will not make.

You will remember that a delegation from the Board of Trade of Bristol landed on these hospitable shores during Exhibition week.

(England is that country which lies back of Bristol. If you must go up to London when you leave the ship you can do so in about two and a half hours. But if any Bristolians see you first and have half a chance to tell you about their city you will forget about London.)

The chairman of this delegation was Henry L. Riseley; the members of it were also the personification of cheerful advertising for their native town. They went about doing good from Montreal to Edmonton for the space of twenty-one days, and even then felt that the half had not been told, so they implored Arthur Hawkes, of the Canadian Northern Railway, who was the guide, philosopher, and friend of the party, to go out on the highways and byways and railways and pluck a garland of magazine writers, journalists and others, the flower of the profession, to grace their board on the return trip. Mr. Hawkes found many a thorn among the roses, for "the flower" are pretty busy people and there were pointed remarks to the effect that even three weeks was too long a time to spare from the activities of the North American stockade, with so many Indians about; but there were a dozen who were game for it. Several of the leading cities in the west of England, when they heard about this stroke on behalf of Bristol, cabled and wrote and sent messages by fast packet that they, too, were preparing welcomes, and would expect to have the fun of showing the "Canadian and American journalists" over their own particular portions of England. So, you see, the interest began accumulating at an early stage; but I'll venture to say that few of us, even those who had been across before, had any idea just how much could be packed into a seven-day stay in the old land. It all came true, and more.

At Montreal Mr. Arthur Hawkes, who was in charge of the expedition, put his hands lovingly on two shoulders, one some inches higher than the other, and inquired, "Mr. Bridle, have you met Mr. Daly?" Augustus Bridle, brusque, burly, of the Canadian Courier, Toronto, very well known hereabouts as the secretary and steam-power of the Arts and Letters Club, thereupon shook hands with the blue-eyed, keen and swarthy Tom A. Daly, of Philadelphia, Irishman, one of the editors of the Catholic Standard and Times, famous for his stories and verses in dialect, both Italian and Irish. These two, by some means or other, came to be looked upon as the typical representatives of the two sections of the party. Bridle was always Canadian, aggressively so, as those who know

him will understand. Daly, being Irish, just naturally set himself up opposite the aggression, like a Roman soldier, with his keen wit in his right hand and a shield studded with humor and experience in the other. The sightseers who were to take in the moving pictures of the west of England included also S. E. Kiser, one of the editors of the Chicago Record-Herald, whose newspaper verses have been reprinted many a time in Toronto papers; Ernest Cawcroft, of Jamestown, N.Y., political economist and writer on commercial topics; Herbert Vanderhoof, called "Van," editor of Canada Monthly, who has covered many a mile by canoe and trail in company with writers on the hunt for picturesque out-of-doors material in Western Canada; Arthur Macfarlane, of Toronto, the well known short story and magazine man; Arthur Stringer, also a Canadian with a fame for books and verse; Henry Beach Needham, of Chicago and New York, whose special articles for leading magazines on the other side are well known, one of whose recent assignments took him with the Roosevelt party through Europe for Collier's Weekly. Mrs. Coleman, who as "Kit," of the Mail and Empire, needed no introduction at all, at all, shared with Mrs. Stringer the honor of representing the fair sex on the trip.

The Bristol men were not allowed to depart without some inkling of the work that is being done by the Harbor Commissioners of Montreal. Major G. W. Stephens took the party up and down the river on the big tug, pointed out the admirable work of his board, and then, hat in hand, under the guise of wishing them farewell and a pleasant journey, managed to explain at some length the plans for still further extending and improving Montreal's facilities for handling ocean traffic.

The big ship slowly glided out of her dock the next morning at daybreak, was warped around into the current and let go with her precious freight—meaning us. And why not precious? Were we not the very latest thing in "Hands Across the Sea," "Forging the Links," "Anglo-Saxon Brotherhood," "Cementing the Ties," "Blood Thicker'n Water," etc., etc.? Were we not the two great branches of the family across the sea, being taken home for a look at the dear old land whence sprung . . .

To be sure we were! And well did the "Royal Edward" know it; for that is the part these fine new ships play in the business of Empire. Theirs to bring Britishers from the old land to find interests in the new; theirs to provide the best that can be found afloat for such of us as can induce our boss to see that we need a little holiday in the land of old castles and culture.

We dropped down on Quebec in the middle of a glorious September afternoon. What a size that place is! We say "little old Quebec." It isn't little. No picture does it justice. People are now having indulged in exultations over the rock that stands there gazing eastward as though looking past the broad mouth of the St. Lawrence, past Belle Isle—as though expectantly watching for what may come from out the sunlit haze of the British Isles. They didn't exult enough. One must see it to feel its strength; see it with oceans of clear blue sky above and beyond; with the sun making dancing white specks of the ancient walls at its feet; with, perchance, an incoming ocean giant to give it scale.

Have you ever experienced an automobile drive at Quebec? Have you ever seen mountain goats at play in their native haunts? The Board of Trade and the Press Club had a half-dozen six-cylinder mountain goats at the dock to meet us. We got in and hung on. We jumped from one peak to another, we rounded dangerous passes, we jumped gorges and landed breathless on the top of the citadel rock; and looking down upon the city and the terrace below we saw a multitude of people swarming on the broad walk surrounding the band-stand, and we heard the stirring strains of the "Marseillaise" played by the band of H.M. Grenadier Guards, to the huge satisfaction



"Bath's ready, air."

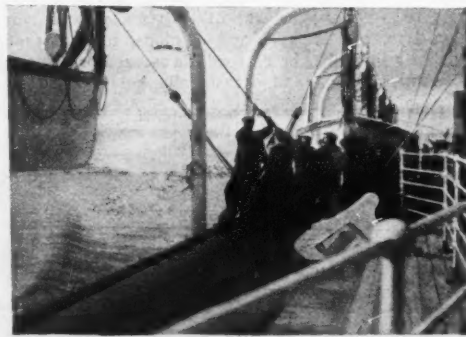
of the people of old Quebec. The moon was rising over the Levis shore when we drew away that evening and the lights were coming out one by one to take up the duty of making that city on the hillside look picturesque after the sunset effect had been withdrawn from behind the Big Rock.

You climb into your berth wondering whether you are going to sleep well on this first night aboard an Atlantic liner. You close your eyes thinking what a pity it is one must spend so much time in a berth trying to sleep instead of staying out on deck with the stars and the moonlight. You open your eyes and watch the reflections from the passage way filtering through the grating to the ceiling. You close your eyes again, listening a while to the muffled sounds of the ship; some night hawk is having a last round of the deck before turning in; as he beats it aft round that one-seventh-of-a-mile course his footstep sounds fainter and fainter. Then you open your eyes with a start to gaze upon your steward, who stands there in the ray of daylight that streams through the window, a plate of luscious orange in his hand, saying, "Your bath's ready, sir."

We took breakfast that morning as the ship was getting under way after dropping the pilot at Rimouski, and got to the deck in time to see the sailors heaving out the two lifeboats, one each side, that ride ready throughout the voyage for any emergency that would call for their use.

In ones and twos and threes the passengers began to arrive on deck for their morning sunbath. Here was an Englishman of the broad cap and drooping moustache variety, solemnly treading the planks in a mildly strenuous burst of energy. There an elderly dame was arranging with the deck steward for a chair to be placed exactly in that sunlit nook, sheltered from the wind, out of the way of frolicsome youngsters, and yet commanding a fine view of the main avenues of deck traffic, where wrapped in her Irish wool rug she surveyed through her lorgnette all of the people and proceedings that could possibly form a basis of gossipy chit-chat for the table later on. Up came Bandmaster Williams, clad in a knock-about hat and white deck shoes, in addition to other things more comfortable looking than his high-necked regimentals, one finger marking the place in a big book, where he would resume his perusal after staking out a claim with a steamer chair. Presently Captain Roberts strolls along the deck and makes reply to an inquiry to the effect that we are likely to enjoy just such fine weather as this all the way over. He doesn't guarantee anything, but his casual opinion is carolled around the decks and still further heightens the exuberant spirits.

On Saturday afternoon we came in sight of Belle Isle. Porpoises were playing in the blue waters of the Gulf and racing the ship. The shores of Labrador and Newfoundland were drawing back to left and right, and away ahead there in the hazy sunshine lay the rock that we had read about; whereon is perched the light that peers through the darkness and storm of many a winter night.

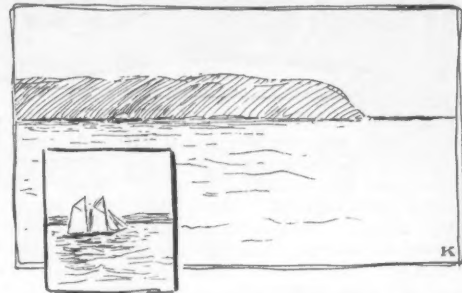


Throwing out the lifeboats.

searching out the weary ship and putting its feet on the right pathway. We got some idea of the proportions of that brown mass as we came steadily down the Gulf. There was a light spot about the centre of the island, down on the water line. Presently we looked again and the light spot had moved a considerable distance to the south. With the glass we made out that what had appeared to be a small face of wave-washed rock was in reality a two-masted fishing schooner, beating her way from Dr. Grenfell's Labrador coast down the west side of Newfoundland. She was a pretty sight as she went by, less than a mile away, her clean sails flattened out to the fresh breeze, prancing gaily along with a bone in her teeth, riding the waves with the steady, graceful rise and fall that the sailors say accounts for the fact that life on the ocean wave was not such a terrible ordeal for people coming to Canada even before the time of the greyhounds of the North Atlantic.

There was very little suggestion of Belle Isle's real purpose in life on this glorious day. The white buildings shone brilliantly in the sunlight; through the glass one could see figures moving about in lazy fashion at the foot of the masts. No doubt the "Royal Edward" was a goodly sight for the inhabitants to look upon from that height, as she dropped smoothly down the Gulf with the brownish smoke from her funnels floating high ahead and the white costumes of the womenfolk brightening her decks. But the ship's officers knew what outlook is theirs during most of the years the men spend on the rock, and it was the captain's remark that caused His Majesty's band to clamber to the top deck and send across the gap, with as much volume of sound as it was capable of, the strains of "Old Hundred," "Rule Britannia," "Auld Lang Syne," and several other old standbys that thrill the British heart the world over.

When the answering marconigram came from the



THE SPOT ON THE SHORE-LINE.

rock, expressing appreciation and mentioning the names of the air, we were headed into the night, with many an interesting mile between us and Bristol, which is on this side of England.

FERGUS KYLE.

The Treatment of Brooms.

"It makes me sad," said a broom maker, "to see the way people use brooms. The life of a broom could be twice prolonged by proper usage, and used properly it would be vastly easier to use."

"You've seen people sweeping ahead of them, rushing stuff with a broom? Why, the best broom that ever was made of the best and most perfectly seasoned broomcorn stock that ever was put into a broom wouldn't stand such treatment as that."

"With such handling, splints will break off. The splints remaining, jagged and uneven, bear unevenly on the surface. You never can sweep clean with it after that."

"Then you know the majority of sweepers always sweep with the same side of the broom to the front, and in this way they soon get the broom lopsided, so that they can't use it any other way. There couldn't be a worse way."

"Used in this manner the points of the splints get bent all one way and then they meet together at their ends. They don't bite, they don't take hold of dust as they are meant to do, they don't sweep clean; and when a broom has come to this condition the sweeper is less careful of it, for then it is not so good a broom. Such a broom the sweeper feels that he may push ahead of him; and when he does this with it the broom is finally and irretrievably ruined."

"Of course the correct way to use a broom is with the handle in its initial position, held vertically, so that all the splints in the face of the broom will take hold at the same time and evenly. In sweeping, the broom should be swung back and forth from a point back of the sweeper to a point at an equal distance in front. That is the proper way to use a broom, and then every day the sweeper should turn the broom around, so as to sweep with a different side daily. Used in this manner and turned daily the broom wears down evenly."

"I have seen—a delight to the professional eye and a comfort to everybody who likes to see an implement used to the best advantage, thoughtfully and considerably—I have seen brooms that had been so used that had worn down almost to the binding threads but that still bit beautifully. I am perfectly well aware that brooms carelessly used, as commonly they are, wear out faster, with a corresponding benefit to broom manufacturers; but still I do really hate to see anybody misuse a broom."—N.Y. Sun.

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, the pianist, who has played in recitals throughout America and Europe since 1883, was born in Silesia, but was brought to this country by her parents while a child. Sigmund Zeisler, whom Miss Bloomfield married in 1885, was also born in Silesia, but came to America and settled in Chicago in 1883. Mr. Zeisler is as famous as his wife, being learned in the law, and active as member of the American Anti-Imperialist League and National Liberty Congress. He has made many political addresses.

The Swedish name almanac differs from English almanacs in giving besides the usual information a Christian name for each sex for every day of the year. The names set forth have to receive the approval of the king. The object aimed at is to secure a greater choice of names for parents and to avoid the endless repetition of a dozen or so names. Of course, no one is obliged to select any name in the almanacs. A similar name almanac is issued under royal authority in one of the German states.

Mrs. G. Howland Shaw has been elected president of the Massachusetts Association Opposed to the Further Extension of Suffrage to Women. It is a significant fact that at the meeting the association did not report a single new member.



THE HARPS THAT THRICE—

Pat: "Twas bad enough wid only John Redmond and William O'Brien, but now that there's thim two and another John Redmond, an' all playin' different tunes—cadambut I'm fairly frustrated 'id the dint o' the discord."—Punch.

LADY GAY'S PAGE

IN very marked contrast to the unsavory and coarse material of which the Recollections of Lady Cardigan were chiefly composed is the "Later Reminiscences" of Lady Dorothy Nevill. Here are harmless stories, thread-bare fumigations and a few personal touches of great personalities that lead one on to waste more time reading the skim-milk literature that pads them. Lady Dorothy bewails the modern lack of great conversationalists and leaders of thought. Well, we may lack the arc lights, but we have more electric bulbs, each doing its shining with success. In other words the individuality of people is nowadays so strongly developed that it would be difficult to gather a coterie who would sit like human sponges dumbly imbibing the wisdom of some giant mind. We who knew Goldwin Smith well, and had not outgrown the traditions of our youth, have often smiled at the restiveness of clever people in his vicinity, when he got fairly started on one of his monologues. All the Lord Dicks and Lady Dorothys of the middle of the last century were accustomed to listen in respectful silence to monologues of this sort, or at best to a duet of massive minds. Then they all looked wise, and nodded to one another and said a thousand times on a thousand occasions that the monologuist was a truly wonderful creature, and that they had been vastly edified. Personally, I early learned to keep very mum when such wise persons as the master mind I mentioned mounted their rostrum. What was being said was well worth a temporary check to one's own speculations, while one soaked in the result of mature thought and conclusion. But the delight of general converse, when mind flashes to mind, even in very small flashes, when my convictions and yours clash or accord, when someone a step in advance sends a ray on some puzzle, and leaves us to work it out ourselves, when one feels that impetus to personal thought and achievement that tells of the growth of power within us. This is their modern way, and we find it very good. I confess to a strong objection to think as the great Mr. Smith does, or to have my mental processes regulated by the wise Mr. Brown. From docile ones who don't object, one often hears the plaint of the lack of great minds and masterly conversationalists in these days. This sort of leaders need the adoring circle of early Victorian vintage and right or wrongly, this latter day folk are not prone to "circle" in the good old fashioned respectful way.

A WOMAN writes this plaintive question: "Will Lady Gay please tell me how I may be delivered from the fashionable game of 'bridge' which I dislike playing, and is it inexcusable to refuse to take a hand when my hostess insists upon my doing so?" Dear Lady, my hand is in yours! I loathe bridge, and should anyone be rude enough to insist upon my taking a hand, after I had told her I did not play, I'd play a game that would be a lesson to her for evermore, but I'd insist on her being my partner. What a lovely time one could have under such conditions, I leave to your imagination.

SOMETIMES in my peregrinations I am fain to weary for the old homes so fast disappearing from our fair city. Are there six of them left? I don't think so! There is such an antique charm about an old house, with its wide front door, its really ancient knob and knocker, and its memories, Ah! if the old verandas and the rustic bench under the old trees and the little path among the flowers could get together, with the wide old sofa, and the great chimney piece and the brass feeder, and the quaint carved dining table, and the old fashioned dinner wagon and the andirons and the wool work screen, what history they could recount, what secrets and adventures and joys and sorrow, gain and loss they could unfold! Up in every attic in every old, old house there is a cradle, about which heaven has seemed to gather in the long ago and upon the walls of every old, old house, there are painted faces, some bright-eyed and merry, some staid and patient—the folk whose finger touches yet seem to set the old, old house in order! One dreams at midday, when one sits in these old houses and if the old house have a personal interest, one goes out

from it almost bewildered between the life that was and the life that is! And how much more is one distraught in the old houses at nightfall, when the fire burns cosy behind the pierced brass fender, and the wind whispers in the wide chimney. Then come the old time influences, the wonder of childhood, the sense of being cared for, planned for, taken wisely and kept safely. One hesitates to recognize to-day in that dream of yesterday as one hums very softly the tune of that heart-song of a bygone time:

"Backward, turn backward,
O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again,
Just for to-night!"

The magic of the old house has done it, you are the little child who ran in and out and fell down and was picked up and shaken or comforted as luck sent. There is a verse in that old song which you cannot perhaps hum without a break.

"Mother, come back from the
echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart, as
of yore."

Some of us have the old house and the old folk and can sing on bravely, some must let the voice die and the sobs come, while we sit, maybe all alone, in the old house. What's that? A motor horn! Oh, excuse me, I am afraid I must have been asleep.

THE funny man was making us laugh, and someone said near by, to some other one: "Oh, I don't understand you!" "That reminds me," said the funny man, of the last time I heard that remark. Two Frenchmen, ambitious to speak English, couldn't understand one another. They only spoke broken English, and the trouble was, it wasn't broken in the same places!"

BRIDAL couple were asked how they came across one another. The question was put in the midst of a discussion about railway accidents. "Oh," said the lady, "it was by accident. We were travelling on the Canadian Northern and we were thrown at each other!"

PRETTY debutante stood looking sally at the merry dancers. "Why, what's the matter with Miss —?" cried a chaperone. "She's not dancing!" "Oh," sighed a wee person who was, "It's such a pity, poor girl. She forgot, and danced too fast, and she's split her hobble!"

IN all circles, now-a-days, one is apt to meet the dabbler in occultism, he or she who looks into your fu-

ture and speaks vague complimentary words about your past, who reads your hand, or your head, or your handwriting with more or less cocksureness. It's a safe and sure method of interesting the bromides, (nine out of ten of humanity,) and the fame of the "oculist" always casts an awe over crude minds, however thread-bare be the veil between it and genuine humbug. The amateur oculist is always ready to look at your palm, tell you that your blood is full of uric acid, and that a great event will soon come into your life, both eminently safe guesses in this "rheumatic" climate and progressive age. The difference between the amateur and the professional reader of mysterious signs and lines is that the latter rarely or never volunteers information or cares to discuss what science there may be in his or her practice. When one has found out ever so little on the very margin of the great possible sea of knowledge, one goes warily, silently, reverently, in hope of being further blessed, warned by some inner instinct that to exploit and discuss the little gift one has is the surest way to bar one's chances of adding to it. But, of course, such a mode of procedure doesn't attract the interest or admiration of the bromides. It isn't meant to.

leged artist, who lacked the fellow-feeling to be kind!

ISN'T that a weird idea which some scientist has of teaching monkeys to talk? I am afraid it is my brilliant-eyed old friend, Dr. Graham Bell, whom the papers credit with this resolve. As if there isn't a great deal too much talking going on in the world already, (even with the blessed silence at Oyster Bay). The other day we were listening to beautiful music in a princely home—we were supposed to be persons of some breeding and consideration, and yet the artists could at times scarcely be heard by reason of the gabble kept up in every quarter. It was not conversation, merely the ordinary inanities of fashionable chatter, the same fatuous questions about one's health, the same tiresome remarks about the weather, the decoration of the house, its beauty, and such like. And all the time a Chopin nocturne, magnificently played, a dainty violin, touched by a master hand, and singing like a bird in high heaven floating exquisite melody through the air, was met by that buffeting surge of gabble. Teaching monkeys to talk, indeed! There are quite a few other things which would better help us to enjoy life and here's hail! to the scientist who will take them under his consideration.

Lady Gay

Colored Diamonds.

EXPERTS generally aver that the most beautiful of all precious stones is the red diamond. It is held to surpass even the ruby in beauty, and is extremely rare. One of the very few specimens of record is that which was purchased by the Emperor Paul of Russia for \$100,000. This stone weighs ten carats.

Of blue diamonds the most conspicuous examples are the Hope and Bismarck gems. Indeed, it has been said that they are the only known specimens of the diamond that can properly be called blue. Dark blue diamonds, differing only from sapphires in quality and displaying the beautiful play of colors peculiar to the diamond, are handsome gems.

Other rare diamonds are those of the black and rose-colored varieties; but the green diamond is not so rare. The grass-green kind, however, is scarce, and when it does occur, is generally of a brilliancy exceeding that of the finest emerald. The Museum of Natural History at Paris has a collection of green-tinted diamonds that is said to be the finest, but at the museum in Dresden is to be seen the most perfect specimen of this color.

In the museum at Vienna the collector's eyes are made to bulge at the sight of a most wonderful collection of colored diamonds. It is shown in the form of a bouquet, the flowers whereof are composed of diamonds of the same colors as the bloom represented. These stones were collected by one Virgil von Helmreich, a Tyrolean, who had passed many years in Brazil and South Africa among the diamond mines.

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The contribution of the Peacock Room to this Sale is a collection of very fine hand-embroidered lingerie; the kind that cannot be obtained elsewhere.



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Headaches, Biliousness, Bad Stomach, Weak Kidneys, dull the brain.
Brighten up with
Abbey's Salt
Effervescent
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The lilies from which we distill this dainty perfume grow in the far-off "Flowery Kingdom" and are cultivated by Japanese gardeners who know, as do no others, the art of raising fragrant flowers.

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Old Friends and New



Faded Pictures.

ONLY two patient eyes to stare
Out of the canvas. All the rest—
The warm green gown, the small hands pressed
Light in the lap, the braided hair

That must have made the sweet low brow
So earnest, centuries ago,
When some one saw it change and glow—
All faded! Just the eyes burn now.

I dare say people pass and pass
Before the blistered little frame,
And dingy work without a name,
Stuck in behind its square of glass.

But I, well, I left Raphael
Just to come drink these eyes of hers,
To think away the stains and blurs
And make all new again and well.

Only, for tears my head will bow,
Because there on my heart's last wall,
Scarce one tint left to tell it all,
A picture keeps its eyes, somehow.

—William Vaughan Moody.

A Song of St. Cecilia's Day.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,

This universal frame began:

When nature underneath a heap

Of jarring atoms lay,

And could not leave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high,

"Arise, ye more than dead!"

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,

In order to their stations leap,

And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,

This universal frame began:

From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion can not Music raise and quell?

When Jubal struck the chorded shell,

His listening brethren stood around,

And, wondering, on their faces tell

To worship that celestial sound:

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell

That spoke so sweetly and so well,

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangour

Excites us to arms,

With shrill notes of anger,

And mortal alarms.

The double, double, double beat

Of the thundering drum

Cries Hark! the foes come;

Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

The soft complaining flute,

In dying notes, discovers

The woes of hopeless lovers,

Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim

Their jealous pangs and desperation,

Fury, frantic, indignation,

Depth of pains, and height of passion,

For the fair, disdainful dame.

But O, what art can teach,

What human voice can reach,

The sacred organ's praise?

Notes inspiring holy love,

Notes that wing their heavenly ways

To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;

And trees uprooted left their place,

Sequacious to the lyre;

But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;

When to her organ vocal breath was given,

An angel heard, and straight appeared

Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays

The spheres began to move,

And sung the great Creator's praise

To all the Blest above;

So when the last and dreadful hour

This crumbling pageant shall devour,

The trumpet shall be heard on high,

The dead shall live, the living die,

And Music shall untune the sky!

—J. Dryden.

Sonnets.

I SAW her shining garments cling
Around her like a moonlit mist;
Her eyes were clear as amethyst;
Her hair was like a sea-bird's wing
Dark in the gold of evening;
And in the hushed room's narrow space
The light lay mild across her face:
She seemed as one about to sing.
She sang not—and without a stir
Time passed between us; and the light
Abounded, and the strength of love;
The light, the life, the strength whereof
The truth is nurtured . . . while the night
Darkened and the stars lightened over her . . .

Breathless and unforeseen, it comes!—the hour
When, on the breast of the Beloved, we feel
Almost the secret sense of life reveal
Its meaning, and the source of life its power;
When, as in some vast sunrise, like a flower,
Our soul stands open and our eyes unseal.
While all that fear and ignorance conceal
Seems in perfection life's predestined dower.
Then, as it were against the inward ear,
We hold in silence, like a chambered shell,
The dazed one human heart . . . and seem to hear
Forever and forever rise and swell
And fall and fall on Death's eventual shore,
Tragic and vast, life's inarticulate roar! . . .
—George Cabot Lodge.

Women Who Dress as Men.

THE American lady, Mrs. Elena Smith, who dressed as a man for five years in order to win a wager, is by no means the only woman who is partial to male attire, says a writer in M.A.P.

Quite a large number of well known women often don jackets and trousers, and appear among their friends, who take this procedure quite as a matter of course.

When the "bloomer" craze was at its height some years ago, it had many adherents among celebrated women. In America, for instance, Dr. Mary Walker, an eminent lady doctor, became so fond of men's clothes that she has worn them ever since. At first she only wore what is known as "rationals," that is to say, knickerbockers and stockings; but later she adopted the full masculine dress with trousers.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt often appears dressed as a man. But this only in the privacy of her own apartments, and generally when she is engaged in sculpturing. On one occasion, the famous actress ventured forth into the streets of Paris clad in a jacket and trousers. Although she admits that she was somewhat nervous, her disguise was so perfect that none recognized her, and she passed among the crowd without the least notice.

In her interesting "Memoirs" there is an illustration depicting Madame Bernhardt in male attire in her studio, and even the most hardened anti feminist would be bound to admit that Madame looks quite charming in this unconventional costume.

Another well known Frenchwoman, Madame Dieulafoy, has entirely discarded women's dress, and she has obtained legal permission to clothe herself in masculine attire. She is a brilliant journalist and novelist, and finds that she works better in a frock coat than in a blouse. She wears short hair, patent leather boots, and a high collar, and no one to look at her would ever guess that she was a Madame and not a Monsieur.

The most famous English society woman to wear men's clothes is Lady Constance Stewart Richardson. When travelling in Texas and Somaliland her costume consisted of a grey flannel shirt, khaki trousers, and a cowboy's hat. At the end of her visit to Texas, a cowboy was heard to remark:

"She ought to have been a man, for in riding and shooting she beats 'em all hollow."

Naturally, it is the lady explorers who most often don men's clothing, as skirts are apt to hamper them when shooting or mountain climbing.

One notable woman traveller, Mrs. Ella Oughman, whose journeys have mostly been among the Eskimos, is believed by those people to be a man. The Eskimos do not trust women as they do men, and if they suspected that their intrepid leader was of the female sex, they would probably refuse to follow her.

In New York there exists, or existed until a short time ago, a "Professional Women's Trousers Club," the members of which appeared in the club rooms dressed in trousers.

Many popular actresses belonged to this club, including Miss Ethel Barrymore (who looked particularly charming in man's costume), Miss Lillian Russell, and Miss Edna Wallace Hopper.

During one of her visits to the States, Miss Vesta Tilley, the clever male impersonator, was made a member of this novel club. In the club committee rooms where she was elected, there appeared, hung on the wall, a card bearing the following motto: "Hanny be ye who wear the pants."

Another well-known woman who has dressed as a man at various times may be mentioned Miss Charlotte Mansfield, the intrepid explorer.

CAMILLA, the Amazon queen of the Volscians, has been purged of the suspicion that she was merely a poetic figure of Virgil's imagination by the discovery at Belmonte, by Professor Dall'Osso, of the sepulchres of the two women warriors. The discovery was reported briefly by telegraph, but now further details are available of the woman who fought and died eight centuries before the time of Christ. The district which is being excavated is rich in relics of old Etruria, and the existence of Amazons there is proved by the fact that the two women whose remains have been discovered were buried in their panoply of war beneath their chariots in exactly the same way as the fighting men whose skeletons have been unearthed. The first Amazon tomb which the professor opened was fifteen feet long, eight feet wide, and ten feet deep. The two-horsed chariot which shrouded the skeleton was ornamented with bronze and iron, the yoke was metal and the bronze bits of the horses were still intact.

Youth is always so conclusive and final; and it does not know that life is made up of more than one chapter, and that even love affairs are to be continued in our next. —Galahad Jones.

No one has yet invented a tire that will keep the matrimonial car from skidding.

Hope is expecting something we know won't happen.



The most valuable rug on earth. It is a portrait of one of Persia's ancient queens, done in silk, and is one of the treasures of the Royal Palace at Teheran. The French Government recently offered \$75,000 for it, but it was refused. The rug is only four feet by six in size, and was made by Hussein Hussein of Mazandaran, whose signature may be seen alongside the lady's face.



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See a package. Made in Canada.

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Manufacturer of High Grade Food Specialties
Get CLARK'S MEATS from your Grocer

Casting reflections doesn't always prove one's brightness.

The proof of the pudding is in the amount that isn't left over.

It takes a wise fool to keep his foolishness to himself.



Every other year, the glory of the opening season is St. Andrew's Ball, which has its brilliant passing on November 30. The interests attached to this festivity are all pervading, and the one most important to the young people in their first season is the practice of the Scotch dances, which makes the Armoures the rendezvous for many a belle and beau on Saturday evenings. The first practise for this year is to be held this evening, when the Ball Secretary will welcome anyone interested and desiring to be initiated into the mysteries of reel, schottische and strathspey. Some of the young folks have been taking a few lessons quietly, and are agile dancers.

Mr. and Mrs. Gouinlock, 165 Jameson Ave., are giving a dance at McConkey's on next Wednesday evening, Nov. 23, for the debut of their daughter, Miss Naomi Gouinlock. Mrs. Ritchie is giving a dance at the same place, on Nov. 29, for her debutante, Miss Marjorie, and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman is to entertain there in like manner for Miss Cornelia Heintzman, on Dec. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Alley gave a charming dance at McConkey's on Wednesday, for the Misses Ruth and Gladys Alley. Lord Nelson Chapter, I.O.D.E., gave an equally smart dance there on Thursday night. The I.A.A. are giving their annual ball there on Nov. 25.

Mrs. Machell gave twin teas on Monday and Tuesday in her home in Bellevue Avenue, and the extra trouble taken of two days receiving was a great factor in the comfort and happiness of her guests. The house is so capably planned for entertaining a good many, and all the arrangements were so pleasantly carried out, that the guests lingered long and enjoyed the luxury of resting in cosy easy chairs and chatting in comfort. Mrs. Machell wore a very dainty gown of softly gathered mauve chiffon with deep satin hem and some delicate floral embroideries, and Mrs. Broughall, her mother, in pale grey silk, united her cordial welcome with that of the hostess. Among the girls assisting in the tearoom were, Miss Dorothy Primrose, Miss Norah Blake, Miss Phyllis Hellmuth, Miss Eleanor Mackenzie, Miss Elsie Graham. Mrs. Machell has the great advantage over the mothers of debutantes in the possession of two most courteous and gentlemanly young sons, who did their share of looking after the guests with much *savoir faire*. The house and teatable were artistically decorated with roses and 'mums.

Lt. Colonel Merritt gave an extremely smart and interesting banquet on Monday night at the Military Institute, for the President and regents of the I.O.D.E., and the Commanding Officers of the Toronto Garrison. The guest of honor was Mr. Frederick Villiers, of war correspondence fame, who is to give his war talk on December 3 for the Canadian Defence League. Mr. Rupert Kingsford was chairman and made the usual remarks, and General Cotton, the host and the guest of honor, also made short speeches. The ladies were particularly charmed with the way Mr. Villiers put things, as he has few equals in the difficult art of paying compliments. The guests included, Mrs. Nordheimer, president of the I.O.D.E.; Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Royal Grenadiers Chapter; Mrs. A. W. Grasset, St. George's Chapter; Mrs. Crawford Brown, Strathcona Chapter; Mrs. Strathy, Elizabeth Chapter; Mrs. R. S. Wilson, 48th Highlanders Chapter; Mrs. Mason, Q.O.R. Chapter; Mrs. John A. Ross, Westminster Chapter; Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Ontario Women's Historical Society; the captain of the Ladies Rifle Club; Miss Boulton, Chamberlain Chapter; Miss Brodigan, Sir Geo. Kirkpatrick Chapter; Miss Haney, Lord Nelson Chapter; Miss Flora Macdonald, Grace Darling Chapter; Miss Birmingham, Sir John A. Macdonald Chapter; Miss Dora Denison, Dreadnaught Chapter; Mr. Frederick Villiers, Mr. R. E. Kingsford, Can. Defence League (Ont. Division); Rev. Crawford Brown, Can. Defence League (Org. Committee); Gen. Cotton; Col. Ryerson, Grand Council Veterans; Lt.-Col. A. Gooderham, 10th Royal Grenadiers; Lt.-Col. P. L. Mason, Q.O.R.; Major Duncan Donald, 48th Highlanders; Lt.-Col. Chadwick, 9th M. Horse; Lt.-Col. Fleming, G.-G.B.G.; Major Lang, Can. Engineers; Capt. R. S. Wilson, Baden-Powell Scouts; His Worship the Mayor, Mr. Castell Hopkins, Empire Club; Mr. R. S. Hudson, St. George's Society; and Mr. R. Rolland.

Mrs. Pearlman, of New York, has taken rooms at the Prince George for the winter.

The New York Horse Show grows more flavoured with extract of maple leaf each year. This week a goodly number of important entries are from Canada—and a party of Canadians went down, either as exhibitors or interested friends, for the gay week in Gotham. Hon. Adam Beck and Mrs. Beck, Captain Douglas Young and Mrs. Young, the ladies both riding beautifully in the ring, Hon. Clifford Sifton and Mrs. Sifton with their two younger sons, Mr. Sifton and Clifford, Jr., riding hunters and chargers, were some of the best known exhibitors from this side. Those who could not spare time for an entire week of it, ran down for the last two or three days, and report a most successful and jolly event, always worth going to see.

Major Sydney Laybourn has gone to his new post in the far West, and Mrs. Laybourn and her little son and heir are off to Scotland for a visit, Miss Raeburn who has spent the winter here, accompanying her hostess.

Two Rosedale hostesses Mrs. Bicknell, 37 Cluny Ave. and Mrs. Nairn, 15 Scarth Road, gave teas to present debutante daughters, on Nov. 9—the one time marked date as the birthday of our late lamented King. Mrs. Bicknell's tea was a "crush" at which all that is beautiful was provided, the pretty rooms garlanded with flowers. The guests in their loveliest gowns and biggest hats, and the music of Mrs. Mackelcan's fine songs. Miss Muriel Bicknell is a most popular and lovable girl, and looked very well in her airy white frock of chiffon embroidered with pearls. Her bouquet was of orchids and lily of the valley, and she wore the fashionable snood of white ribbon in her hair. Mrs. Bicknell wore pale blue with turquoises, and her bouquet was also of orchids. A new decoration of the teatable which was much admired was a small parasol covered with Richmond roses, rising in the centre of the table from a mound of ferns

and roses. The girls helping included, Miss Mary Hanna, Miss Nan Gooch, Miss Rita Dunbar, Miss Constance Henderson, debutantes of the month, Miss Benjamin, a guest from out of town, and one or two others for whom Mrs. Bicknell gave a dance in the evening. Mrs. Nairn's tea for Miss Dorothy, was not such a large affair as Mrs. Bicknell's, but was quite as enjoyable, and her debutante was much admired in her pale pink chiffon and lace frock, with tiny rosebuds, and a splendid sheaf of pink roses. Mrs. Nairn was in grey, with touches of silver and cameos. Mrs. Moffatt and Mrs. Allen presided at the teatable which was done in golden 'mums, with lace centerpiece, and the debutantes in waiting included, Miss Grace Gooderham, Miss Mary Moffatt, Miss Lois McPhedran, with some other equally attractive girls.

Mrs. Harold Clark, formerly Miss Harriet Stevens, will receive for the first time since her marriage, at her home, 44 Willocks street, on Wednesday, Nov. 23, afternoon and evening.

The engagement of Miss Grace Mackenzie, youngest daughter of Mr. William Mackenzie of Benvenuto, and Count Jacques de Lesseps, of Paris, France, was announced on Monday, Count de Lesseps having arrived from New York on that day. The fiancés motored out to Acton with Mrs. Williams Beardmore for a few days' visit, on Tuesday afternoon, on which day, the engagement was made public, that being a date much cherished in the life of the elder de Lesseps.

Miss Edith Holland, the beautiful bride-to-be of next week, has been guest of honor at a succession of luncheons, dinners, teas, and "showers" since the date of her marriage was announced. That she will make her home in Ottawa is a cause of much regret to her many warm friends here.

Mrs. Irving and her grand-daughter, Mrs. Rupert Bruce, returned home a short time ago, after a long visit abroad.

Miss Dorothy Beardmore's coming out dance was easily the most enjoyable of the month, and went with vim from start to finish. Thanks to the indefatigable and unselfish care of their young hostess, every sister bud and more experienced maiden had full programmes, and no men were allowed to support the door posts. To watch Miss Dorothy and her relatives looking after their guests, was a lesson to careless hosts, and showed them the gracious practice of the gentle art of entertaining, in which the Beardmore family have always excelled. Mr. Alfred Beardmore and his only daughter received their friends most cordially, and soon the masterly touch of Musgrave at the grand piano set the young folks and their elders dancing merrily. The great music room, the large hall, and the drawingroom were very well filled with just enough guests, mostly young folks, though a few matrons were honored. Mrs. Magann, a perfect dream in pale pink, Mrs. Ewart Osborne looking very pretty with a silver net drawn completely over her coiffure, Mrs. Charles Kingsmill, radiant in rose satin and Mrs. Williams Beardmore lovely in white with twinkling crystal trimming. Mrs. R. J. Christie looked particularly well in black, Mrs. Casey Baldwin was in pale blue satin and white lace, and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock was charming in palest blue. Everyone was glad to see Mrs. Fisk, who came up from Montreal for the dance. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Macdonald, and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mr. D. D. Mann, who brought pretty Miss Nesbitt, of Woodstock, Miss Dorothy Wright in rose chiffon and gold, and Miss Dorothy Macdonald, daughter of Mr. Alec Macdonald, were at their first large house dance. Miss Macdonald is a very handsome debutante who recently returned from abroad. Shortly before twelve supper was announced and small tables appeared as if by magic, set with dainty service. The party broke up into quartettes and gathered about them to enjoy a little rest and a nice supper, which was accompanied by the gayest mirth and chatter. When it was over, the entrancing strains of some bit from The Arcadians set the dancers going again. When goodnight time came, the acknowledgments to the host and hostess seemed unusually emphatic and sincere, showing that all had thoroughly enjoyed the dance. Miss Beardmore received for the first time on Tuesday afternoon, and had shoals of callers.



Photograph, 1910, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.
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Princess Henry of Pleas, who was Miss Daisy West, the famous Irish beauty. Besides being remarkable for her beauty and as the wife of the second richest man in the German Empire, Princess Henry of Pleas owns the most remarkable necklace of pearls in the world. It is seven yards long.



One hardly expects such originality and so many variations in the modes of dress for Misses and Younger Girls, yet they are here in variety—appropriate, practical dresses, and withal at lower prices than similar grades usually sell elsewhere. This week we call attention to the offerings, among which you will find everything that's most fashionable.

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The Peter Thompson

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As illustrated, in navy with red and all navy.

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Special values in a variety of prettily braid-trimmed models in green, cardinal and brown.

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Cloth facing in a variety of different and new ideas, all of which are most becoming to young girls. At this price there are also collarless models in serges with handsome silk trimmings.

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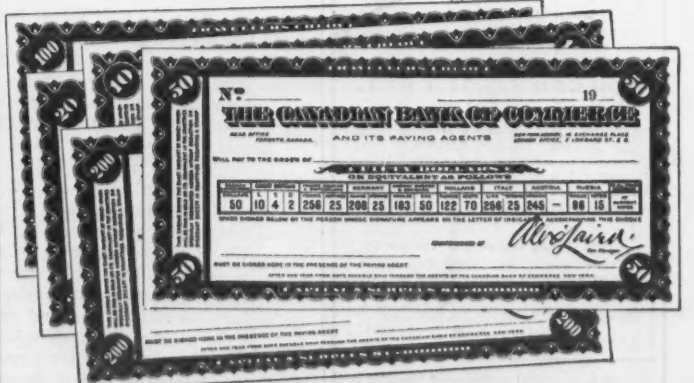
of perfect style, quality and workmanship manufactured by experienced and expert hair workers. Goods produced under such conditions cannot fail to create the effect intended and desired by every woman. We commend the thought to the wisdom of the intelligent woman.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

A very large At Home was given last Saturday afternoon by Mrs. H. D. Warren, for the presentation of her second daughter, Miss Carolyn Warren, who stood beside her mother and received many good wishes for a happy winter from hundreds of friends. The tall and graceful hostess in her widow's gown, her clever face and sweet voice responding to the kindly speeches of her guests, was a picture, and her fine young daughter, in a simple white gown, looked an ideal type of Canadian girlhood. There were flowers piled in ravishing beauty, and the debutante carried an exquisite round bouquet of pink roses and lily of the valley. There was music in perfection, Grace Smith playing with her wonderful verve and sympathy and Jan Hambourg transporting his hearers with delight. Rarely have piano and violin been handled so perfectly in a Toronto drawing room. The guests made a rapt circle about the musicians, and were even able to ignore the chatter which at times sadly embarrassed the artists. There was a beautiful tea-room with a decoration of baby mums which flower lovers won't soon forget. From very tall vases the graceful russet mums seemed to rise and droop in a fountain of bloom, lightening to pale yellow lower down. The effect was simply lovely, and no trivial accessories destroyed the one magnificent glory of brown and gold. We women heard whispers of a luxurious smoking room also, where the son of the house was host, and in the sun parlor an orchestra played all the latest pretty things. The young folks had a dance to finish up this charming afternoon, on the polished floor of the wide hall, and people stayed late, glad of the excuse of rain and snow and tardy carriages, to linger longer in such an enticing home. As I said recently, few, if any, of this season's buds rejoice in such an environment for their debut, and the daughter of the house is worthy of it. Everyone seemed to be there during the afternoon, and I heard that a thousand had been bidden. Among the many happy people none were more remarked than sweet Miss Braithwaite and her fiancé, Mr. Trumbull Warren, who were warmly congratulated.

The engagement of Miss Mae Ethel Dickenson, only daughter of Mr. H. Dickenson, 607 Sherbourne street, and Mr. Richard Shaw-Wood, of Woodholm, London, Ont., is announced. Their marriage takes place in January.

Sir George and Lady Ross have gone to Ottawa to attend the opening of Parliament, and will not return until the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Gooderham are giving a dance in the King Edward for Miss Eleanor Gooderham, of Alverthorpe, on December 2.

Mrs. Laidlaw, Queen's Park, is giving a tea next Tuesday afternoon from 4.30 to 7.

Mrs. and the Misses Vander Smitten received on Tuesday afternoon, and many friends called to bid them welcome home.

The invalid O.O.R. officers, about whose welfare so many friends have been anxious, are all doing well, and arriving home one by one, to their relatives and friends.

Those who attended the Opening of Parliament in the Senate Chamber on Thursday, and those who are presented to-night will notice the very great improvement in the Red Chamber made by the artistic decorations which have just been completed. The heraldic and ecclesiastical motives which have been so successfully used, the crowns and mitres on the lower walls, and the dashing "lion" motive in the gallery arches, with the rich coloring and gold relief, were the idea and ensemble designed by a Toronto genius in that line, Mrs. Agar Adamson. The result has pleased and satisfied the most captious, and greatly enhanced the dignity and charm of the Senate Chamber.

Mrs. Austin, of Spadina, returned from abroad last week.

On next Wednesday afternoon, the first twilight musical will be given at the New Galleries, Jarvis street, and Miss Marie Strong is arranging a capital programme.

Monsieur Paul Balbaud gave his talk on "L'Aiglon" (the play to be given by Madame Sarah Bernhardt next Friday at the Princess) on Tuesday afternoon in Conservatory lecture hall to an interested audience. The lecturer spoke in English, much to his own discomfort, and gave a clear outline of the plot of the play, the various characters, and read some of the finest portions in French. Yesterday's lecture on "La Dame aux Camélias" was given in French, as will be next Tuesday's lecture on "Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc." These are the matinee and evening presentations by Madame Bernhardt.

The daffodil luncheon, which was really a chrysanthemum luncheon, opened with much success on Tuesday in St. James' new parish house, the gymnasium being used for the luncheon. The greatly added space and convenience was much appreciated by the ladies in charge of the tables and the kitchen. The waitresses were most charming in their muslin mob caps and dainty white frocks, and the menu was perhaps even better than usual. Over two hundred and fifty lunched on Tuesday, the first day, and the popularity increased on the two following days.

Mrs. Wallbridge, 20 Madison avenue, is giving twin teas next Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. W. S. Ireland, formerly of Chatham, has come to reside with his daughter, Mrs. Cameron, in St. Clair avenue.

Mrs. J. F. W. Ross, Wellesley street, gave a tea yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Howard and Mr. and Mrs. Percival Leadley are giving a dance on December 8 in the Metropolitan.

Mrs. George H. Gooderham gave a large tea on Tuesday at her home, 204 St. George street, for the presentation of her eldest daughter, Miss Grace Gooderham, one of the most popular debutantes of the month. Like Miss Warren, Miss Gooderham has a particularly spacious and well planned home, and there was plenty of room for the guests. There was music on the upper landing, and a very handsome table centered with russet and gold mums in the dining room. Miss Gooderham's flowers were something superb—indeed, each debutante's friends seem in turn to establish a record for the beauty, number and richness of their floral tributes. It is a thousand pities the exquisite flowers can only last so brief a while! Mrs. Gooderham wore a lace and flowered chiffon gown and the debutante a dream of a frock of white chiffon beautifully embroidered, and carried on her left arm a huge

basket of roses and lilies. In the tea-room were Miss Lois McPhedran, Miss Sparks, Miss Margaret Nairn, Miss Aileen Larkin, all sister-buds of Miss Gooderham, and a very bright and merry younger sister also assisted. The guests were very well looked after by this attractive coterie.

Mrs. Wyld, of Dunedin, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, gave a delightful tea on Thursday, November 10, and Mrs. Mackelcan sang during the afternoon. The tea-table was lovely with a huge bowl of crisp pink roses, and the usual genial hospitalities were dispensed by attractive maidens, led by Miss Flora Macdonald.

Mrs. R. Alport Baines, 12 Madison avenue, gave a tea on November 10 at her cosy home, assisted by her mother and aunt and a bevy of girl friends. Mrs. Baines received in a white satin gown.

Another engagement is being quietly whispered about, the fair lady being well known and very popular, and yet another is trembling on the verge of being announced. I heard an uncorrigible bachelor at the daffodil luncheon announce that he was so desperate that he was thinking of advertising for a sympathetic soul.

Mr. Frederic Villiers left for London on Wednesday to deliver a lecture and will probably be busy on the same work elsewhere in the West, before his return here at the end of the month.

Last night Mrs. Miller gave a large dance in the Bishop Ridley College gymnasium, St. Catharines, for the debut of her beautiful daughter, Miss Nanette, who has been so much admired here this month.

The catalogue just received, of the Autumn Exhibition of Art at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, contains an item, No. 1254, "A Portrait," by J. W. L. Forster. This is the modest title to the portrait of Helen Merrill, the study in browns that attracted such kindly notice in the Ontario Society of Artists' exhibit a year ago. Mr. Forster was invited to send a picture to Liverpool. Congratulations.

Miss Kathleen Caulfield is giving a tea on Monday at her home, 1 Nanton Crescent, to which her guests are asked to meet Miss Kilbourne.

The Horticultural Show in the Arena was opened on Tuesday night, with a huge and smart attendance and is well worth more than one visit. The seven decorated dinner tables, on which Toronto hostesses have expended taste and originality were the cynosure of all eyes, and the voting upon their merits most interesting. Good music and an attractive *mise en scene* combined to please everyone.

Lt-Colonel and Mrs. Worthington, of Sherbrooke, are visiting Mr. H. H. Cook in Parkdale.

Many *mondames* were playing bridge on Tuesday, guests of various hostesses belonging to Alexandra Chapter, I.O.D.E., and the victors in Tuesday's games played off for prizes at Mrs. Hal Osler's on Wednesday afternoon.

The Thumb Box Exhibition by Canadian Artists is on until Dec. 3, at 93 King St. East.

Mrs. J. J. Scott is giving a dance in the Conservatory of Music, Hamilton, on next Friday evening, for her daughter, Miss Margaret, who has been visiting here for some time.

The engagement of Mrs. William Gilmour and Mr. Murray Hendrie, of Holmstead, Hamilton, has been announced.

Mrs. William Moffat, 68 South Drive, gave a tea on Friday, Nov. 11, for the debut of her daughter, Miss Mary Moffat, when despite the gloomy day a large number of friends assembled to wish the attractive debutante a merry season. Mrs. Nairn and Mrs. Dunlop assisted in the drawing-room and a quartette of debutantes who have been very hardworked this month in like kindly offices, waited on the guests in the tearoom. They were Miss Grace Gooderham, Miss Aileen Larkin, Miss Margaret Nairn and Miss Lois McPhedran. Several other girls were busy in the twin tearooms, and a great many of the season's buds with their mothers came to this tea. The two tearooms were decorated respectively with red carnations and pink roses and violets. Mrs. Moffat received in a handsome silk of cream shade and Miss Mary was radiant in white satin veiled with Ninon, and carried a large sheaf of pink roses, one of the many floral tributes of her friends.

The engagement of Miss Marion Sale, youngest daughter of Mr. Julian Sale, 64 Binscarth road, and Professor Norman Hamilton Stewart, of Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Penn., son of Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, of Rochester, N.Y., is announced. Their marriage will be celebrated in December.

A short time ago, King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway had a private view in their palace in Christiania of some of Mr. George R. Bruenech's pictures. Mr. Bruenech has been in Hammerfest this year, the most northerly town in the world, and caught some fine midnight sun effects. He will be in Christiania for part of this winter.

Miss Elizabeth Reynolds arrived last week on a visit to Mrs. Edmund Reynolds, 123 St. George street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Harris, of Brantford, were in town last week. They are now in Ottawa, where their daughter, Miss Frances Harris, is to be presented this evening on her debut.

The Drawingroom to-night is, I hear, to be a large one, although the Court mourning gives a monotony to the *mise en scene*. Many violet, mauve and grey gowns are to be worn, and the debutantes are safe in their regulation white.

General and Lady Benson are being fêted both here and in St. Catharines, and have been guests of honor at many entertainments.

Mrs. Massey, of New York, who was the guest of Mrs. James Roaf at the St. George, returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. Hubert Tappan, who spent last month with her people in Chestnut Park road, has returned to her home in the West.



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It would seem as if we shall never grow tired of the veiled effects on evening dress, for the most successful of the present models are veiled. There is, however, a modification in this particular style of dress that is worthy of note. The satin skirts with their pointed trains, like the tail of a fish, that one of the leading firms is making for a number of smart women, are covered with veiling in exactly the same coloring as the satin. This gives a uniform effect that is charming, especially as in some of these dresses the veiling is embroidered in vivid rose, blue or red. Dark prune violet is a favorite shade for afternoon bridge parties, or for the restaurant dinner, followed by a box at the theatre, that is so much in vogue just now, and the dresses I have seen are exactly what is required at the present moment. Violet silk gauze, a dull, semi-transparent material that has something in common with the very best quality mousseline de soie, falls in long lines from the waist over a satin skirt, the tunic reaching a trifle below the knees. The bodice is of the same gauze over satin caught into the waist with an imperceptible drapery that does not cut the line. From the neck to the end of the tunic a bright note is introduced in a wide effect of double buttonholes in simili diamonds that is most fascinating, but unfortunately most expensive. Nothing prettier than this sparkling design upon the dark veiled satin can be imagined. Another lovely veiled dress is in mole colored satin, with a long tunic in silk gauze of the same shade. Here, however, the relief comes in a wide steel embroidery at the neck and a similar embroidery upon old rose at the hem of the tunic. In these veillings a pretty innovation lies in the sleeves that are quite transparent upon the arm, reaching somewhat below the elbow, and simply finished with a narrow hem. I think that women with shapely arms will be delighted with this fashion, as it is some time since the upper part has been seen to so much advantage. A black and blue dress had the sleeves in the blue transparent material. Another in black and blue was made with the sleeves in black, charmingly finished with a wide hem edged with ermine to hide the stitches. The material is turned back to make a double thickness and the ermine is sewn just at the elbow. With the transparent portion from the shoulder downwards this heavy line of black and white is excellent and very novel.

THE social functions of the coming season should be very brilliant as far as woman's dress is concerned, if we may judge from the wonderful creations emanating from the leading houses. Rich satins, handsome brocades, clinging velvets, and heavy gold embroideries seem to be the keynote of the best evening frocks. For instance, I have just seen a beautiful green satin-chaumuse with a tunic of ecru net, bordered with Oriental embroidery and a bodice of embroideries and transparent net swathings, side by side with a Gobelin blue velvet brocade on a gold ground, heavily embroidered in gold, and the bodice daintily touched with Venetian point lace and pink satin. Sumptuous too, was a frock of gold lace with a tunic of gold and silver embroidery over pink, while a note of novelty was struck by a gown of black velvet having draperies of sapphire-blue chiffon revealing a soup-



A beautiful Parisian design for an evening gown.

con of gold guipure, the bodice being finished with details of gold embroidery and pink satin. In striking contrast was a demure little afternoon frock of grey chiffon and filet lace with a tunic bordered with sable, the only touch of color introduced being a soupcon of veiled pink and gold embroidery. It is clever touches such as these that reveal the master hand. Very distinguished is an evening frock of ninon, with tracings of mauve velvet. This is made with a front panel of deep sulphur-colored net, embroidered and beaded, and has a bodice also of net and picturesque Eastern embroideries. A very daring but suc-



THE BOUDOIR CAP.
The latest fancy of smart women.

cessful scheme is to be noted in an afternoon frock of dahlia-red satin veiled with black chiffon and having panels of red and black check serge.

THE long, loose coats, with revers that extend across the entire front, are seen at all fashionable functions these cool autumn days. The coats are mostly of satin, and the effect is as soft and wrinkly as can be made from the pattern. In order to carry out the idea, the jackets are lined with the softest of silks. The revers, which are nothing more than a part of the lining turned out, are as lifeless and floppy as possible.

This kind of rever is seen on all kinds of costumes. A rever that is the least stiff is not fashionable. The long coats are generally black and the linings of common accord are white or lilac. For very young women we see sometimes linings of old rose, pink or beige; but nothing is so dainty as white or lilac. Shapes of the coats are not particularly elegant. In fact, there is no shape to them. They are cut to come to the hem of a skirt, are narrow as to dimensions, and the sleeves are only an extension of the shoulders, for the Japanese sleeve is still with us.

The backs of the satin coats would be plain were it not for the big sailor collar that covers the shoulders, again seemingly a part of the inside turned out, for where the collar is sewed it rolls rather than lies flat. The backs, therefore, appear to be only an extension of the front pieces. The number of coats that have the hems and sleeves tipped with black fur assures us that peltry will be fully as much employed as a garnish for all wraps as it was last winter. In some instances fur even runs all about the garment, and in such cases the trimming must be only an inch or two in width; otherwise the dainty ensemble is lost.

Big, pillow-like satin muffs are appearing to go with these satin wraps. Made voluminous, soft and square, also trimmed with handsome fur, the muff is at once not only a warmer for the arms and hands, but a happy and becoming adjunct to any toilette. The early autumn has brought out many more muffs this season than is usually the case. Half the women one meets are wrapped either in velvets of satin or in their voluminous furs. Parisians do not wait until the bitter days arrive in December to don their furs. They all realize what big value a handsome pelt has for an entire costume, and how becoming the fur is, no matter what color. Hence, their early seeking of it.

IT'S the small things of the wardrobe—the bags, the dainty neck fixings, the new belts and odd touches here and there—that make the fashionable girl of to day so attractive. It is only the girl or woman without that most feminine of traits, an inborn knack for giving a "touch here and a nip there," who is turning to the extremes of the style to announce her "up-to-dateness."

All that is worth exploiting and a great deal that never was worth the effort have been done long ago for the extreme styles of this period. Now, if a girl wants to be quite the latest so far as her dress is concerned she needs a quiet background in her tailormade or gown for dainty accessories. Bags are many. They are not so large as formerly except for actual morning run-arounds. Some women search out all sorts of odd materials in upholstery departments, and have their bags made to match the costumes with which they are to be carried. For Christmas gifts to mothers and grandmothers nothing would be more acceptable than a velvet bag embroidered with jet or steel or gold and either lined daintily with tinted silk and furnished with a drawstring and long silk cords and tassels, by which to carry it, or else mounted into a handsome gilt, steel or gunmetal frame. The handsome silk brocades that sometimes find their way into the remnant piles of silk counters and sell at a moiety of their original price work into such bags well.

THE terms "quaint" and "picturesque" are a good deal overworked by fashion gossips these days; but other words to describe the odd touches and really slightly whimsicalities of the time are wanting. The new little coats, shapeless and eccentric to a marked degree many of them, but trig everyone, if made by a master of the trade and worn by a mistress of her own wardrobe, are among the greatest novelties of the hour. They are short-waisted, of abbreviated hip depth, and with the big revers covering the fronts often gives one the impression of the old time jerkin or the modern laborer's blouse.

These little coats are being made in silk and velvet, to contrast with cloth skirts and in cloth above silk or velvet skirts. There is no rule for such mixtures.

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In Cloudland.

CONTINUALLY changing in form, always at the behest of the wind, which drives them, like souls, to their destiny, it is but natural that clouds should have been, from time immemorial the source of many a metaphor and simile.

On the horizon's verge one may sometimes see gorgeous palaces, pillared aisles, aerial icebergs. High in the zenith lies the symmetrical cirrus-cumulus, the mackerel sky of the fishermen, and, like the evening rainbow, the supposed sign and seal of fair weather in the immediate future. In time castle and palace depart, or, rather, are dissolved into other shapes; are multiplied, in fact, as stately systems in evolution break up into numerous sects, splintered and shattered by innate centrifugal forces. The nearer these schismatic clouds approach the further are they sundered one from the other; the breach grows wider; there is no original body left, no ultimate source of appeal. Each wanders its own way, to be evaporated in the limpid atmosphere or to vanish in the surrounding silence.

Another day, two, or perhaps three, strata of clouds will float in different directions, owing to opposing currents of air, the highest layer far away, the lowest comparatively near. The atmosphere is clear and the painted masses of vapor sail past, counterparts of old Jason's golden fleece, or like argosies laden with the moisture destined to swell the ripening wheat, or to drop, unnoticed, into the ocean. Next morning opens with a fleckless blue, but while we admire what George Herbert called "a perfect bridal of the earth and sky," some black looking, low lying objects are advancing. Well may one feel disconsolate, for these horse tails or "streamers" are the almost certain forerunners of dirty weather. Occasionally these visitors hang aloft, limp and motionless, but now, like croaking prophets, they hurry, as if delighted with the unwelcome news they bring.

These are not worthy to be called clouds. Their bedraggled garments hang about them; their loins are ungirt, they are the Cassandras of meteorology, the stormy petrels of space, the flying scud of the sky, the sans-culottes of the firmament.

Night arrives. Overhead is blackness, and there is abundance of rain. Multitudinous billows below, tumultuous clouds above, and a rushing, mighty wind between. The gulls scream on the rocks along the coast; the receding waves drag the pebbles after them, as spoil of battle.

April clouds are particularly fine, inky black, with gold and silver edges. They call to mind that line of Goethe's, true in more ways than one: "Strong lights throw deep shadows." This proximity of sunshine and darkness looks as if a truce had been arranged between the primeval antagonists. Perhaps Dryden refers to this contrast of color when he speaks of "Heaven's alternate beauty." Anyhow, Southey's words may well apply to it: "There is such shifting of shades, such islands of light, such columns and buttresses of sunshine, as might almost make a painter burn his brushes, as the sorcerers did their books of magic when they saw the divinity which rested on the apostles." Chaucer, too, that nice observer of nature, talks prettily of April's capriciousness, when

Abrupt and loud

Comes down the glittering rain:
The farewell of a passing cloud,
The fringes of her train.

Sometimes, only sometimes in England, is to be noticed that peculiar transparency of atmosphere which brings into such clear relief the foliage of the trees when looked at from beneath. Then the light is dazzling in its intensity, and if the heavens are not absolutely pellucid, Shelley's description will probably be realized:

Half the sky
is roofed with clouds of rich em-
blazonry.

Some one has spoken of "the enamored golden clouds which worship round the sun." This certainly cannot apply to the noonday glory, for then the radiance caught by the clouds is dazzling in its intense whiteness. At a distance they may don their brightest colors, but in the immediate meridian presence of the king no gaudy hues seem permissible.

Clouds play an important part in the economy of nature, and although we may have too much of them at times their absence would be lamentable to the lover of beauty. A cerulean sky without speck or patch is very pleasant for a while, but the pall. Everybody who has lived for prolonged continuance of it is apt to any length of time in the south of Europe has grown tired in time of the unvarying blue which was at first so delightful; and vegetation soon feels its affects, just as in our my-



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sterious human life uninterrupted happiness is not conducive to the development of the highest type of character. The soul is too often blinded beneath a perpetual blue and the heart grows sterile that has known nothing of trouble or care. "I should not like to dwell in a cloudless land," exclaims Henry Slack with truth and insight, "I hope clouds will not be banished from any 'Islands of the Blest' to which my soul may roam."—London Globe.

General Wolfe's Ideals.

GENERAL WOLFE, the victor of the plains of Abraham and Quebec, gave himself to his military calling with a whole-hearted diligence uncommon in his time, as it appears in "The Life and Letters of James Wolfe," by Beckles Willson. At twenty-seven years of age he writes in a humorous way to his mother, who had remonstrated with him

for paying no attention to the other sex, and explains how he keeps his men free from affectionate entanglements; and answers his father's letters of counsel with moralizing on the joys of a military career. The joy of victory, which was to be his for one fleeting moment only, he believed to be "the highest man is capable of receiving." He writes:

The variety incident to a military life gives our profession some advantage over those of a more even and consistent nature. We have all our passions and affections roused and exercised, many of which must have wanted their proper employment, had not suitable occasions obliged us to exert them. Few men are acquainted with the degrees of their own courage till danger prove them and are seldom justly informed how far the love of honor or dread of shame are superior to the love of life. This is a knowledge best to be acquired in an army; our actions are

there in presence of the world, to be freely censured or approved. . . . What moderation and humility must he be possessed of that bears the good fortune of a successful war with tolerable modesty and humility, and he is very excellent in his nature who triumphs without insolence. A battle gained is, I believe, the highest joy mankind is capable of receiving, to him who commands; and his merit must be equal to his success if it works no change to his disadvantage. Lastly, a defeat is a trial of human resolution, and to labor under the mortification of being surpassed, and live to see the fatal consequences that may follow to one's country, is a situation next to damnable.

Nature.

It is His garment; and to them Who touch in faith its utmost hem He, turning, says again, "I see That virtue hath gone out of me." —Father Tabb.

